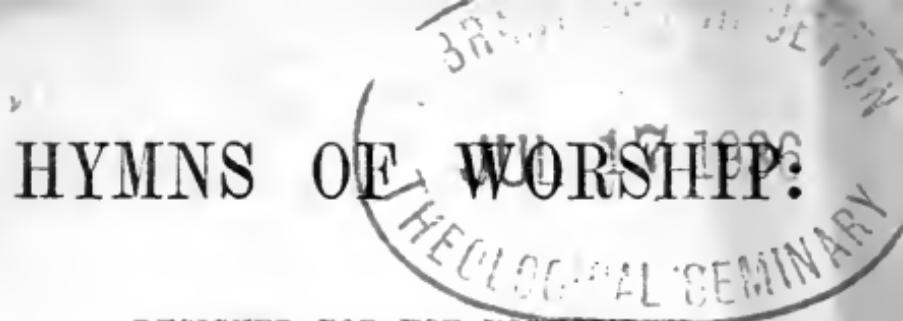




John



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HYMNS OF WORSHIP

DESIGNED FOR USE ESPECIALLY

IN THE

LECTURE-ROOM, THE PRAYER-MEETING
AND
THE FAMILY.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED
BY A PASTOR.

Let the people praise thee, O God!
Let all the people praise Thee!

PSALM lxvii. 3-5.

PHILADELPHIA:

WILLIAM S. & ALFRED MARTIEN,
No. 608 Chestnut Street.
1858.

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PREFACE.

MANY intelligent Christians have long yearned for a Collection of Hymns, by which might be more fully realized the idea and feeling of worship, in the songs of the Family and the Church. In the present collection an attempt has been made to meet this want. Its essential and pervading character results from the following views.

1. Praise is *an act of worship*. It is so, equally at least, with preaching and prayer. In preaching, in the true conception of it, God addresses men. Reverently to hear and obey, is to worship. In prayer and praise men address God. Devoutly to offer these, is also to worship, in the most direct form. The only proper object of worship, is God. God, therefore, directly or impliedly, is to be regarded in the songs of his people.

This principle touches Hymns of a purely didactic character. Admirable as they often are as a means of instruction, they are too indirect as a means of worship. They are therefore not numerous in this collection. When admitted, an attempt has been made to give them an upward bearing—a look towards God; to render them, to some extent, the utterance of prayer and praise, as well as of doctrine.

With reference to another class of Hymns, this principle is still more exclusive. In religious acts, it is as incongruous to sing to creatures as to pray to them. We condemn the Papists for the one, with what consistency can we practise the other. A glance, however, into almost any existing collection, will discover a large number of Hymns addressed wholly to creatures; now to saints, and now to sinners; sometimes to the living, and sometimes to the dead. Such Hymns may be poetically beautiful—they may be true and touching in sentiment, and they may be highly effective for various good purposes—but if they are used under the notion of worship, that use is an impiety. *Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.* If they are not used as worship, then their presence in books intended for this specific and sacred purpose, is an impropriety and an evil. Their presence invites their use, and often secures it. Their use blunts and perverts the delicate religious sense, and gradually invades the exclusive and inviolable rights of Jehovah. Such compositions are here omitted. Whatever their merits in other respects, they do not meet the idea of divine worship. Out of their proper place they detract from its sanctity, and hinder its full realization. These pages sing, not to creatures, but to the Creator. It is their constant aim to help the soul in looking and rising heavenward, and in holding communion with God.

2. Praise, moreover, in the Family and the Church, is a *social and united act*. There and

then, the individual is one of a larger number. The isolation of the closet gives place to the union and communion of the worshipping assembly. In social prayer we make our common confession and supplication. In social praise, it is equally fit that we offer our common gratitude and adoration. It is the voice, not of the separate and independent *I*, but of the collective and united *we*. The Divine Head of the Church bids us say, "Our Father." The heavenly choirs invite us to sing, "Unto him who loved us and washed us from our sins in his blood."

As compared with the first, this principle is doubtless of inferior moment, and there are times and states of feeling in which its rigid application is not required, and would perhaps be an error. It is only as in the main true and valid, that it has here been used. The best known and most favourite Hymns, therefore, though constructed in the singular form, are retained unaltered.

No labour has been spared to make this collection perfect as possible for the particular uses it contemplates. Simplicity and clearness have been sought in its arrangement, and poetic and evangelic excellence in its matter. It is sufficiently copious too for the real and practical wants of worship. For seasons of special religious interest, it is hoped it will be found to have an eminent adaptation. In this view, reference may be made to the divisions of Invocation, the Trinity, the Holy Spirit, the Person and work of the Saviour, Penitence and Supplication,

Christian Experience, Religious Decline and Revival, and Missions.

It may be added that this collection, though small, (it being only a part of one much larger, formed on the same principles,) has been drawn from the lyric wealth of the Church in all lands and ages. Wherever the fine gold and precious gems could be found, they have been taken and used in this service of the Lord. The strains of David and Isaiah mingle here with those of Bernard, Ambrose, and Luther; and these again with those of Watts, Cowper, Wesley, and others still, almost their equals. Hebrew Prophets, saintly Fathers, and the princes of modern sacred song, unite here in the hymnings of faith and hope, and the adoration of love, "Unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb!"

Gathered from such sources, and formed on such principles, the book is now reverently presented to the people of God, in the earnest hope that it may contribute to a more direct and a purer worship in their sweet and holy service of song.

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DOXOLOGIES.

ERRATA.

Hymn 54—3d verse, 3d line, read *to* instead of *we*.

- do. 57—6th verse, 2d line, read *best* instead of *rest*.
- do. 59—4th verse, 3d line, read *blest* instead of *best*.
- do. 70—3d verse, 6th line, read *shalt* instead of *shall*.
- do. 83—1st verse, 2d line, read *soul* instead of *souls*.
- do. 170—read *C. H. M.* instead of *C. P. M.*
- do. 170—3d verse, 6th line, read *shalt* instead of *shall*.
- do. 173—3d verse, 6th line, read *are* instead of *art*.
- do. 184—5th verse, 4th line, read *soul* instead of *souls*.
- do. 195—1st verse, 3d line, read *drops* instead of *drop*.
- do. 233—1st ver., 3d line, read *servants* instead of *servant*.
- do. 234—2d verse, 3d line, read *wander* instead of *wonder*.
- do. 372—1st verse, 1st line, strike out *we*.
- do. 419—2d verse, 1st line, read *may* instead of *do*.
- do. 436—read *S. M.* instead of *C. M.*
- do. 438—1st v. 4th line, read *mediate* instead of *meditate*.

H Y M N S.

I N V O C A T I O N.

1 C. P. M.

THOU God of power, thou God of love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Whose praise archangels sing,
And veil their faces while they cry,
Thrice Holy, to their God Most High,
Thrice Holy, to their King—

2 Thee as our God we too would claim,
And bless the Saviour's precious name,
Through whom this grace is given;
He bore the curse to sinners due,
He forms our ruined souls anew,
And makes us heirs of heaven.

3 The veil that hides thy glory rend,
And here in saving power descend,
And fix thy blest abode;
Here to our hearts thyself reveal,
And let each waiting spirit feel
Thy presence, O our God.

2 C. M.

GATHERED together in thy name,
As worshippers are we,
Thy faithful promise then fulfil,
And, Lord, amongst us be.
Though humble in the sight of men
May seem the house of prayer,

The earth can boast no prouder fane,
If thou be present there.

2 Thou, whose unbounded majesty
The heavens cannot contain,
Whose glory in the universe
Hath a perpetual reign;
Whose power and wisdom, love and truth,
Are evermore the same;
Lord, be with all the souls on earth
That gather in thy name!

3 8s, 7s & 4s.

IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near:
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear:
Hear with meekness—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
May we give them, Lord, to thee:
Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
May we run, nor weary be;
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Sharing then in rapture greater
Than they could conceive before:
Full enjoyment—
Full and pure, for evermore.

4 L. M.

THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word:

Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply,
With sov'reign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will:
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

5 S. M.

O THOU who art the Light
Of all thy saints below,
That we may worship thee aright,
Thy sov'reign grace bestow.

2 Our rising world obey'd
Thy Godhead's high command:
And all the heavenly host are sway'd
By thy creating hand.

3 Yet all things made anew
To wond'ring mortals seem,
When the Eternal Word we view
Descending to redeem.

4 O, be thou present now,
And make thy mercy known,
While at thy footstool, Lord, we bow,
And our Deliv'r'r own.

6

7s.

2 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

7

C. M.

2 **C**OME, thou Desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise;
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies.

3 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
 In us the heavenly flame;
 Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
 Our hearts adore thy name.

4 Now, Saviour, let thy glory shine,
 And fill thy dwellings here,
 Till life, and love, and joy divine,
 A heaven on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say—
 Come, great Redeemer, come,
 And bring the bright, the glorious day,
 That calls thy children home.

8 6s & 5s.

GOD of our salvation!
 Unto thee we pray;
 Hear our supplication,
 Be our strength and stay.

2 Wretched and unworthy,
 Poor, and sick, and blind,
 Prostrate we adore thee,
 Call thy grace to mind.

3 He that dwelleth near thee,
 Safely shall abide;
 Ever love and fear thee,
 In thy strength confide.

4 God of our salvation!
 Saviour, Prince of Peace!
 Boundless thy compassion,
 Infinite thy grace.

5 While with love unceasing,
 Humbly we adore;
 Grant us thy rich blessing,
 And we ask no more.

9

8s & 7s.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!

Rise on us, thyself revealing—

Rise and chase the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, of heaven and earth Creator!

In our deepest darkness rise;

Scatter all the night of nature,

Pour the day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for thine appearing;

Life and joy thy beams impart,

Chasing all our fears, and cheering

Every meek and trusting heart.

4 Save us, in thy great compassion,

O thou mild, pacific Prince!

Give the knowledge of salvation,

Give the pardon of our sins.

5 By thine all-sufficient merit,

Every burthened soul release;

Every weary, wandering spirit

Guide into thy perfect peace.

10

S. M.

JESUS, we look to thee,

Thy promised presence claim;

Thou in the midst of us wilt be,

Assembled in thy name:

2 We meet the grace to take,

Which thou hast freely given;

We meet on earth for thy dear sake,

That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know thou art,
But O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every waiting heart
The sacred comfort feel.

4 O may thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

11 8s, 7s & 4s.

GRACIOUS Lord, as thou hast taught us,
Lo, we come to seek thy face;
Now we wait within thy temple,
For the visits of thy grace:
Let thy presence
Fill and glorify the place.

2 Here thy name has been recorded,
Here thy promised blessing give:
For thy blessing, Lord, we languish,
It alone can make us live.
O then bless us!
Bless us now and evermore.

3 Hear our prayers, accept our praises,
In this all-auspicious hour:
May thy word to saint and sinner
Come in all its mighty power;
From its fulness
Grant us all a rich supply.

12 8s, 7s & 4s.

GOD Almighty and All Seeing,
Holy One, in whom we all

Live, and move, and have our being,
Hear us when on thee we call;
Father, hear us,
As before thy throne we fall.

2 Of all good art thou the Giver;
Weak and wandering ones are we;
Then for ever, yea, for ever,
In thy presence would we be;
O, be near us,
That we wander not from thee.

13 7s.

THIRSTING for a living spring,
Seeking for a higher home,
Resting where our souls must cling,
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.

2 Glorious hopes our spirit fill,
When we feel that thou art near:
Father! then our fears are still,
Then the soul's bright end is clear.

3 Life's hard conflict we would win,
 Read the meaning of life's frown;
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin
 For the spirit's starry crown.

4 Make us beautiful within
By thy Spirit's holy light:
Guard us when our faith burns dim,
Father of all love and might!

14 C. M.

FATHER, behold, with gracious eyes,
The souls before thy throne,

Who now present their sacrifice,
And seek thee in thy Son.

- 2 Well pleased in him thyself declare;
Thy pard'ning love reveal;
The peaceful answer of our prayer,
On every conscience seal.
- 3 On each, on all, some gift bestow,
Some blessing now impart;
The seed of life eternal sow,
In every waiting heart.
- 4 Thy loving, powerful Spirit shed,
Speak thou our sins forgiven,
And hasten through the lump to spread
The sanctifying leaven.
- 5 Refresh us with a ceaseless shower
Of graces from above,
Till all receive the perfect power
Of everlasting love.

15

C. M.

- 1 O THOU who hast thy servants taught
That not by words alone,
But by the fruits of holiness
The life of God is shown;
- 2 While in thy house of prayer we meet,
And call thee God and Lord,
Give us an heart to follow thee,
Obedient to thy word.
- 3 When we our voices lift in praise,
Give thou us grace to bring
An offering of unfeigned thanks,
And with the Spirit sing.

4 And in the dangerous path of life,
 Uphold us as we go;
 That with our lips and in our lives
 Thy glory we may show.

16 8s, 7s & 4s.

IN thy house of solemn meeting!
 In this hour of praise and prayer!
 Far from earthly scenes retreating,
 In thy blessing we would share—
 Gracious Father,
 In thy blessing we would share.

2 Be thou near us, blessed Saviour,
 Still at morn and eve the same;
 Give us faith that cannot waver;
 Kindle in us heaven's own flame—
 Blessed Saviour,
 Kindle in us heaven's own flame.

3 When the fervent prayer is glowing,
 Holy Spirit hear that prayer;
 When the song of praise is flowing,
 Let that song thine impress bear—
 Holy Spirit,
 Let that song thine impress bear.

17 S. M.

BEFORE thy throne we bow,
 O thou Almighty King;
 Here we present the solemn vow,
 And hymns of praise we sing.

2 While in thy house we kneel,
 With trust and holy fear,

Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

3 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

18 7s.

A BBA, Father, hear each child,
Now in Jesus reconciled;
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power;
All our Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

2 Heavenly Father, life divine,
Change our nature into thine;
Move and spread throughout our soul,
Actuate and fill the whole:
Lord, we cannot let thee go
Till the blessing thou bestow.

3 Holy Ghost, no more delay;
Come, and in thy temples stay:
Now thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear:
Spring of life, thyself impart;
Rise eternal in our heart.

19 C. M.

FATHER of all, in whom, alone,
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright, celestial ray send down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While in thy word we search for thee,
 O, fill our souls with awe;
 Thy light impart, that we may see
 The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
 The light that shines so clear;
 Now thy revealing Spirit send,
 And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
 Which here, by faith, we know:
 Let us in Jesus see thy face,
 And die to all below.

20

7s.

LORD, before thy throne we bend;
 Lord, to thee our eyes ascend;
 Servants to our Master true,
 Lo! we yield the homage due:
 Children, to our Sire we fly,
 Abba, Father, hear our cry!

2 To the dust our knees we bow,
 We are weak, but mighty thou.
 Sore distressed, yet suppliant still,
 We await thy holy will;
 Bound to earth and rooted here,
 Till our Saviour God appear.

3 Leave us not beneath the power
 Of temptation's trying hour:
 Swift to seal their captives' doom,
 See, our foes exulting come!
 Jesus, Saviour, be thou nigh,
 Lord of life and victory!

21

S. M.

WE come to sing thy praise;
 We meet to offer prayer:
 We come to learn of wisdom's ways;
 Blest Saviour! meet us here!

2 Thy Spirit, Lord, impart,
 That, while we raise the voice,
 In sacred melody, the heart
 In praises may rejoice.

3 And when the offer'd prayer
 Goes upward to thy throne,
 May we in each petition share,
 And make each want our own!

4 And as thy holy word
 We study and are taught,
 Let every truth and precept, Lord,
 Be with thy blessing fraught.

22

H. M.

AGAIN we meet, O Lord,
 Again we fill this place,
 To hear thy holy word,
 To ask thy promised grace;
 To thank thee for the gifts we share,
 The children of thy love and care.

2 Grant us the listening ear,
 The understanding heart,
 The mind and will sincere,
 To choose the better part;
 To take the learner's lowly seat,
 And gather wisdom at thy feet.

3 Through this, and every day,
 Teach us thy paths to tread;
 Nor let our feet astray,
 By Satan's wiles be led;
 But keep us in the narrow road—
 The way to glory and to God.

23

7s.

L ORD, behold thy people here,
 Come to learn what thou wilt say;
 O, in mercy now draw near;
 Meet thy people when they pray;
 Thou art God, and thou alone,
 Lord, we worship at thy throne.

2 Jesus, 'tis on thee we call,
 Israel's Saviour, Israel's King;
 Low before thy feet we fall;
 Thee, whom angels love, we sing;
 Saviour, lead us in the way,
 Only thee would we obey.

3 Teach us what we do not know,
 Lord, instruct us in thy will;
 What we learn, O may we do!
 To thy voice obedient still;
 Close to thee may we abide,
 Thee, our Saviour and our Guide.

24

C. M.

L ORD! when we bend before thy throne,
 And our confessions pour,
 O may we feel the sins we own,
 And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
 True penitence impart:
 And let a healing ray from thee
 Beam peace into each heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
 O let our wills resign;
 And not a thought our bosom share,
 Which is not wholly thine.

4 And when with heart and voice we strive,
 Our grateful hymns to raise,
 Let love divine within us live,
 And fill our souls with praise.

25 8s & 7s.

JESUS Christ we bow before thee,
 Trusting in thy holy word;
 Thee we own the Lord of glory,
 Thee we own our sovereign Lord.
 While our evil foes contending
 Threaten our eternal loss;
 Be with heavenly grace defending,
 And protect us with thy cross.

2 From thy Father's throne descending,
 Thou becom'st our daily bread;
 Midst celestial hosts attending,
 With thy flesh our souls are fed.
 Come, thou source of every blessing,
 Warm our hearts with love divine:
 Let thy grace, our souls possessing,
 Make us be for ever thine.

GENERAL PRAISE.

26

L. M.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
 Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
 For we our voices high should raise,
 When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 The depths of earth are in his hand,
 Her secret wealth at his command;
 The strength of hills, that threat the skies,
 Subjected to his empire lies.

3 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
 By the same sovereign right is his;
 'Tis moved by his almighty hand,
 That formed and fixed the solid land.

4 O let us to his courts repair,
 And bow with adoration there;
 In faith and love devoutly all
 Before the Lord our Maker fall.

27

C. M.

O GOD, we praise thee, and confess
 That thou the only Lord
 And everlasting Father art,
 By all the earth adored.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
 To thee the powers on high,
 Both cherubim and seraphim,
 Continually do cry;—

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Whom heavenly hosts obey,

The world is with the glory fill'd
Of thy majestic sway.

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crown'd with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

28 8s & 7s.

PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
Praise to God from every tongue;
Join, our souls, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father! source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine.

3 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
Then enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

4 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise him, every living creature,
Earth and heaven's united host.

29 L. M.

LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures
dwell,

Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

3 Jehovah—'tis a glorious word!
O, may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

4 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

30 7s.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored;
Lord! thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way;
Then on high we'll joyful raise
Songs of everlasting praise.

4 Lord! thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
Be thy glorious name adored,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

31

L. M.

GREAT is the Lord! What tongue can frame,
 An honour equal to his name?
 How awful are his glorious ways!
 The Lord is dreadful in his praise!

2 The world's foundations by his hand
 Were laid, and shall for ever stand;
 The swelling billows know their bound,
 While to his praise they roll around.

3 Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord!
 All nature rests upon thy word;
 And clouds, and storms, and fire obey
 Thy wise and all-controlling sway.

4 Thy glory, fearless of decline,
 Thy glory, Lord, shall ever shine;
 Thy praise shall still our breath employ,
 Till we shall rise to endless joy.

32

8s, 7s & 4s.

SOVEREIGN Lord of light and glory,
 Author of our mortal frame,
 Joyfully we bow before thee,
 And extol thy holy name:
 Hallelujah!

Ever sacred be the theme!

2 Kind Dispenser of each blessing
 Which surrounds the human race,
 May we, gratefully possessing,
 Still adore thy boundless grace:
 Hallelujah!

Praise to God, immortal praise!

3 Thus, with humble adoration,
 We attend before thy throne,
 And with grateful exultation,
 Thine abundant mercy own:
 Hallelujah!
 Praise belongs to thee alone.

4 In thy every dispensation,
 Love and mercy we descry:
 Thou, the God of our salvation,
 To preserve us, still art nigh:
 Hallelujah!
 Glory be to God on high.

33 6s & 4s.

PRAISE we Jehovah's name;
 Praise through his courts proclaim,
 Rise and adore;
 High o'er the heavens above,
 Sound his great acts of love,
 While his rich grace we prove,
 Vast as his power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise
 Triumphant sounds of praise,
 Wide as his fame;
 There let the harp be found;
 Organs, with solemn sound,
 Roll your deep notes around,
 Filled with his name.

3 While his high praise we sing,
 Shake every sounding string;
 Sweet the accord!
 He vital breath bestows;
 Let every breath that flows,
 His noblest fame disclose:
 Praise we the Lord.

34

7s.

ALL thy works, with one accord
Magnify thee, mighty Lord!

While the heavens thy glory show,
Earth extols thy love below.

2 Day to day doth utter speech,
Night to night thy knowledge teach:
Nature's universal frame
Answers—"Hallow'd be thy name."

3 Life, through all its breathing forms,
Death, from darkness, dust, and worms,
In ten thousand wondrous ways,
Fearfully set forth thy praise.

4 While adoring Seraphim
Thine eternal Godhead hymn,
Saints redeem'd, with glory crown'd,
Calvary's cross won triumphs sound.

5 May thy Church from age to age,
In her house of pilgrimage,
Train for thee her convert throngs,
And thy statutes be their songs.

35

8s & 7s.

BLEST be thou, O God of Israel,
Thou, our Father, and our Lord!
Blest thy majesty for ever!
Ever be thy name adored.

2 Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness,
Glory, victory, are thine own;
All is thine in earth and heaven,
Over all thy boundless throne.

3 Riches come of thee, and honour,
 Power and might to thee belong;
 Thine it is to make us prosper,
 Only thine to make us strong.

4 Lord, to thee, thou God of mercy,
 Hymns of gratitude we raise;
 To thy name, for ever glorious,
 Ever we address our praise!

36 7s, with Chorus.

SING we praises to the Lord, Alleluia,
 Bless his name with one accord,
 Alleluia,
 For 'tis owing to his care, Alleluia,
 What we have, and what we are, Alleluia.

2 He first made us by his power, Alleluia,
 He preserves us ev'ry hour, Alleluia,
 Food and raiment all are his, Alleluia,
 Present comfort, future bliss, Alleluia.

3 He directs our steps by day, Alleluia,
 Pointing out the safest way, Alleluia,
 And at night in mercy still, Alleluia,
 Guards us from all kinds of ill, Alleluia.

4 God forgave us when undone, Alleluia,
 And redeem'd us by his Son, Alleluia:
 Raise our voices then, and sing, Alleluia,
 Loud hosannas to our King, Alleluia.

37 C. M.

LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
 Whose breath our souls inspired;
 Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
 With grateful ardour fired.

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
 Whose goodness, passing thought,
 Loads every moment, as it flies,
 With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
 From whom salvation flows,
 Who sent his Son our souls to save
 From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
 For hope's transporting ray,
 Which lights through darkest shades of
 death,
 To realms of endless day.

38

L. M.

GIVE thanks to God; he reigns above;
 Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
 His mercy ages past have known,
 And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
 The wonders of his grace record;
 Israel, the nation whom he chose,
 And rescued from their mighty foes.

3 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
 He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
 He guards us with a powerful hand,
 And brings us to the heavenly land.

4 O, let the saints with joy record
 The truth and goodness of the Lord!
 How great his works! how kind his ways!
 Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

39

C. M.

ALMIGHTY Lord, with joy to thee
 Our grateful voices rise;
 Accept, O God, our feeble praise,
 And humble sacrifice.

Chor.—Glory, honour, praise, and power
 Be unto the Lamb for ever;
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer.
 Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.

2 We glorify, we bless thy name
 For all thy mercies given,
 But most, for Jesus Christ, who died
 To raise our souls to heaven.

Chorus.—Glory, honour, &c.

3 O bless the Lord, our gracious God,
 Whose mercies thus we prove,
 Who bids us sinners loud proclaim
 The wonders of his love.

Chorus.—Glory, honour, &c.

40 8s, 7s & 4s.

GOD the Lord a King remaineth,
 Robed in his own glorious light;
 God hath robed him, and he reigneth—
 He hath girded him with might:
 Hallelujah!

God is King in depth and height.

2 Lord! the water-floods have lifted,
 Ocean-floods have raised their roar,
 Now they pause where they have drifted,
 Now they burst upon the shore:
 Hallelujah!
 From the ocean's sounding store,

3 With all tones of waters blending
 Glorious is the breaking deep;
 Glorious, beauteous without ending,
 God who reigns on heaven's high steep.
 Hallelujah!
 Songs of ocean never sleep.

4 Lord! the words thy lips are telling
 Are the perfect verity;
 Of thine high, eternal dwelling
 Holiness shall inmate be:
 Hallelujah!
 Pure is all that lives with thee.

41 L. M.

BOTH heaven and earth do worship
 thee,
 Thou Father of eternity!
 With splendour from thy glory spread,
 Are heaven and earth replenished.

2 To thee all angels loudly cry,
 The heavens, and all the powers on high,
 The apostles' glorious company,
 The prophets' fellowship praise thee.

3 The noble and victorious host
 Of martyrs make of thee their boast;
 The holy Church in every place
 Throughout the earth exalts thy praise.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
 Highly exalt and honour thee:
 Thy name we worship and adore,
 World without end, for evermore.

42

S. M.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing,
 Jehovah is the sov'reign Lord,
 The universal King.

Praise ye the Lord, Alleluia,
 Praise ye the Lord, Alleluia,
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
 Praise ye the Lord.

2 He formed the deeps unknown,
 He gave the seas their bound;
 The watery worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground.

Praise ye the Lord, Alleluia, &c.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
 Come, bow before the Lord;
 We are his works, and not our own,
 He formed us by his word.

Praise ye the Lord, Alleluia, &c.

4 To-day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod;
 Come, like the people of his choice,
 And own our gracious God.

Praise ye the Lord, Alleluia, &c.

43

8s.

BLESSED be thy name for ever,
 Thou of life the Guard and Giver!
 Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
 Blest are they thou kindly keepest!
 God of stillness and of motion,
 Of the rainbow, and the ocean,

Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever!

2 God of evening's peaceful ray!
God of every dawning day,
Rising from the distant sea
Breathing of eternity;
Thine the flaming sphere of light,
Thine the darkness of the night!
God of life, that fade shall never!
Glory to thy name for ever!

44 L. M.

SERVANTS of God! in joyful lays,
Sing we the Lord Jehovah's praise:
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

2 Who is like God? so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

3 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust;
In him the poor may safely trust.

4 O then, aloud, in joyful lays,
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

45 S. M.

O THOU above all praise,
Above all blessing high,

Who would not fear thy holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

2 O for the living flame
From thine own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd
With all our ransomed powers.

4 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord our God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

46 S. M.

THOU, Lord, art God alone:
Those countless worlds of thine,
Those heavens and heavenly spirits, own
Thy majesty divine.

2 Earth is thy footstool made,
Great universal Lord;
And all things are in being stay'd
By thy preserving word.

3 At thy command we rise,
Thy gracious name to bless;
And thee, the Lord of earth and skies,
We joyfully confess.

4 Our joy, to sing of thee;
To triumph in thy love;
And this, transporting thought, shall be
Our endless work above.

47

10s & 11s.

O, WORSHIP the King all-glorious
 above,
 And gratefully sing his wonderful love;
 Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of
 days,
 Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with
 praise.

2 O tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
 Whose robe is the light, whose canopy
 space;
 His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-
 clouds form,
 And dark is his path on the wings of the
 storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the
 light,
 It streams from the hills, it descends to
 the plain,
 And sweetly distils in the dew and the
 rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail,
 Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the
 end!
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and
 Friend.

5 Father Almighty, how faithful thy love!
 While angels delight to hymn thee above,
 The humbler creation, though feebler
 their lays,
 With true adoration shall lisp to thy
 praise.

48

L. M.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
 The fountain of eternal love;
 Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
 Hath stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
 Not only vast—but numberless?

What mortal eloquence can raise
 Fit tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to us that favour, Lord,
 Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
 When thou returnest them to save,
 Let us thy great salvation have.

4 O render thanks to God above,
 The fountain of eternal love:
 His mercy firm, through ages past,
 Hath stood, and shall for ever last.

49

8s.

O COME, let us sing to the Lord,
 In God our salvation rejoice;
 In psalms of thanksgiving record
 His praise, with one spirit, one voice:
 Jehovah is King, and he reigns—
 The God of all gods, on his throne;
 The strength of the hills he maintains;
 The ends of the earth are his own.

2 The sea is Jehovah's—he made

 The tide its dominion to know;
 The land is Jehovah's—he laid
 Its solid foundations below.

O come, let us worship and kneel
 Before our Creator, our God;
 The people who serve him with zeal,
 The flock whom he guides with his rod.

50

8s & 7s.

“LORD, thy glory fills the heaven;
 Earth is with its fulness stored;
 Unto thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!”
 Heaven is still with anthems ringing;
 Earth takes up the angels’ cry,
 “Holy, holy, holy,” singing,
 “Lord of hosts, the Lord most High!”

2 Ever thus in God’s high praises,
 O, let all our tongues unite,
 Whilst our thought his greatness raises,
 And our love his gifts excite.
 With his seraph train before him,
 With his holy Church below,
 Thus unite we to adore him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow:—

3 “Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
 Earth is with its fulness stored;
 Unto thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!
 Thus, thy glorious name confessing,
 We adopt the angels’ cry,
 ‘Holy, holy, holy’—blessing
 Thee, the Lord our God most High!”

THE SABBATH.

51 S. M.

LORD, in this sacred hour,
 Within thy courts we bend,
 And bless thy love, and own thy power,
 Our Father and our Friend.

2 But thou art not alone

In courts by mortals trod;
 Nor only is the day thine own
 When man draws near to God:—

3 Thy temple is the arch

Of yon unmeasured sky;
 Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
 Of vast eternity.

4 Lord, may that holier day

Dawn on thy servants' sight;
 And purer worship may we pay
 In heaven's unclouded light.

52

7s.

SAFELY through another week
 Thou hast brought us on our way;
 We do now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in thy courts to-day;
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace

Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciling face—
 Take away our sin and shame;
 From our worldly cares set free—
 May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come, thy name to praise;
 Let us feel thy presence near;
 May thy glories meet our eyes,
 While we in thy house appear:
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting rest.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
 Wake our minds to raptures new;
 Let thy victories abound—
 Unrepenting souls subdue;
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove
 Till we rest in thee above.

53 C. M.

COME, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep,
 This day, of days the best;
 O! bless this flock, and make this fold
 Enjoy a heavenly rest.

2 Welcome, and precious to our souls
 These holy hours of love:
 But what a Sabbath shall we keep
 When we shall rest above!

3 We come, we wait, we hear, we pray,
 Thy footsteps, Lord, we trace;
 Here, in thine own appointed way,
 We wait to see thy face.

4 These are the dear and precious days
 When thee, O Lord, we've seen,
 And oft, when feasting on thy word,
 In raptures we have been.

5 O! if our souls, when death appears,
 In this sweet frame be found,

We'll clasp the Saviour in our arms,
And leave this earthly ground.

54

C. M.

BLEST is the work, O God, our King,
To praise thy glorious name:
By day thy wondrous grace we sing,
By night thy truth proclaim.

2 We hail thy day of rest, O Lord,
And seek thy house of prayer,
To meet thy saints, to hear thy word,
And all thy works declare.

3 Though sensual hearts, unchang'd by
grace,
Such heavenly joys despise,
Teach us to love thy dwelling-place,
Thy day of rest to prize:

4 Till, fixed within thy courts above,
Far nobler songs we raise,
Where every heart is fill'd with love,
And every mouth with praise.

55

7s.

THOU who art enthroned above,
Thou by whom we live and move!
O how sweet, with joyful tongue,
To resound thy praise in song!

2 Sweet the day of sacred rest,
When devotion fills the breast,
When we dwell within thy house,
Hear thy word, and pay our vows;

3 Notes to heaven's high mansions raise;
Fill its courts with joyful praise;

With repeated hymns proclaim
Great Jehovah's awful name.

4 From thy works our joys arise,
O thou only good and wise!
Who thy wonders can declare?
How profound thy counsels are!

5 Warm our hearts with sacred fire;
Grateful fervours still inspire;
All our powers, with all their might,
Ever in thy praise unite.

56 C. M.

AND now another week begins,
This day we call the Lord's;
This day he rose, who bore our sins—
For so his word records.

2 Hark, how the angels sweetly sing!
Their voices fill the sky;
They hail their great victorious King,
And welcome him on high.

3 We'll catch the note of lofty praise;
May we their rapture feel;
Our thankful songs with theirs we'll raise,
And emulate their zeal.

4 Come, then, ye saints! and grateful sing,
Of Christ, our risen Lord—
Of Christ, the everlasting King—
Of Christ, th' incarnate Word.

5 Hail, mighty Saviour! Thee we hail!
High on thy throne above;
Till heart and flesh together fail,
We'll sing thy matchless love.

57

8s & 7s.

SEE the clouds upon the mountain
 Rolling, rising, melt away,
 Light, forth flowing from its fountain,
 Pours an unobstructed ray.

2 So before thy presence fading,
 Lord, may every shadow fly;
 Chase the gloom our souls invading,
 With the sunbeam of thine eye.

3 Lo! it dawns, the Sabbath morning
 Streams with radiance all divine;
 Sanctity thy courts adorning,
 Beautiful with grace they shine.

4 Holiness becomes thy dwelling,
 Peerless Sovereign of the sky,
 Princely palaces excelling,
 Pomp of earthly majesty.

5 Rise, our souls, the day is breaking,
 Gladdened nature drinks the light;
 From the sleep of darkness waking,
 Put off all the clouds of night.

6 Take the rest this day is bringing,
 Rest of all our earthly days,
 Enter we his gates with singing,
 Tread the hallowed floor with praise.

58

7s.

HEAVENLY Spirit! may each heart
 Through these sacred hours be thine:
 May we from the world depart,
 Breathing after things divine.

2 Lead us forth with joy and peace
 To thy temple, in thy ways;
 And when this sweet day shall cease,
 May its sun go down with praise!

3 May thy ministers declare
 All thy word of truth with power,
 Till the sinner bend in prayer,
 Conquered in that mighty hour.

4 So may we, who worship here,
 Profit by thy word to-day.
 And more love, and peace, and fear
 Carry from thy house away.

59

S. M.

SWEET is the work, O Lord,
 Thy glorious acts to sing,
 To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
 And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning hour,
 Thy boundless love to tell;
 And when the night-wind shuts the flow'r,
 Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
 To join in heart and voice
 With those who love and serve thee best,
 And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
 Be every Sabbath given,
 That such may be our best employ
 Eternally in heaven.

60

7s & 6s.

L ORD of the vast creation,
 Support of worlds unknown,

Desire of every nation!
 Behold us at thy throne;
 We come for mercy crying,
 Through thine atoning blood;
 And on thy grace relying,
 We seek each promised good.

2 We bless the condescension
 That brought thee down to earth;
 Of which the seers made mention,
 Who prophesied thy birth:
 We celebrate the glory,
 That marked thy wondrous way,
 And own the joyful story,
 That claims this hallowed day.

3 O! when shall thy salvation
 Be known through every land,
 And men, in every station,
 Obey thy great command?
 In God's own Son believing,
 From sin may they be free;
 And gospel-grace receiving,
 Find life and peace in thee.

61 C. M.

WHEN, O dear Jesus! when shall we
 Behold thee all serene;
 Blest in perpetual Sabbath-day,
 Without a veil between?

2 Assist us while we wander here,
 Amidst a world of cares;
 Incline our hearts to pray with love,
 And then accept our prayers.

3 Spare us, O God! O! spare the soul
 That gives itself to thee;

Take all that we possess below,
And thou our portion be.

4 Thy Spirit, O our Father! give
To be our guide and friend,
To light our path with ceaseless joys,
Where Sabbaths never end.

62 7s.

FOR the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven.

2 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us when thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy Gospel's wond'rous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

63 P. M.

JESUS, we love to meet,
On this thy holy day.
We worship round thy seat,
On this thy holy day.
Thou tender, heavenly Friend,
To thee our prayers ascend,
O'er our glad spirits bend,
On this thy holy day.

64

7s.

MAKER of the Sabbath-day,
Teach us how to praise and pray;
Thou this blessed day hast given,
To prepare our souls for heaven.

- 2 Giver of eternal rest,
Be thy glorious gospel blest;
Thou alone canst change the heart,
Thou alone canst peace impart.
- 3 Ruler of the earth and sky,
Lord of all below, on high;
Make the young, as well as old,
Sheep of thy eternal fold.
- 4 Friend of sinners, hear our prayer;
Let no trifling feelings dare
Steal the precious hours away,
Of this sacred Sabbath-day.

65

H. M.

JESUS, our holy Lord,
 Thy name we join to sing,
 Who didst on this glad day
 Complete salvation bring:
 We bless thee, Lord, who from the grave
 Arose again, lost man to save.

2 Through mercy we are called,
 Both young and old to praise
 The conquests of thy love,
 The riches of thy grace:
 O make our hearts in thee rejoice,
 And take thee as our only choice!

3 Through thy redeeming blood,
 O Saviour, set us free!
 Assisted by thy grace,
 O may we live to thee!
 And take us, Lord, when we shall die,
 To dwell with thee above the sky.

66

L. M.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
 But there's a nobler rest above;
 To that our longing souls aspire,
 With cheerful hope, and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place;
 No groans shall mingle with the songs
 Which warble from immortal tongues;

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
 No cares to break the long repose,
 No midnight shade—no clouded sun—
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.

67

L. M.

LORD of the Sabbath, thee we praise
For all these holy, happy days,
To dying man in mercy giv'n,
As foretastes of the bliss of heav'n.

2 We thank thee for that blest abode,
The temple of the living God;
We thank thee for the precious word
And ordinances of the Lord.

3 But O! what praise to thee is due,
That we are taught by faith to view
A Saviour "crucified and slain,"
Waking from death, on high to reign.

4 O Saviour God, to whom are giv'n
The realms of earth, the hosts of heav'n
Before thy glorious throne we fall,
And worship thee as Lord of all.

68

C. M.

O LET our Sabbath-evening song
Like holy incense rise;
And let the praises of our tongue
Ascend the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still our guard;
And still, to keep each want away,
Thy goodness was prepar'd.

3 Thy richest blessings from above
 Encompassed us around;
 But yet how few returns of love
 Hast thou, our Father, found!

4 O, wash from sin our guilty heart,
 When to the cross we flee;
 And let thy Spirit grace impart,
 That we may live to thee.

69 C. M.

THIS sacred day, great God, we close
 With gratitude and love,
 And bless thee for the joyful news,
 Which hails us from above.

2 May we retain the glorious truths
 Recorded in thy word,
 And, with obedient lives, adorn
 The doctrines of the Lord.

3 Ere long we hope to meet and join
 The ransomed throng in bliss:
 With joy thy earthly courts we'll leave,
 To dwell where Jesus is.

THE SANCTUARY.

70 H. M.

LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are;
 To thine abode our hearts aspire,
 With warm desire to see our God.

2 O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise thee still ; and happy they
 That love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears:
 O glorious seat! Thou, God our King,
 Shall thither bring our willing feet.

4 The Lord his people loves;
 His hand no good withholds
 From those his heart approves,
 From humble, contrite souls:
 Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts alone in thee!

71 C. M.

A RISE, O King of grace ! arise,
 And enter to thy rest;
 Lo ! thy Church waits with longing eyes,
 Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train.
 Thy Spirit and thy word;
 All that the ark did once contain,
 Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God ! accept our vows,
 Here let thy praise be spread;
 Bless the provisions of thy house,
 And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
 Let God's anointed shine;
 Justice and truth his court maintain
 With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
 And as his kingdom grows,
 Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
 And shame confound his foes.

72 8s, 7s & 4s.

GOD is in his holy temple,
 All the earth keep silence here;
 Worship him in truth and spirit,
 Reverence him with godly fear;
 Holy, holy,
 Lord of Hosts, our Lord, appear.

2 God in Christ reveals his presence,
 Throned upon the Mercy-seat:
 Saints, rejoice! and sinners, tremble!
 Each prepare his God to meet:
 Lowly, lowly,
 Bow adoring at his feet.

3 Hail him here with songs of praises,
 Him with prayers of faith surround;
 Hearken to his glorious gospel,
 While his servant's lips expound;
 Blessed, blessed,
 They who know the joyful sound.

4 Though the heaven, and heaven of hea-
 vens,
 O Thou Great Unsearchable!
 Are too mean to comprehend thee,

Thou with man art pleased to dwell,
 Welcome, welcome,
 God with us, Immanuel.

73

L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God alone;
 He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us men;
 And when, like wandering sheep, we
 strayed,
 He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are thy people, we thy care;
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
 What lasting honours shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heaven our voices raise;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding
 praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command;
 Vast as eternity thy love;
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

74

11s & 8s.

BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the
 earth!
 O! serve him with gladness and fear;

Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.

2 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and Ruler o'er all;
And we are his people—his sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 O! enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Our vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise in melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

75

C. M.

WE love thy holy temple, Lord,
For there thou deign'st to dwell:
And there the heralds of thy word
Of all thy mercies tell.

2 There, in thy pure and cleansing fount,
Washed from each guilty stain,
Our souls on wings of faith shall mount
To heaven's eternal fane.

3 Around thine altar will we kneel
In penitence sincere,
A Saviour's mercy deeply feel,
And words of pardon hear;

4 Or, mingling with the choral throng,
 Our joyful voices raise,
 And pour the full, melodious song,
 In notes of grateful praise.

76

L. M.

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
 Hosanna to th' incarnate Word!
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
 Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.

2 Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry;
 Hosanna, Lord! thy saints reply:
 Above, beneath us, and around,
 The dead and living swell the sound.

3 O Saviour! with protecting care,
 Return to this, thy house of prayer:
 Assembled in thy sacred name,
 Here we thy parting promise claim.

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
 Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest,
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure, and worthy thee!

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
 Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.

77

C. M.

HOW lovely are thy dwellings, Lord,
 From noise and trouble free!
 How beautiful the sweet accord
 Of souls that pray to thee!

2 Lord God of hosts, that reign'st on high!
 They are the truly blest,
 Who only will on thee rely,
 In thee alone will rest.

3 They pass refreshed the thirsty vale,
 The dry and barren ground,
 As through a fruitful, watery dale,
 Where springs and showers abound.

4 They journey on from strength to
 strength,
 With joy and gladsome cheer,
 Till all before our God at length
 In Zion's courts appear.

78

H. M.

LORD, to thy sacred house
 We come with willing feet,
 Where saints with morning vows
 In full assembly meet.
 Thy power divine shall here be shown,
 And from thy throne thy mercy shine.

2 O send thy light abroad!
 Thy truth with heavenly ray
 Shall lead our souls to God,
 And guide our doubtful way.
 We'll hear thy word with faith sincere,
 And learn to fear and praise the Lord.

3 Reach forth thy bounteous hand,
 And all our sorrows heal;
 Here health and strength divine
 O make our bosoms feel!
 Like balmy dew shall Jesus' voice,
 Our bones rejoice, our strength renew.

4 Then in thy holy hill,
 Before thine altar, Lord,
 Our harp and song shall sound
 The glories of thy word.
 Henceforth to thee, O God of grace,
 A hymn of praise our life shall be.

79

L. M.

OFT, in the temples of thy grace,
 Thy saints, O Lord, behold thy face;
 And oft have seen thy glory shine,
 With power and majesty divine:

2 But soon, alas! thine absence mourn,
 And pray, and wish thy kind return;
 Without thy life-inspiring light,
 'Tis all a scene of gloomy night.

3 Return, O Lord, thy children cry,
 Our graces droop, our comforts die;
 Return, and let thy glory rise
 Again, to our admiring eyes:

4 Till filled with light, and joy, and love,
 Thy courts below, like those above,
 Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
 And heaven and earth resound thy praise.

80

7s.

TO thy temple we repair,
 Lord, we love to worship there,
 When within the veil we meet
 Christ before the mercy-seat.

2 Thou through him art reconciled,
 We through him are each, thy child;

Abba! Father! give us grace,
In thy courts to seek thy face.

3 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch our lips, unloose our tongue,
That our joyful souls may bless
Thee, the Lord our righteousness.

4 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to our's attend;
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

81 C. M.

EARLY, O God, without delay,
We haste to seek thy face;
Our thirsty spirits faint away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink, or die.

3 We've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine:
O God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can our best passions move,
Or raise so high our cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

5 Thus, till our last expiring day,
We'll bless our God and King;
Thus will we lift our hands to pray,
And tune our lips to sing.

82

L. M.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy-seat;
 Where'er they seek thee, thou art found;
 And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
 Thy former mercies here renew;
 Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
 To strengthen faith and banish care;
 To teach our faint desires to rise
 To things unseen, beyond the skies.

4 Lord, we are weak, but thou art near;
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
 O, rend the heavens this favour'd hour,
 Let thousands feel thy saving pow'r.

83

C. M.

DEAR Father! to thy mercy-seat
 Our souls for shelter flies;
 'Tis here we find a safe retreat,
 When storms and tempest rise.

2 Our cheerful hopes can never die,
 If thou, O God, art near;
 Thy grace can raise our comforts high,
 And banish every fear.

3 Thou great Protector, mighty Lord,
 Thy constant aid impart;

And let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain each trembling heart.

4 O never let our souls remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let us trust thy power and love,
And dwell before thy feet.

84 5s & 6s.

HOW honoured, how dear,
That sacred abode,
Where Christians draw near
Their Father and God!
'Mid worldly commotion,
Our wearied soul faints
For the house of devotion—
The house of thy saints.

2 Thou Hearer of prayer!
Still grant us a place,
Where Christians repair
To the courts of thy grace:
More blest, beyond measure
One day so employed,
Than years of vain pleasure
By worldlings enjoyed.

3 The Lord is a sun:
The Lord is a shield:
What grace has begun,
With glory is sealed:
He hears the distressed,
He succours the just;
And they shall be blessed,
Who make him their trust.

THE SCRIPTURES.

85

L. M.

TWAS by thy Spirit gracious Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke thy word;

Thy Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought,

Confirmed the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God! our eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There we behold our Saviour's face,
And learn his name, and feel his grace.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost, and vanish in the wind;
Here we can fix our hope secure;
This is thy word, and must endure.

86

L. M.

ETERNAL Spirit! 'twas thy breath.
The oracles of truth inspired,
And kings, and holy seers of old,
With strong prophetic impulse fired.

2 Filled with thy great Almighty power,
Their lips with heavenly wisdom flowed;
Their hands a thousand wonders wrought,
Which bore the signature of God.

3 The powers of earth and hell, in vain
 Against the sacred word combine;
 Thy providence through every age,
 Securely guards the book divine.

4 Thee, its great Author, source of light,
 Thee, its preserver, we adore;
 And humbly ask a ray from thee,
 Its hidden wonders to explore.

87

C. M.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
 What endless glory shines;
 For ever be thy name adored
 For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find;
 Riches above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around;
 And life, and everlasting joys,
 Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heavenly pages be
 Our ever dear delight;
 And still new beauties may we see,
 And still increasing light,

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be thou for ever near;
 Teach us to love thy sacred word,
 And view the Saviour there.

88

L. M.

PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
 To Him who earth's foundation laid;
 Praise to the God whose strong decrees
 Sway the creation as he please.

2 Firm are the words his prophets give,
 Sweet words on which his children live;
 Each of them is the voice of God,
 Who spoke and spread the skies abroad.

3 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
 To credit what th' Almighty saith;
 To embrace the message of his Son,
 And call the joys of heaven our own.

4 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
 And all the wheels of nature break,
 Our steady souls shall fear no more
 Than solid rocks when billows roar.

89

C. M.

THOU lovely Source of true delight,
 Whom we unseen adore;
 Unveil thy beauties to our sight,
 That we may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
 But in thy sacred word,
 We read in fairer, brighter lines,
 Our bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er our comforts droop,
 And sins and sorrows rise,
 Thy love with cheerful beams of hope,
 Our fainting heart supplies.

4 Jesus, our Lord, our life, our light,
 O come with blissful ray;
 Break radiant through the shades of
 night,
 And chase our fears away.

5 Then shall our souls with rapture trace
 The wonders of thy love;
 But the full glories of thy face
 Are only known above.

90

L. M.

COME, blessed Spirit, source of light,
 Whose power and grace are uncon-
 fined,
 Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
 The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To our illumined eyes display
 The glorious truth thy word reveals;
 Cause us to run the heavenly way;
 The book unfold, unloose the seals.

3 Thine inward teachings make us know,
 The mysteries of redeeming love,
 The emptiness of things below,
 The excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze we
 stray,
 Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
 To show the dangers of the way,
 And guide our feeble steps to God.

91

L. M.

O GOD, the gospel of thy Son,
 Doth make thy holy counsels known;

'Tis here thy richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Thy wisdom here its gifts imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live;
It bids the drooping saint revive.

3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

4 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to our hearts and near our eye,
Till life's last hour our souls engage,
And be our chosen heritage.

92

L. M.

THY word, O Lord, is light and food,
The law of truth, and source of good:
There thou hast pointed out our way
To pardon and perpetual day.

2 May we receive it, Lord, as thine,
Receive it as thy word divine,
With firm assent, with listening ear,
With bending heart, and filial fear.

3 Make us to know its saving might,
Its quickening power, its cheerful light:
May it our stubborn hearts subdue,
And still our sinful souls renew!

4 O! let it richly dwell within,
To keep us from the snares of sin,
And guide us still to choose thy way,
That we no more may go astray.

93

C. M.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
 We fly to thee, O Lord;
 And not a ray of hope appears,
 But in thy written word.

2 The volume of our Father's grace
 Does all our grief assuage;
 Here we behold our Saviour's face
 In almost every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
 The pearl of price unknown;
 That merchant is divinely wise
 Who makes the pearl his own.

4 This is the judge that ends the strife
 Where wit and reason fail:
 Our guide to everlasting life
 Through all this gloomy vale.

94

L. M.

THE starry firmament on high,
 And all the glories of the sky,
 Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,
 So brightly as thy written word.

2 The hopes that holy word supplies,
 Its truths divine and precepts wise—
 In each a heavenly beam we see,
 And every beam conducts to thee.

3 Almighty Lord! the sun shall fail,
 The moon forget her nightly tale,
 And deepest silence hush on high
 The radiant chorus of the sky—

4 But fixed for everlasting years,
 Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
 Thy word shall shine in cloudless day
 When heaven and earth have pass'd away.

95 C. M.

LORD, we have made thy word our
 choice.

Our lasting heritage;
 There shall our noblest powers rejoice,
 Our warmest thoughts engage.

2 We'll read the histories of thy love,
 And keep thy laws in sight;
 While through thy promises we rove,
 With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
 Where springs of life arise,
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
 And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have—
 It makes our sorrows blest;
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
 And our eternal rest.

96 H. M.

THE promises we sing,
 Which sovereign love hath spoke;
 Nor wilt thou, mighty King,
 Thy words of grace revoke;
 They stand secure and steadfast still;
 Nor Zion's hill abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away,
 When once the Judge appears;

And sun and moon decay
 That measure mortal years;
 But still the same, in radiant lines,
 Thy promise shines through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
 Through our attentive ears,
 When thunders cleave the ground
 And dissipate the spheres;
 'Mid all the shock of that dread scene,
 We stand serene—thy word our rock.

97 L. M. 6 lines.

FAITHFUL art Thou in whom we trust,
 Thy word shall be our stay
 When hills depart, when stars are dust,
 And skies have passed away;
 For than the heavens and earth more sure
 Thy blessed promises endure.

2 The vows of earthly friendship fail,
 With love and faith forgot,
 Through time's long waste, or fortune's
 gale,
 Or man's unstable thought;
 But there is neither change nor fraud
 In thy sweet promises, O God.

98 4s & 7s.

WE trust thee, Lord;
 Upon thy word
 We rest our soul's well-being;
 Our walk with thee,
 Lord, here must be
 By faith and not by seeing.

2 The only scheme
Man to redeem
From death, sin's fearful wages,
Would lie concealed,
But as revealed
In these, thy sacred pages.

3 By faith to live,
Its fruits to give,
This is the path to heaven;
All strength and skill
To do thy will
But through thy word are given.

4 Teach us, O Lord,
To prize thy word,
This gift of matchless favour;
Be it our health,
Be it our wealth,
Our strength and life for ever.

GOD AND HIS ATTRIBUTES.

BEING AND CREATIVE POWER.

GREAT First of beings! mighty Lord,
Of all this wondrous frame,
Produced by thy creating word,
The world from nothing came.

2 Lord, for thy glory shines the whole;
It all reflects thy light:
For this the planets ceaseless roll,
And day succeeds the night.

3 For this the earth its produce yields;
For this the waters flow;

And blooming plants adorn the fields,
And trees and herbage grow.

4 Inspired with praise may we pursue
This wise and noble end,
That all we think, or say, or do,
May to thy glory tend.

100 C. P. M.

LET all on earth their voices raise,
O, great Jehovah, to thy praise,
And bless thy holy name:
Thy glory let the people know,
Thy wonders to the heathen show,
Thy saving grace proclaim.

2 God framed the globe; God built the sky;
God made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns in glory there:
Thy beams are majesty and light;
Thy beauties, how divinely bright!
Thy dwelling-place, how fair!

3 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel thy saving power,
All nations fear thy name!
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of thy holiness,
Thy saving grace proclaim.

101 L. M.

THOU, Lord, of all the Parent art,
Of all things thou alone the end:
On thee still fix our wavering heart;
To thee let all our actions tend.

2 Thou, Lord, art light; thy native ray
No change, nor shadow ever knows;

To our dark souls thy light display,
The glory of thy face disclose.

3 Thou, Lord, art love; the fountain thou
Whence mercy unexhausted flows;
On barren hearts, O shed it now,
And make the desert bear the rose!

4 So shall our every power to thee
In love and holy service rise;
And body, soul, and spirit be
Thy ever-living sacrifice.

102

7s.

SOURCE of being, source of light,
With unfading beauties bright;
Thee, when morning greets the skies,
Blushing sweet with humid eyes;
Thee, when soft declining day
Sinks, in purple waves away;
Thee, O Parent, will we sing,
To thy feet our tribute bring!

2 Yonder azure vault on high,
Yonder blue, low, liquid sky;
Earth, on its firm basis placed,
And with circling waves embraced;
All-creating power confess,
All their mighty Maker bless;
Shaking Nature with thy nod,
Earth and heaven confess their God.

3 Father, King, whose heavenly face
Shines serene upon our race;
Mindful of thy guardian care,
Slow to punish, prone to spare;

We thy majesty adore,
 We thy well-known aid implore;
 Not in vain thy aid we call,
 Nothing want, for thou art all!

INFINITY.

103

C. M.

SOME seraph, lend your heavenly tongue,
 Or harp of golden string,
 That we may raise a lofty song
 To our eternal King!

2 Thy names, how infinite they be!
 Great Everlasting One!

Boundless thy might and majesty,
 And unconfined thy throne.

3 Thy glory shines immensely bright;
 Exhaustless is thy grace;
 Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
 And Gabriel veils his face.

4 Thy Being is a vast abyss,
 Which angels cannot sound;
 A sum of dread infinities
 That creature-powers confound.

104

C. M.

ETERNAL Power—Almighty God!
 Who can approach thy throne?
 Unfading light is thine abode,
 To mortal man unknown.

2 Before the radiance of thine eye,
 The heavens no longer shine;

And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.

3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below?

To this vile world thy notice bend—
These seats of sin and wo?

4 How strange! how wondrous is thy love!
With trembling we adore:
Not all th' exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.

105

L. M.

WITH deepest rev'rence at thy throne,
Jehovah, peerless and unknown,
Our feeble spirits strive, in vain,
A glimpse of thee, great God, to gain.

2 Who, by the closest search, can find
Thy mighty, uncreated mind?
Nor men, nor angels can explore
Thy heights of love, thy depths of power.

3 We know thee not; but this we know,
Thou reign'st above, thou reign'st below:
And though thine essence is unknown,
To all the world thy power is shown.

4 That power we trace on every side;
O may thy wisdom be our guide!
And while we live, and when we die,
May thine almighty love be nigh.

ETERNITY.

106

7s.

MIGHTY God! the first, the last!
What are ages, in thy sight,

1 But as yesterday when past,
Or a watch within the night?

2 All that being ever knew,
Far, far back, ere time had birth,
Stands as clear within thy view
As the present things of earth.

3 All that being e'er shall know
On, still on, through farthest years,
All eternity can show,
Bright before thee now appears.

4 In thine all-embracing sight,
Every change its purpose meets,
Every cloud floats into light,
Every woe its glory greets.

5 Whatsoe'er our lot may be,
Calmly in this thought we'll rest—
Could we see as thou dost see,
We would choose it as the best.

107 L. M.

ALL-POWERFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain!
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign!

2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.

3 Fountain of being! Source of good!
Immutable thou dost remain!
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

4 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will!
But thou for ever art the same;
I AM, is thy memorial still.

108

C. M.

THROUGH endless years thou art the same,

O thou eternal God;
Each future age shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Created by thy hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

4 But thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

OMNIPRESENCE AND OMNISCIENCE.

109

L. M.

FATHER of spirits! Nature's God!
Our inmost thoughts are known to thee;
Thou, Lord, can'st hear each idle word,
And every private action see.

2 Could we on morning's swiftest wings,
Pursue our flight through trackless air;

Or dive beneath deep ocean's springs,
Thy presence still would meet us there.

3 In vain may guilt attempt to fly,
Concealed beneath the pall of night;
One glance from thy all-piercing eye
Can kindle darkness into light.

4 Search thou our hearts, and there destroy
Each evil thought, each secret sin;
And fit us for those realms of joy,
Where nought impure shall enter in.

110

C. M.

JEHOVAH, God, thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

2 If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our journey lead,
Thine arm our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies:
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon—till latest eve,
Thy hand, O God, we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Proceed alone from thee.

111

L. M. 6 lines.

ABOVE—below—where'er we gaze,
Thy guiding finger, Lord, we view,

Traced in the midnight planets' blaze,
 Or glistening in the morning dew;
 Whate'er is beautiful or fair,
 Is but thine own reflection there.

2 We hear thee in the stormy wind
 That turns the ocean wave to foam;
 Nor less thy wondrous power we find
 When summer airs around us roam;
 The tempest and the calm declare
 Thyself—for thou art everywhere.

3 We find thee in the noon of night,
 And read thy name in every star
 That drinks in splendour from the light
 That flows from mercy's beaming ear:
 Thy footstool, Lord, each starry gem,
 Composes—not thy diadem.

UNIVERSAL GOVERNMENT.

112

L. M.

HE reigns—the Lord, the Saviour
 reigns;
 Praise him in evangelic strains;
 Let the whole earth in songs rejoice;
 And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown;
 But grace and truth support his throne;
 Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
 Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes;
 Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the
 tombs;
 Before him burns devouring fire!
 The mountains melt, the seas retire!

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
 Fly from the sight, and shun the day:
 Then lift your heads, ye saints on high,
 And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

113

C. M.

O LORD—how fearful is thy name!
 How wide is thy command!
 Nature, with all her moving frame,
 Rests on thy mighty hand.

2 Immortal glory forms thy throne,
 And light thine awful robe;
 While with a smile, or with a frown,
 Thou managest the globe.

3 A word of thine almighty breath
 Can swell or sink the seas;
 Build the vast empires of the earth,
 Or break them as thou please.

4 On angels, with unveiled face,
 Thy glory beams above;
 To men what acts of richest grace,
 Reveal thy boundless love.

5 Now let the Lord for ever reign,
 And sway us as he will;
 Sick or in health, in ease or pain,
 We are his children still.

114

7s.

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
 Ever gracious, ever wise!
 All our times are in thy hand,
 All events at thy command.

2 Thou didst form us by thy power ;
 Thou wilt guide us, hour by hour ;
 All our times shall ever be
 Ordered by thy wise decree :

3 Times of sickness, times of health ;
 Times of penury and wealth ;
 Times of trial and of grief ;
 Times of triumph and relief ;

4 Times temptation's power to prove ;
 Times to taste a Saviour's love ;
 All is fixed, the means and end,
 As shall please thee, Heavenly Friend.

115

L. M.

THROUGH all the various shifting
 scene
 Of life's mistaken ill or good,
 Thy hand, O God ! conducts unseen
 The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest with paternal care,
 Howe'er unjustly we complain,
 To all their necessary share
 Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 All things on earth, and all in heaven.
 On thine eternal will depend ;
 And all for greater good were given,
 Would man pursue the appointed end.

4 Be this our care !—to all beside
 Indifferent let our wishes be ;
 Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
 And fix'd our souls, great God ! on thee.

MORAL PERFECTIONS.

116

C. M.

HOLY and reverend is thy name
 O thou eternal King:
 Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;
 Thrice holy! let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
 Pay, O our souls to God;
 Lift with the hands a holy heart
 To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name
 Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
 A broken heart shall please him more
 Than the best forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God! preserve our souls
 From all pollution free;
 The pure in heart are thy delight,
 And they thy face shall see.

117

L. M.

THINE, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone!
 Justice and truth before thee stand:
 Yet, nearer to thy sacred throne,
 Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.

2 Each evening shows thy tender love:
 Each rising morn thy plenteous grace:
 Thy waken'd wrath doth slowly move;
 Thy willing mercy flies apace.

3 To thy benign, indulgent care,
 Father, this light, this breath we owe;
 And all we have, and all we are,
 From thee, great Source of being, flow.

4 Thrice holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

118 C. M.

FAITHFUL, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear,
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

4 Throughout the universe it reigns;
It stands for ever sure;
And while thy truth, O God, remains,
Thy goodness shall endure.

119 C. M.

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore;—
A spring whose blessings never fail;
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love declare
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns
 With all the bliss it yields,
 With joyful clusters loads the vines,
 With strengthening grain the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
 Is in the gospel seen;
 There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
 Without a cloud between.

5 There, pardon, peace, and holy joy,
 Through Jesus' name are given;
 He on the cross was lifted high,
 That we might reign in heaven.

120

H. M.

O FOR a shout of joy,
 Worthy the theme we sing!
 To this divine employ

 Our hearts and voices bring;
 Sound, sound, through all the earth
 abroad,
 The love, th' eternal love of God.

2 Unnumbered myriads stand,
 Of seraphs bright and fair,
 Or bow at thy right hand,
 And pay their homage there;
 But strive in vain with loudest chord,
 To sound thy wondrous love, O Lord.

3 Yet sinners saved by grace,
 In songs of lower key,
 In every age and place,
 Have sung the mystery;
 Have told, in strains of sweet accord,
 Thy love, thy sovereign love, O Lord.

4 Though earth and hell assail,
 And doubts and fears arise,
 The weakest shall prevail,
 And grasp the heavenly prize,
 And through an endless age record
 Thy love, thy changeless love, O Lord.

121

C. M.

LORD, thou art good! all nature shows
 Its mighty Author kind:
 Thy bounty through creation flows,
 Full, free, and unconfined.

2 The whole in every part proclaims
 Thy infinite good will;
 It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
 And bursts from every hill.

3 We view it o'er the spreading main,
 And heavens which spread more wide;
 It drops in gentle showers of rain,
 And rolls in every tide.

4 Through the whole earth it pours supplies,
 Spreads joy through every part:
 O may such love attract our eyes,
 And captivate our heart!

5 Our highest admiration raise,
 Our best affections move!
 Employ our tongues in songs of praise,
 And fill our souls with love!

122

L. M. 6 lines.

GREAT God of wonders, all thy ways
 Are worthy of thyself—divine;

But the bright glories of thy grace
 Beyond thine other wonders shine.
 Who is a pardoning God like thee?
 Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 Pardon—from an offended God!
 Pardon—for sins of deepest dye!
 Pardon—bestowed through Jesus' blood!
 Pardon—that brings us rebels nigh.
 Where is the pardoning God like thee?
 Or where the grace so rich and free?

3 O may this glorious, matchless love—
 This godlike miracle of grace—
 Teach mortal tongues, like those above,
 To raise this song of lofty praise.
 Who is a pardoning God like thee?
 Or who has grace so rich and free?

123

C. M.

O GOD! how wonderful thou art,
 Thy Majesty, how bright!
 How beautiful thy mercy-seat
 In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are thine eternal years,
 O everlasting Lord!
 By prostrate spirits day and night
 Unceasingly adored!

3 How beautiful, how beautiful
 The sight of thee must be,
 Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
 And glorious purity!

4 O how we fear thee, Living God!
 With deepest, tenderest fears,

And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

5 Yet we may love thee too, O Lord!

Almighty as thou art,
For thou hast stooped to ask of us
The love of each poor heart.

6 O then these worse than worthless hearts

In pity deign to take,
And make them love thee, for thyself
And for thy glory's sake.

THE TRINITY.

124

7s.

FATHER! be thy name adored,
For the gift of Christ our Lord:
For the glorious fulness great,
We poor sinners in him meet.

2 Jesus! we thy name would praise,
For thy love in ancient days:
Thou didst undertake our cause,
And didst suffer on the cross.

3 Holy Spirit! Dove Divine!
Let thy mercy on us shine?
O! reveal the things of God,
And apply the Saviour's blood.

125 7s, double.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God of Hosts! when heaven and
earth
Out of darkness at thy word
Issued into glorious birth,

All thy works before thee stood,
 And thine eye beheld them good,
 While they sang with sweet accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
 One Jehovah evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
 Dust and ashes, would adore;
 Lightly by the world esteem'd,
 From that world by thee redeem'd,
 Sing we here with glad accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! All
 Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing,
 When the ransom'd nations fall
 At the footstool of their King:
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Hearts and voices swell one hymn,
 Round the throne with full accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

126

C. M.

MAKER, Upholder, Ruler!—thee,
 Let all that live adore,
 Who art, and wast, and yet shalt be,
 God blessed evermore.

2 Redeemer, Prophet, Priest, and King!
 Appointed Judge of all!
 Let ransom'd souls thy triumphs sing,
 And foes before thee fall.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love!
 To us thy gifts impart;

From heaven, descending like a dove,
Come dwell in every heart.

4 Thee, Father, Son, and Spirit! thee,
Let heaven and earth adore;
Thou art, thou wast, and thou shalt be,
One God for evermore.

127

L. M.

O HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Bright in thy deeds and in thy name,
For ever be thy name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim!

2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the song that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day!

3 O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven!

4 O God triune, to thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue!

128

7s.

MIGHTY God, the Holy One,
Dwelling in eternity!
How shall we approach thy throne!
How should sinners come to thee!

Where thine awful glories blaze,
Scarce can holy angels gaze.

2 Yet, though high thy dwelling-place,
All our thoughts and praise above,
Humble souls may seek thy face,
God of glory, God of love:—
Love that comes a heavenly guest
To the contrite sinner's breast.

3 Father, hear us when we pray;
Saviour, grace and strength impart;
Holy Spirit, purge away
All our guilt, and melt each heart:
Triune God, thou sinner's Friend,
Guide and bless us to the end.

129 7s.

GLORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live;
Humble prayers thou deign'st to hear,
Grateful songs delight thine ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Let us raise our sweetest strain
Lord to thee, for thou wast slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Be this day a Pentecost;
Waiting minds wilt thou inspire,
Touch our tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word, that "God is love."

130

7s & 6s.

GREAT Author of creation,
 When all thy work was done,
 Loud shouts of exultation
 Re-echo'd round thy throne;
 The morning stars were ringing,
 Throughout the vault above;
 The sons of God were singing
 Thy wisdom, power, and love.

2 Blest Author of salvation,
 When Adam's sinful race
 Had sunk in desolation,
 Had fallen in death's embrace;
 O then thy Love hung bleeding,
 Upon the cross to die:
 That Love still interceding,
 Is prevalent on high.

3 Thou new-creating Spirit,
 Thou Searcher of the heart;
 Who, through the Saviour's merit,
 Dost quick'ning grace impart:
 Thou precious gift from heaven,
 Thou messenger of peace,
 Speak all our sins forgiven,
 And make our joys increase.

131

C. M.

MOST ancient of all mysteries!
 Before thy throne we lie;
 Have mercy now, most merciful,
 Most Holy Trinity!

2 When heaven and earth were yet unmade,
 When time was yet unknown,

Thou in thy bliss and majesty
Didst live and love alone!

3 Thou wert not born, there was no fount
From which thy being flow'd;
There is no end which thou canst reach;
But thou art simply God.

4 Most ancient of all mysteries!
Still at thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most Holy Trinity!

132 6s & 4s.

COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Come, thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
In love and holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To the great One in Three
 Eternal praises be
 Hence, evermore.
 Thy sov'reign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

133 7s & 6s.

MEET and right it is to sing,
 In every time and place;
 Glory to our heavenly King,
 The God of truth and grace.
 Join we then with sweet accord,
 All in one thanksgiving join!
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Eternal praise be thine!

2 Thee, the first-born sons of light,
 In choral symphonies,
 Praise by day, day without night,
 And never, never cease;
 Angels and archangels, all
 Praise the mystic Three in One;
 Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall,
 O'erwhelm'd before thy throne!

3 Father, God, thy love we praise,
 Which gave thy son to die;
 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 Alike we glorify;
 Spirit, Comforter divine,
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Till we in full chorus join,
 And earth is turn'd to heaven.

134

H. M.

WE give immortal praise
 For God the Father's love,
 For all our comforts here,
 And better hopes above:
 He sent his own eternal Son
 To die for sins that we had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who bought us with his blood
 From everlasting woe:
 And now he lives, and now he reigns,
 And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
 Immortal worship give,
 Whose new-creating power
 Makes the dead sinner live:
 His work completes the great design,
 And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
 Be endless honours done,
 The undivided Three,
 The great and glorious One:
 Where reason fails, with all her powers,
 There faith prevails and love adores.

135

L. M.

O HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
 Thou God of hosts, by all adored:
 The earth and heavens are full of thee,
 Thy light, thy power, thy majesty.

2 Loud hallelujahs to thy name,
 Angels and seraphim proclaim:

By all the powers and thrones in heaven,
Eternal praise to thee is given.

3 Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud triumphant song:
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round.

4 Glory to thee, O God most high!
Father, we praise thy majesty:
The Son, the Spirit, we adore;
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

136

S. M. D.

OUR Father, who dost lead
The children of thy grace,
A new-born and believing seed,
Through this wide wilderness:
Thy providential care
In dangers past we own;
Still let thine arm be ever near;
Still let thy love be shown.

2 O Saviour, Lamb of God!
Our gracious dying Friend!
Reveal the virtue of thy blood,
On us thy mercy send;
Thou art a Master kind,
With voice and person sweet;
Bestow on us a loving mind,
And keep us at thy feet.

3 Thou, Holy Spirit, art
Of truth the promised Seal;
Convincing power thou dost impart,
And Jesus' grace reveal:

O, breathe thy quick'ning breath,
 And light and life afford;
 Instruct us how to live by faith,
 And glorify the Lord.

137 8s & 7s.

GLORY to the Almighty Father,
 Fountain of eternal love,
 Who, his wand'ring sheep to gather,
 Sent a Saviour from above.

2 To the Son all praise be given,
 Who, with love unknown before,
 Left the bright abode of heaven,
 And our sin and sorrows bore.

3 Equal strains of warm devotion
 Let the Spirit's praise employ;
 Author of each pure emotion;
 Source of wisdom, peace, and joy.

4 Thus, while our glad hearts, ascending,
 Glorify Jehovah's name,
 Heavenly songs with ours are blending;
 There the theme is still the same.

138 7s.

SOVEREIGN Father, heavenly King,
 Thee we now presume to sing;
 Glad thine attributes confess,
 Glorious all, and numberless.

2 Hail! by all thy works adored!
 Hail, the everlasting Lord!
 Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
 God of power, and God of love.

3 Christ our Lord and God we own,
 Christ, the Father's only Son;
 Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
 Saviour of offending man.

4 Jesus, in thy name we pray,
 Take, O take our sins away;
 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
 Hear, our great Atonement, thou!

5 Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone,
 Art with thy blest Father one;
 One the Holy Ghost with thee;
 One supreme eternal Three.

139

L. M.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
 A ransom for our souls hath found,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend;
 To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
 Before thy throne we sinners bend;
 To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
 The soul is raised from sin and death,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend;
 To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son,
 Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
 Before thy throne we sinners bend;
 Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

140

L. M.

GOD of our life! thy boundless grace,
 With humble, grateful love, we see;
 Our rest, our home, our dwelling-place,
 Father! we come, we come to thee.

2 Jesus our hope, our rock, our shield!

Whose precious blood was shed so free,
 Into thy hands our souls we yield;
 Saviour! we come, we come to thee.

3 Spirit of glory and of God!

O wilt thou deign our guide to be;
 Now be thy comfort sweet bestowed,
 Spirit! we come, we come to thee.

4 We come to join that countless host

Who praise thy name unceasingly;
 Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
 Our God! we come, we come to thee.

141

7s & 6s.

FATHER of our dying Lord!

Remember us for good;

O fulfil his faithful word,

And hear his speaking blood.

Give us that for which he prays:

Father! glorify thy Son:

Show his truth, and power, and grace,

And send the promise down.

2 True and faithful Witness thou,

O Christ! the Spirit give,

Hast thou not received him now,

That we might him receive?

Art thou not our living Head?

To thy members life impart:

Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed,
In every waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The gift of Jesus, come!
Grant us now to find thee near,
And make our hearts thy home.
Let us thy best influence feel:
Come, O come, and in us be:
With us, in us, live and dwell
To all eternity.

142 7s.

GLORIOUS, thou, in holiness,
Father, didst thy rights maintain;
Truth and grace at once express,
When thy only Son was slain:
Here is deepest wisdom seen;
Here the richest stores of grace;
Mildest love and justice keen;
O how bright their mingled rays!

2 Fearful thou in praises too,
Loving Saviour, bleeding Lamb!
We with joy and reverence view
All thy glory, all thy shame!
Be thy death the death of sin,
Be thy life the sinner's plea;
Save us, teach us, rule within—
Prophet, Priest, and King, thus be.

3 Wonder-working Spirit, thine
The efficacious grace we sing;
Set on us thy seal divine,
Safely to the kingdom bring;

Mortify sin, root and deed,
 Daily strengthen every grace;
 Send us, urge us on with speed,
 And let glory crown the race!

143

S. M.

WHILE all the angel-throng
 Give thanks to God on high,
 Let earth repeat the joyful song,
 And echo to the sky.

2 Father! in whom we live,
 In whom we are and move,
 The glory, power, and praise receive
 Of thine eternal love.

3 Incarnate Deity!
 Let all the ransomed race
 Render in thanks their lives to thee
 For thy redeeming grace.

4 Spirit of holiness!
 Let all thy saints adore
 Thy sacred energy and bless
 Thy heart-renewing power.

5 Eternal, glorious Lord!
 Let all the saints above,
 Let all the sons of men, record,
 And celebrate thy love.

144

7s.

HOLY Father! hear our cry,
 Holy Saviour! bend thine ear,
 Holy Spirit! come thou nigh;
 Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear.

2 Father, save us from our sin,
 Saviour, we thy mercy crave,
 Gracious Spirit, make us clean;
 Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

3 Father, let us taste thy love,
 Saviour, fill our souls with peace,
 Spirit, come our hearts to move;
 Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit—thou
 One Jehovah, shed abroad
 All thy grace within us now;
 Be our Father and our God.

145

L. M.

BLEST be thou, Father, and thy love,
 To which celestial source we owe,
 Rivers of endless joy above,
 And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
 From whose dear, wounded body rolls
 A precious stream of vital blood—
 Pardon and life for dying souls!

3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
 Who in our hearts of sin and woe,
 Mak'st living springs of grace arise,
 And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, we adore;
 That sea of life and love unknown,
 Without a bottom or a shore.

146

C. M.

LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
 Who never knew thy grace;
 But our loud song shall still record
 The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
 And send them to thy throne;
 All glory to th' united Three,
 The undivided One.

3 'Twas he, and we'll adore his name,
 Who formed us by a word;
 'Tis he restores our ruined frame:
 Salvation to the Lord!

4 Hosanna!—let the earth and skies
 Repeat the joyful sound;
 Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice,
 In one eternal round.

JESUS CHRIST.

DEITY.

147

L. M.

BRIGHT King of glory, mighty God!
 Our spirits bow before thy feet:
 To thee we lift an humble thought,
 And worship at thine awful seat.

2 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
 Stand round the glorious Deity;
 But who, among the sons of light,
 Pretends comparison with thee!

3 Yet, there is one, of human frame,
 Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,

Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

4 Their glory shines with equal beams,
Their essence is for ever one:
Distinct in persons, and in names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

5 Then let the name of Christ our King,
With equal honours be ador'd:
His praise let every angel sing,
Let all the nations own him Lord.

148 7s & 6s.

THOU, the unbeginning Word,
Hast earth's foundations laid;
Thee the heavens declare their Lord,
Whose hands have all things made;
They again shall own thee God,
And nature's works shall all expire,
Worlds created by thy nod
Shall perish by thy fire.

2 Folded as a garment, they
Shall soon be cast aside;
Heaven and earth shall pass away,
But thou shalt still abide,
Changing all things at thy will;
The omnipotent Jehovah thou,
God supreme, unchangeable,
Through one eternal Now!

149 L. M.

O CHRIST, thou glorious King, we own
Thee to be God's eternal Son:
The Father's fulness, life divine,
Mysteriously are also thine.

2 When rolling years brought on the day
 Foretold and fixed for this display,
 Our great deliverance to obtain,
 Thou didst our nature not disdain.

3 At God's right hand, now, Lord, thou'rt
 placed,
 And with thy Father's glory graced,
 True God and man, in person one;
 A judge to pass our final doom.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
 On high exalt and honour thee:
 Thy name we worship and adore
 World without end, for evermore.

150 8s & 7s.

LORD of every land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days,
 Sounded through the wide creation,
 Be thy just and awful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature,
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
 For created works of power,
 Works with skill and kindness
 wrought;

3 For thy providence, that governs
 Through thine empire's wide domain;
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
 Blessed be thy gentle reign.

4 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
 Dark through brightness all along.
 Thought is poor, and poor expression:
 Who can sing that awful song?

5 Brightness of the Father's glory,
 Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
 Fly, our tongues, such guilty silence;
 Sing the Lord, who came to die.

INCARNATION.

151

H. M.

HARK! hark!—the notes of joy
 Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
 And seraphs find employ
 For their sublimest strains;
 Some new delight in heaven is known;
 Loud sound the harps around the throne.

2 Hark! hark!—the sounds draw nigh,
 The joyful hosts descend;
 Jesus forsakes the sky,
 To earth his footsteps bend;
 He comes to bless our fallen race;
 He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear, bear the tidings round;
 Let every mortal know
 What love in God is found,
 What pity he can show;
 Ye winds that blow! ye waves that roll!
 Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

4 Strike, strike the harps again,
 To great Immanuel's name;
 Arise, ye sons of men!
 And all his grace proclaim;
 Angels and men! wake every string,
 'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing.

152

7s.

SONS of Adam! join to raise
 Songs of gratitude and praise.
 Emulate the choirs above;
 Celebrate eternal love.

2 Endless ages saw the scheme;
 Endless ages sang the theme:
 Man, in God's own image made,
 Honour, glory, on his head.

3 Raptured, all the sons of light
 Hailed the moment, mercy bright,
 When to Jesus, Lord from heaven,
 Thus the glorious charge was given:

4 "Go, proclaim Jehovah's grace;
 Fear destroy, and guilt efface;
 Conquer death, unbar the grave:
 Lo! thy work—the world to save."

153

7s & 6s.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
 Great David's greater Son!
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun!
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succour speedy,
 To those who suffer wrong,
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong;
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,

Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is Love.

154

7s.

BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a child is born;
From the highest realms of heaven,
Unto us a Son is given.

2 On his shoulder he shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear,
On his vesture and his thigh,
Names most awful, names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel He,
Christ, the incarnate Deity;
Sire of ages, ne'er to cease;
King of kings, and Prince of peace.

4 Come and worship at his feet;
Yield to him the homage meet;
From the manger to the throne,
Homage due to God alone.

155

S. M.

REJOICE in Jesus' birth,
To us a Son is given;

To us a child is born on earth,
Who made both earth and heaven.

2 He reigns above the sky,
This universe sustains;
The God supreme, the Lord most high,
The king Messiah reigns.

3 The Mighty God is he,
Author of heavenly bliss;
The Father of Eternity,
The glorious Prince of Peace.

4 His government shall grow,
From strength to strength proceed,
His righteousness the Church o'erflow,
And all the earth o'erspread.

156 8s & 7s.

CHRIST the Lord, the Lord most glorious,
Now is born; O shout aloud:
Man by him was made victorious:
Praise our Saviour, hail our God.

2 Praise the Lord, for on us shineth
Christ, the Sun of Righteousness;
He to us in love inclineth,
Cheers our souls with pardoning grace.

3 Praise the Lord, whose saving splendour
Shines into the darkest night;
O what praises shall we render
For this never-ceasing light.

4 Praise the Lord, God our salvation,
Praise him who retrieved our loss;
Sing with awe, and love's sensation,
Hallelujah, God with us.

157

C. M.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come!
 Let earth receive her King:
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns!

Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
 plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,

Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make his blessings flow,
 Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace;

And makes the nations prove,
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

LIFE AND EXAMPLE.

158

C. M.

O GOD of mercy, thee we praise!
 Thy glory is our song,

Though sinners speak against thy grace
 With a blaspheming tongue.

2 When in the form of mortal man

Thy Son on earth was found,
 With cruel slanders, false and vain,
 They compass'd him around.

3 Their miseries his compassion moved;
 Their peace he still pursued:
 They rendered hatred for his love,
 And evil for his good.

4 Their malice raged without a cause;
 Yet with his dying breath,
 He prayed for murderers on his cross,
 And blessed his foes in death.

5 O may his conduct, all-divine,
 To us a model prove!
 Like his, O God! our hearts incline
 Our enemies to love.

159

7s.

HOLY Son of God most high!
 Clothed in heavenly majesty,
 Many a miracle and sign,
 In thy Father's name divine,
 Manifested forth thy might
 In the chosen people's sight.

2 But, O Saviour! not alone
 Thus thy glory was made known;
 With the mourner thou didst grieve,
 Every human want relieve;
 Far thy matchless power above
 Stands the witness of thy love.

3 Lord! it is not ours to gaze
 On thy works of ancient days;
 But thy love, unchanged and bright,
 More than all those works of might,
 More than miracle or sign,
 Makes us ever, ever thine.

160

C. M.

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone,

Around thy steps below;

What patient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe.

2 For ever on thy burdened heart

A weight of sorrow hung,

Yet no ungentle murmur'ring word Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,

Thy friends unfaithful prove;

Unwearied in forgiveness still, Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like thee;

Like thee, O Lord, to grieve

Far more for others' sins than all The wrongs that we receive.

161

C. M. D.

O LORD, when we the path retrace,

Which thou on earth hast trod;

To man thy wondrous love and grace,

Thy faithfulness to God:

Thy love, by man so sorely tried,

Proved stronger than the grave;

The very spear that pierced thy side

Drew forth the blood to save.

2 Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,

'Midst darkness only light,

Thou did'st thy Father's name confess,

And in his will delight.

Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles,
 Or suffering, shame and loss:
 Thy path, uncheer'd by earthly smiles,
 Led only to the cross.

3 O Lord, with sorrow and with shame,
 Before thee we confess
 How little we, who bear thy name,
 Thy mind, thy ways express.
 Give us thy meek, thy lowly mind;
 We would obedient be;
 And all our rest and pleasure find,
 In learning, Lord, of thee.

162

L. M.

HOW beauteous were the marks divine
 That in thy meekness used to shine;
 That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
 In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 O, who like thee, so calm, so bright,
 So pure, so made to live in light?
 O, who like thee did ever go
 So patient through a world of woe?

3 O, who like thee so humbly bore
 The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
 So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
 So glorious in humility?

4 The bending angels stooped to see
 The lisping infant clasp thy knee,
 And smile, as in a father's eye,
 Upon thy mild divinity.

5 And death, which sets the prisoner free,
 Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee?

Yet love through all thy torture glowed
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

6 O, in thy light be ours to go,
Illuming all our way of woe;
And give us ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

NAMES AND OFFICES.

163 8s.

HOW shall we our Saviour set forth?
How shall we his beauties declare?
O how shall we speak of his worth,
Or what his chief dignities are?
His angels can never express,
Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
How rich are his treasures of grace:
No! this is a mystery unknown.

2 In him all the fulness of God
For ever transcendently shines;
Though once like a mortal he stood,
To finish his gracious designs.
Though once he was nailed to the cross,
Vile rebels like us to set free;
His glory sustained no loss,
Eternal his kingdom shall be.

3 His wisdom, his love, and his power,
Seemed then with each other to vie;
When sinners he stooped to restore,
Poor sinners condemned to die!
He laid all his grandeur aside,
And dwelt in a cottage of clay;

Poor sinners he loved, till he died
To wash their pollution away.

164

C. P. M.

O! COULD we speak the matchless
worth,
O! could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine;
We'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 We'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
Our ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine:
We'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect, heavenly dress,
Our souls shall ever shine.

3 We'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In lofty songs of sweetest praise,
We would to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When our dear Lord will bring us home,
And we shall see his face:
Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

165

C. M.

LOW at thy feet, O Christ, we fall,
Enabled to confess,

And call thee by the Holy Ghost,
The Lord our Righteousness.

2 God over all Immanuel reigns,
With his great Father one:
The brightness of his glory thou,
And partner of his throne.

3 Sceptre of Israel, Prince of peace,
Immortal King of kings;
The Sun of Righteousness, that shines
With healing in his wings.

4 The gift of God to fallen man,
The Lord of quick and dead:
A well of life to fainting souls,
And their sustaining bread.

5 Foundation of thy people's joy,
Their pardon and their rest:
On earth our sacrifice for sin,
In heaven our great High Priest.

WE'LL speak thy honours, gracious
King,
Thy form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is shed;
Thy God with blessings infinite
Hath crowned thy sacred head.

3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;

Thy terror shall strike through thy foes
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule thy saints by love.

5 Justice and truth attend thee still ;
But mercy is thy choice ;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill,
With most peculiar joys.

167

L. M.

JESUS in thee our souls delight,
What matchless beauties glad the
sight ;
Compared with thee, the radiant sun
Of light and splendour, it hath none.

2 Thou art our rock, and refuge too,
Our hiding-place when foes pursue ;
Our sun, our shield, and fortress strong,
Our sweetest note in every song.

3 Thou art the prize to which we press,
Our wisdom and our righteousness :
Our surety who our debt did pay,
Our light, and life, and love, and way.

4 Our Advocate before the throne,
Our solid base, our corner-stone ;
Our anchor sure, when storms arise,
Our bread descending from the skies :

5 Our ransom thou when Adam's fall,
In guilt and ruin deluged all ;
Our fountain opened wide for sin,
Wherein from every stain we're clean.

168

7s.

GOD with us! O glorious name!
 Let it shine in endless fame:
 God and man in Christ unite;
 O mysterious depth and height!

2 God with us! the eternal Son
 Took our souls, our flesh, and bone;
 Now, ye saints, his grace admire.
 Swell the song with holy fire.

3 God with us! but tainted not
 With the first transgressor's blot;
 Yet did he our sins sustain,
 Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 God with us! O wondrous grace!
 Let us see him face to face;
 That we may Immanuel sing,
 As we ought, our God and King.

169

L. M.

ALL hail, thou great Immanuel!
 Thy love, thy glory, who can tell?
 Angels, and all the heavenly host,
 Are in the boundless prospect lost.

2 Mortals, with reverential songs,
 Take this dear name upon your tongues;
 With holy fear, attempt his praise,
 In solemn, yet triumphant, lays.

3 Among a thousand forms of love,
 In which he shines and smiles above,
 This with peculiar joy we view,
 He's David's root and offspring too.

4 There Jesus, in the glorious plan,
Shines, the great God, the wondrous Man!
As God, the root of all our bliss,
As man, the branch of righteousness.

5 All hail, thou dear redeeming Lord!
All hail, thou co-essential Word!
All hail, thou Root and Branch divine!
All hail, and be the glory thine!

170 C. P. M.

IMMANUEL, on thy glorious name
How shall weak mortals call?
The prophets' praise, the seraphs' theme,
God blessed over all!
Whose throne has everlasting might,
Whose sceptre is the staff of right!

2 But thou art God our Saviour too,
The only just and wise;
Made manifest to mortal view
That men through thee might rise.
To tell thy sinless hosts above,
The wonders of redeeming love.

3 Great is the mystery indeed
That to our faith is given;
But what on earth we darkly read,
Will be made clear in heaven;
And thou revealed, believed in thus,
Shall be for ever, "God with us."

171 7s.

MEDIATOR, Son of God,
Spread thy boundless love abroad:
Counsellor, the Prince of peace,
Fill the world with truth and grace.

2 Sun of Righteousness, arise;
 Send thy light around the skies:
 Life of all the quick and dead,
 Feed our souls with living bread.

3 Leader of the halt and blind.
 Raise to life the sinking mind:
 Binder of the broken heart,
 Grace to every soul impart.

4 Opener of the sealed book,
 Cause the world therein to look:
 Taker of the veil away,
 Lead us to eternal day.

172 C. M. D.

LORD, be our Shepherd in thy love,
 And keep us safe from sin,
 That to the blessed fields above
 Our steps may enter in!
 The fields where all thy flock shall meet,
 The righteous and the wise;
 And there shall be no weary feet,
 And come no weeping eyes.

2 Though poor and feeble be our faith,
 We know thine arm is strong;
 For thou hast loved us even to death,
 And thou hast sought us long.
 Lord! let us early seek thee too,
 And, from thine holy hill,
 Life's many snares and perils through
 Be thou our Shepherd still.

173 7s & 6s.

O GRACIOUS Shepherd! bind us
 With cords of love to thee,

And evermore remind us
 How mercy set us free.
 O may thy Holy Spirit
 Set this before our eyes,
 That we thy death and merit
 Above all else may prize.

2 We are of thy salvation
 Assured, through thy love:
 Yet O, on each occasion,
 How faithless do we prove!
 Thou hast our sins forgiven,
 Then leaving all behind,
 We would press on to heaven,
 Bearing the prize in mind.

3 Grant us, henceforth, dear Saviour,
 While in this vale of tears,
 To look to thee, and never
 Give way to anxious fears;
 Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake us,
 Though we art oft to blame;
 O, let thy love then make us
 Hold fast thy faith and name.

174

C. M.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
 We love to hear of thee;
 No music's like thy charming name,
 Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O may we ever hear thy voice,
 In mercy to us speak;
 And in our Priest we will rejoice,
 Thou great Melchizedek.

3 O Saviour, thou shalt be our theme,
 While in this world we stay;

We'll sing, O Jesus, thy dear name,
When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favoured throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And thou shalt be our song.

175 4s, 6s & 8s.

BEHOLD the Lamb!
O! Thou for sinners slain;

Let it not be in vain,
That thou hast died:
Thee for our Saviour let us take;
Thee, thee alone our refuge make,
Thy pierced side!

2 Behold the Lamb!
Into the sacred flood,
Of thy most precious blood
Our souls we cast:
Wash us and make us pure and clean,
Uphold us through life's changeful scene,
Till all be past!

3 Behold the Lamb!
All hail, eternal Word!
Thou universal Lord,
Purge out our leaven:
Clothe us with godliness and good,
Feed us with thy celestial food,
Manna from heaven!

4 Behold the Lamb!
Worthy is he alone,
To sit upon the throne
Of God above!

One with the Ancient of all days,
 One with the Paraclete in praise,
 All light, all love!

176

C. M.

SAVIOUR Divine! we know thy name,
 And in that name we trust;
 Thou art the Lord our righteousness,
 Thou art thine Israel's boast.

2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
 And low in dust we lie,
 Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm
 To bring the guilty nigh.

3 The sins of one most righteous day
 Might plunge us in despair;
 Yet all the crimes of numerous years
 Shall our great Surety clear.

4 That spotless robe, which he hath
 wrought,
 Shall deck us all around;
 Nor by the piercing eye of God
 One blemish shall be found.

5 Pardon and peace, and lively hope,
 To sinners now are given;
 Israel and Judah soon shall change
 Their wilderness for heaven.

6 With joy we taste that manna now,
 Thy mercy scatters down:
 We seal our humble vows to thee,
 And wait the promised crown.

177

C. M.

JESUS, we sing thy matchless grace,
 That calls poor worms thy own;
 Give us among thy saints a place,
 To make thy glories known.

2 Allied to thee, our vital Head,
 We live, and grow, and thrive:
 From thee divided, each is dead,
 When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
 Here join in sweet accord:
 One body all in mutual love,
 And thou, our common Lord.

4 May faith from thee each hour derive
 Supplies with fresh delight;
 While death and hell in vain shall strive
 This bond to disunite.

178 L. M. 6 lines.

JESUS, thou Source of calm repose,
 All fulness dwells in thee divine;
 Our strength, to quell the proudest foes;
 Our light, in deepest gloom to shine;
 Thou art our fortress, strength, and tower,
 Our trust, and portion, evermore.

2 Jesus, our Comforter thou art;
 Our rest in toil, our ease in pain;
 The balm to heal each broken heart;
 In storms our peace, in loss our gain;
 Our joy, beneath the worldling's frown;
 In shame our glory and our crown;

3 In want, our plentiful supply;
 In weakness, our almighty power;
 In bonds, our perfect liberty;
 Our refuge in temptation's hour;
 Our comfort, 'midst all grief and thrall;
 Our life in death; our all in all.

179

C. M.

SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
 How sweet thy gracious name!
 With joy that errand we review
 On which thy mercy came.

2 While all thy own angelic bands
 Stood waiting on the wing,
 Charmed with the honour to obey
 Their great eternal King;

3 For us, poor, wretched, sinful men,
 Thou laid'st that glory by;
 First, in our mortal flesh, to serve;
 Then, in that flesh to die.

4 Bought with thy service and thy blood,
 We doubly, Lord, are thine;
 To thee our lives we would devote,
 To thee our death resign.

180

C. M.

NO voice can sing, no heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find,
 A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
 O Saviour of mankind!

2 O hope of every contrite heart,
 O joy of all the meek,

To those who fall, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek!

3 But what to those who find? ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.

4 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

181 L. M.

0 SUFFERING Friend of human kind!
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on thy holy mind
The images of grief and fear.

2 Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
The faithless friends, the exulting foes,
The thorny crown, the insult keen,
The scourge, the cross, before thee rose.

3 Did not thy spirit shrink dismayed,
As the dark vision o'er it came;
And though in sinless strength arrayed,
Turn, shuddering, from the death of
shame?

4 Onward, like thee, through scorn and
dread,
May we our Father's call obey,
Steadfast thy path of duty tread,
And rise, through death, to endless day.

182

C. M.

FROM whence these direful omens
round,

Which heaven and earth amaze?
Wherfore do earthquakes cleave the
ground?

Why hides the sun his rays?

2 Well may the earth astonished shake,
And nature sympathize;

The sun as darkest night be black,
Their Maker, Jesus, dies.

3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,
His all-atoning blood!

Is this the Infinite?—'tis he!
Our Saviour and our God.

4 For us these pangs his soul assail,
For us this death is borne;

Our sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.

5 Let sin no more our souls enslave;
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain;

O save us, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

183

8s & 7s.

“STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,”
Lo, he dies upon the tree:

’Tis the Christ by man rejected;
O, how fearful! but ’tis he.

2 ’Tis the long-expected Saviour,
David’s Son and David’s Lord,

Sacrificed to bring us favour;
'Tis a true and faithful word.

3 Tell us, ye who heard him groaning,
Was there ever grief like his!
Friends through fear his cause disowning,
Foes insulting his distress.

4 Many hands conspired to wound him;
None would interpose to save;
But the heaviest stroke that found him,
Was the stroke that Justice gave.

5 Mark the sacrifice appointed;
See, who bears the awful load?
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,
Son of Man and Son of God.

6 Lamb of God, for sinners wounded,
Sacrifice which cancels guilt,
None shall ever be confounded
Who on thee their hopes have built.

FROM Calvary a cry was heard,
A bitter and heart-rending cry;
O, Saviour! every mournful word
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep dis-
grace,
These thou could'st bear nor once re-
pine;

But when Jehovah hid his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, our sluggish souls, awake!
He died that we might never die.

5 Lord! on thy cross we fix our eyes;
If e'er we lose its strong control,
O! let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim our wandering souls.

185

7s.

BOUND upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is he?
See his eyes, so pale and dim!
Streaming blood and writhing limb!
See the flesh with scourges torn!
See the crown of twisted thorn!
See the drooping death-dewed brow!
Son of Man, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

2 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is he?
Hark! his prayer for them that slew,
"Lord, they know not what they do!"
Lo, the sun at noon grown pale!
Rent in twain the temple's veil!
Trembling nature knows thee now,
Son of Man, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

3 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who was he?
Though his lifeless corpse was laid
In a cold sepulchral bed,

Soon the Saviour from the grave
 Rose a conqueror strong to save;
 Bright the crown that decks his brow,
 Son of God, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

186

S. M.

O'ERWHELMED in depths of woe,
 Upon the tree of scorn
 Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
 With racking anguish torn.

2 See! how the nails those hands
 And feet so tender rend;
 See! down his face, and neck, and breast.
 His sacred blood descend.

3 The sun withdraws his light;
 The midday heavens grow pale;
 The moon, the stars, the universe,
 Their Maker's death bewail.

4 Shall man alone be mute?
 Come, youth! and hoary hairs!
 Come, rich and poor! come, all mankind!
 And bathe those feet in tears.

5 Come! fall before his cross,
 Who shed for us his blood;
 Who died the victim of pure love,
 To make us sons of God.

6 Jesus! all praise to thee,
 Our joy and endless rest!
 Be thou our guide while pilgrims here,
 Our crown amid the blest.

187

L. M.

EXTENDED on the cursed tree,
 Covered with dust, and sweat, and
 blood,
 See there, the King of glory see!
 Sinks and expires the Son of God.

2 Who, who, O Saviour, this hath done?
 Who could thy sacred body wound?
 No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,
 No guile hath in thy lips been found.

3 We, we alone have done the deed;
 We, we thy sacred flesh have torn;
 Our sins have caused thee, Lord, to
 bleed,
 Pointed the nail, and fixed the thorn.

4 For us the burden to sustain
 Too great, on thee, O Lord, was laid:
 To heal us thou hast borne the pain;
 To bless us, thou a curse wast made.

5 Dear Saviour, how shall we declare,
 How pay the mighty debt we owe?
 Let all we have, and all we are,
 Ceaseless, to all, thy glory show.

188

S. M.

BEHOLD the amazing sight,
 The Saviour lifted high;
 Behold the Son of God's delight
 Expire in agony.

2 For whom, for whom, O Christ,
 Were all these sorrows borne?

Why didst thou feel that painful smart,
And meet that bitter scorn?

3 For us he hung and bled,
For us in torture died;
'Twas love that bowed his fainting head,
And oped his gushing side.

4 We see, and we adore
In sympathy of love;
We feel the strong, attractive power,
To lift our souls above.

5 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardour, to confess
The energy divine.

189 8s & 7s.

SING, O sing the Saviour's glory:
Tell his triumph far and wide;
Tell aloud the wondrous story
Of his body crucified;
How upon the cross a victim,
Vanquishing in death, he died.

2 Lo, with gall his thirst he quenches!
See the thorns upon his brow!
Nails his tender flesh are rending!
See, his side is opened now!
Whence, to cleanse the lost creation,
Streams of blood and water flow.

3 Blessing, honour everlasting,
To the immortal Deity;
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Equal praises ever be:

Glory through the earth and heaven
To Trinity in Unity.

190

7s.

IT is finished! glorious word
From thy lips, thou suffering Lord!
Words of high, triumphant might,
Ere thy spirit takes its flight.
It is finished! all is o'er;
Pain and scorn oppress no more.

2 Now, no more foreboding dread
Shades the path thy feet must tread;
No more fear, lest in thine hour
Pain should patience overpower;
On the perfect sacrifice
Not a stain of weakness lies.

3 Champion! lay thine armour by;
'Tis thine hour of victory?
All thy toils are now o'erpast;
Thou hast found thy rest at last;
All hath faithfully been done,
And the great salvation won.

191

8s, 7s & 4s.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!

Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
 It is finished!
 Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name;
 It is finished:
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

192

C. M.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When God, the mighty Maker, died
 For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

193

C. M.

1 O JESUS, for thy matchless love
 Accept our warmest praise;
 Since thou didst leave thy throne above,
 To save a sinful race.

2 Thanks for thy sufferings, tears, and cries,
 And groans in thy distress:
 The source of never-fading joys
 And endless happiness.

3 Thanks for thy thirst, O Prince of peace,
 When hanging on the tree:
 What a divine refreshment this
 To souls athirst for thee.

4 Thanks for thy last heart-piercing cry,
 And meritorious death:
 Grant we may all on thee rely,
 And live a life of faith.

194

L. M.

1 DEAR Lord, amid the throng that
 pressed
 Around thee on the cursed tree,
 Some loyal, loving hearts were there,
 Some pitying eyes that wept for thee.

2 Like them may we rejoice to own
 Our dying Lord, though crown'd with
 thorns
 Like thee, thy blessed self, endure
 The cross with all its joy or scorn.

3 Thy cross, thy lonely path below,
 Show what thy brethren all should be;
 Pilgrims on earth, disown'd by those
 Who see no beauty, Lord, in thee.

195. 8s & 7s.

BLESSED Lamb, on Calvary's mountain

Slain to take our sins away,
Let the drop of that rich fountain
Our tremendous ransom pay:
Sacred Saviour! sacred Saviour!
Lowly at thy feet we pray.

2 Blessed Lamb, vouchsafe us pardon,
In thy love our souls confide:
By thy groans within the garden,
By the death which thou hast died:
Let thy Passion, let thy Passion
Evermore with us abide!

3 So shall Peace, sweet Peace, be given,
Purchase of thy fearful pain;
So shall earth but lead to heaven,
Since for us the Lamb was slain!
Dear Redeemer! dear Redeemer!
Thou canst not have died in vain.

RESURRECTION.

196. S. M.

PRAISE be to God on high!
The triumph hour is near;
The Lord hath won the victory,
The foe is vanquished here!

2 Dark grave, yield up the dead;
Give up thy prey, O earth;
In death he bowed his sacred head,
He springs anew to birth!

3 Sharp was the wreath of thorns
 Around his suffering brow;
 But glory rich his head adorns,
 And angels crown him now.

4 Roll yonder rock away
 That bars the marble gate;
 And gather we in bright array
 To swell the Victor's state!

5 Hail, hail, O Christ, all hail!
 Thou Lord art risen indeed!
 The curse is made of none avail;
 The sons of men are freed!

197

S. M.

THE Saviour dwelt on earth;
 He died, that we might live;
 Endured the sorrows of the cross,
 Immortal hope to give.

2 Ah! who can tell the scorn,
 The dear Redeemer bore?
 Or who describe the mental grief,
 Which his blest bosom tore?

3 Low in the grave he lay,
 While darkness veiled the skies:
 But, lo! he bursts the bands of death!
 To glory see him rise!

4 Father! this work is thine;
 For us thou gav'st thy Son.
 O may we all devoted be
 And live to thee alone!

198

7s.

HARK! the herald angels say,
 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day!

Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Let the glorious tidings fly.

2 Love's redeeming work is done!
The battle's fought, the victory won!
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King,
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save,
"Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

199 8s, 7s & 4s.

COME, ye saints! look here and wonder;
See the place where Jesus lay;
He has burst the bands asunder,
He has borne our sins away:
 Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord is risen to-day.

2 Jesus triumphs!—sing ye praises;
'Twas by death he overcame;
Thus the Lord his glory raises;
Thus he fills his foes with shame.
 Sing ye praises,
Praises to the victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs!—countless legions
Come from heaven, to meet their King;

Soon, in yonder happy regions,
 They shall join his praise to sing,
 Songs eternal
 Shall through heaven's high arches
 ring.

200

S. M.

“THE Lord is risen indeed;”
 The grave has lost its prey;
 With him shall rise the ransomed seed
 To reign in endless day.

2 The Lord is risen indeed;

He lives, to die no more;
 He lives his people's cause to plead,
 Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 The Lord is risen indeed;

Attending angels, hear;
 Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
 The joyful tidings bear.

4 Then take your golden lyres,

And strike each cheerful chord:
 Join all the bright, celestial choirs,
 To sing our risen Lord.

ASCENSION.

201

L. M.

O JESUS! life-spring of the soul!
 The Father's power, and glory bright!
 Thee with the angels we extol,
 From thee they draw their life and light.

2 Thy thousand thousand hosts are spread,
 Embattled o'er the azure sky;

And thou dost lift thy standard dread,
And wave the mighty cross on high.

3 Thou in that sign the rebel powers
Didst with their dragon prince expel;
And hurl them from the heaven's high
towers,
Down like a thunderbolt to hell.

4 Glory to Jesus, who returns
In joy and triumph to the sky,
With thee, O Father, and with thee,
O Holy Ghost, eternally.

202

7s.

JESUS, our triumphant Head,
Risen victorious from the dead,
To the realms of glory's gone,
To ascend his rightful throne.

2 Cherubs on the Conqueror gaze,
Seraphs glow with brighter blaze;
Each bright order of the sky
Hails him, as he passes by.

3 Heaven its King congratulates,
Opens wide her golden gates.
Angels songs of victory bring;
All the blissful regions ring.

4 Hail, thou dear, thou worthy Lord!
Holy Lamb! incarnate Word!
Hail, thou suffering Son of God!
Take the trophies of thy blood.

203

6s & 4s.

RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise
 Into thy native skies,
 Assume thy right:
 Lo! in many a fold,
 The clouds are backward rolled:
 Pass through those gates of gold,
 And reign in light!

2 Victor o'er death and hell!

Cherubic legions swell
 The radiant train:
 Praises all heaven inspire;
 Each angel sweeps his lyre,
 And claps his wings of fire:
 Thou Lamb, once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God!

No feet but thine have trod
 The serpent down:
 Blow the full trumpets, blow!
 Wider yon portals throw!
 Saviour, triumphant, go
 And take thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah, hail!

And let thy name prevail
 From age to age:
 Lord of the rolling years,
 Claim for thine own the spheres,
 For thou hast bought with tears
 Thy heritage.

204

L. M.

LIFT up your heads, ye gates! and wide
 Your everlasting doors display;
 Ye angel-guards, like flames divide
 And give the King of glory way.

2 Who is the King of glory?—He,
 The Lord, omnipotent to save;
 Whose own right arm, in victory
 Led captive Death, and spoiled the
 grave.

3 Lift up your heads, ye gates! and high
 Your everlasting portals heave;
 Welcome the King of glory nigh;
 Him must the heaven of heavens
 receive.

4 Who is the King of glory?—who?
 The Lord of hosts;—behold his name;
 The kingdom, power, and honour due,
 Yield him, ye saints! with glad acclaim.

INTERCESSION.

205

C. M.

COME, let us join our songs of praise
 To our ascended Priest;
 He entered heaven, with all our names
 Engraven on his breast.

2 Below he washed our guilt away
 By his atoning blood;
 Now he appears before the throne,
 And pleads our cause with God.

3 Clothed with our nature still, he knows
 The weakness of our frame,

And how to shield us from the foes
Whom he himself o'ercame.

4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er can quench
The fervour of his love;
For us he died in kindness here,
For us he lives above.

5 O may we ne'er forget thy grace,
Nor blush to bear thy name;
Still may our hearts hold fast thy faith;
Our lips thy praise proclaim.

206

H. M.

THE atoning work is done,
The victim's blood is shed;
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead:
He stands in heaven, their great High
Priest,
And bears their names upon his breast.

2 No temple made with hands
His place of service is:
In heaven itself he stands:
A heavenly priesthood his:
In him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

3 And though awhile he be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again:
In brightest glory he will come,
And take his waiting people home.

207

L. M.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
 The house of God not made with hands,
 A great High Priest our nature wears.
 The guardian of mankind appears.

2 Though now ascended up on high,
 He bends to earth a brother's eye;
 Partaker of the human name,
 He knows the frailty of our frame.

3 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
 A fellow-feeling of our pains;
 And still remembers, in the skies,
 His tears, his agonies, and cries.

4 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
 Let us make all our sorrows known;
 And ask the aid of heavenly power,
 To help us in the evil hour.

208

C. M.

NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
 Our great High Priest above,
 And celebrate his constant care,
 And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
 Where angels bow around,
 And high o'er all the shining train,
 With matchless honours crowned;

3 The names of all his saints he bears
 Engraven on his heart;
 Nor shall a name once treasured there
 E'er from his care depart.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
 Our everlasting trust,
 When gems, and monuments, and crowns
 Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on our breast,
 May thy dear name be worn,
 A sacred ornament and guard,
 To endless ages borne.

209 L. M. 6 lines.

O THOU eternal Victim, slain
 A sacrifice for guilty man,
 By the eternal Spirit made
 An offering in the sinner's stead,
 Our everlasting Priest art thou,
 Pleading thy death for sinners now.

2 Thy offering still continues new;
 Thy vesture keeps its crimson hue;
 Thou art the ever-slaughtered Lamb,
 Thy priesthood still remains the same;
 Thy years, O Lord, can never fail;
 Thy goodness is unchangeable.

210 C. M.

WITH joy we meditate thy grace
 Thou great High Priest above;
 Thy heart is made of tenderness,
 Thy bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
 Thou know'st our feeble frame;
 Thou know'st what sore temptations
 mean,
 For thou hast felt the same.

3 Thou in the days of feeble flesh
 Didst pour thy cries and tears;
 And in thy measure feel afresh
 What every member bears.

4 Then will our humble faith address
 Thy mercy and thy power;
 We shall obtain delivering grace
 In the distressing hour.

211 8s & 7s.

FATHER, hear the blood of Jesus,
 Speaking in thine ears above:
 From impending wrath release us;
 Manifest thy pardoning love.

2 O receive us to thy favour,
 For his only sake receive;
 Give us to the bleeding Saviour,
 Let us by his dying live.

3 To thy pardoning grace receive them;
 Once he prayed upon the tree;
 Still his blood cries out, Forgive them;
 All their sins were laid on me.

4 Still our Advocate in heaven,
 Prays the prayer on earth begun:
 Father, show their sins forgiven;
 Father, glorify thy Son!

DOMINION AND GLORY.

212 C. M.

'TIS past—the dark and dreary night,
 And, Lord, we hail thee now,

Our Morning Star, without a cloud
Of sadness on thy brow.

2 Thy path on earth, the cross, the grave,
Thy sorrows all are o'er;
And O! sweet thought! thy eye shall
weep,
Thy heart shall break no more.

3 Deep were those sorrows—deeper still
The love that brought thee low;
That bade the streams of life from thee,
A willing victim, flow.

4 The soldier, as he pierced thee, proved
Man's hatred, Lord, to thee;
While in the blood that stained the spear,
Love, only love, we see.

5 Drawn from thy pierced and bleeding side,
That pure and cleansing flood,
Speaks peace to every heart that knows
The virtues of thy blood.

6 Yet, 'tis not that we know the joy
Of pardoned sin alone,
But, happier, far, thy saints are called
To share thy glorious throne.

213

RULER of the hosts of light!
Death hath yielded to thy might;
And thy blood hath marked a road,
Leading to thine own abode.

2 From thy dwelling-place above,
From thy Father's throne of love,

Still remember, Saviour kind!
Those whom thou hast left behind.

3 Thou art seated on the throne,
By thy death and sorrows won;
Now thy work of mercy crown,
Send thy Holy Spirit down.

4 Praise the Son, enthroned on high
In the Father's majesty,
And the Holy Ghost adore,
Three in One for evermore.

214**S. M.**

ENTHRONED is Jesus now
Upon his heavenly seat;
The kingly crown is on his brow,
The saints are at his feet.

2 In shining white they stand,
A great and countless throng;
A palmy sceptre in each hand,
On every lip a song.

3 They sing the Lamb of God,
Once slain on earth for them;
The Lamb, through whose atoning blood
Each wears his diadem.

4 Thy grace, O Holy Ghost,
Thy blessed help supply,
That we may join that radiant host,
Triumphant in the sky.

215**L. M.**

EXALTED Prince of life, we own
The royal honours of thy throne;

'Tis fixed by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at thy command.

2 Exalted Saviour, we confess
The sovereign triumphs of thy grace,
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.

3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
Till all thy enemies obey;
Wide may thy cross its virtue prove,
And conquer millions by thy love.

4 Mighty to vanquish and forgive,
Thy ransom'd shall repent and live;
And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
Which gives them life who wrought thy death.

216

C. M.

THOU, who on earth as man wast known,
Bearing our sins and pain,
Now, seated on the eternal throne,
Dost God of glory reign.

2 Thy hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring skill;
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey thy sovereign will.

3 While harps unnumbered sound thy praise,
In yonder world above,
The saints on earth admire thy ways,
And glory in thy love.

4 When troubles, like a burning sun,
 Beat heavy on their head ;
 To their almighty Rock they run,
 And find a pleasing shade.

5 How glorious thou, how happy they,
 In such a glorious friend !
 Whose love secures them all the way,
 And crowns them at the end.

217 8s.

CHRIST, above all glory seated !
 King eternal, strong to save !
 To thee, death by death defeated,
 Triumph high and glory gave.

2 Thou art gone, where now is given,
 What no mortal might could gain :
 On the eternal throne of heaven,
 In thy Father's power to reign.

3 There thy kingdoms all adore thee,
 Heaven above and earth below,
 While the depths of hell before thee,
 Trembling and defeated bow.

4 We, O Lord ! with hearts adoring,
 Follow thee above the sky.
 Hear our prayers thy grace imploring,
 Lift our souls to thee on high.

5 So when thou again in glory
 On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
 We thy flock may stand before thee,
 Owned for evermore as thine.

218

C. M.

CLOTHED in the sun we see thee stand,
 The moon beneath thy feet;
 The stars above thy sacred head
 A radiant coronet.

2 Thrones and dominions gird thee round,
 The armies of the sky;

Pure streams of glory from thee flow,
 All bathed in Deity.

3 Terrific as the bannered line

Of battle's dread array!

Before thee tremble Hell and Death,
 And own thy mighty sway:

4 While crush'd beneath thy dauntless
 foot,

The Serpent writhes in vain;

Smit by a deadly stroke, and bound
 In an eternal chain.

5 O Mightiest! pray for us, that he

Who came to thee of yore,

May come to dwell within our hearts,
 And never leave us more.

219

7s.

GLORY, glory to our King!

Crowns unfading wreath his head;

Jesus is the name we sing;

Jesus, risen from the dead;

Jesus, conqueror o'er the grave;

Jesus, mighty now to save.

2 Now behold him high enthroned,
 Glory beaming from his face,
 By adoring angels owned,
 God of holiness and grace:
 O for hearts and tongues to sing,
 Glory, glory to our King!

3 Jesus, on thy people shine ;
 Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,
 That with angels we may join,
 Share their bliss and swell their songs:
 Glory, honour, praise, and power,
 Lord, be thine for evermore.

220

C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.

3 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
 Whom David Lord did call:
 The God incarnate! Man Divine!
 And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;

Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

221

C. M.

O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow;
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3 Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice,
To see him wear the crown.

4 Archangels sound his lofty praise,
Through every heavenly street
And lay their highest honours down,
Submissive, at his feet.

5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.

6 His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound:
See, what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around!

7 This is the Man, the exalted Man,
 Whom we, unseen, adore;
 But when our eyes behold his face,
 Our hearts shall love him more.

222 6s & 4s.

Head of the hosts in glory!
 We joyfully adore thee,
 Thy Church below,
 Blending with those on high;
 Where through the azure sky
 Thy saints in ecstasy
 For ever glow!

2 Angels! archangels! glorious
 Guards of the Church victorious!
 Worship the Lamb!
 Crown him with crowns of light,
 One of the Three by right,
 Love, Majesty, and Might,
 The great I AM!

3 Martyrs! whose mystic legions
 March o'er yon heavenly regions
 In triumph round:
 Wave high your banners, wave!
 Your God, our Saviour, clave
 For death itself a grave,
 In hell profound!

4 O Lord! ascend thy throne!
 For thou shalt rule alone
 Beside thy Sire,
 With the great Paraclete,
 The Three in One complete,
 Before whose awful feet
 All foes expire!

223

8s.

HAIL! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, thou bleeding, conq'ring King!

Thou didst suffer to release us:

Thou didst free salvation bring!

2 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour!

Thou didst bear our sin and shame,

Through thy merit we find favour;

Life is given through thy name.

3 Paschal Lamb by God appointed,

All our sins on thee were laid;

By almighty love anointed,

Thou hast full atonement made.

4 All thy people are forgiven,

Through the virtue of thy blood;

Opened is the gate of heaven,

Man is reconciled to God.

5 Jesus hail, enthroned in glory,

There for ever to abide!

All the heavenly hosts adore thee,

Seated at thy Father's side:

6 There for sinners thou art pleading,

Urging them thy bliss to share:

There for us art interceding,

Till in glory we appear.

224

8s, 7s & 4s.

LOOK, ye saints; the sight is glorious;

See the Man of sorrows now:

From the fight returned victorious,

Every knee to him shall bow;

Crown him, crown him;

Crowns become the victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 In the seat of power enthrone him,
 While the heavenly concert rings;
 Crown him, crown him;
 Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
 Saints and angels crowd around him,
 Own his title, praise his name;
 Crown him, crown him;
 Spread abroad the victor's fame.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
 Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
 Jesus takes the highest station;
 O, what joy the sight affords!
 Crown him, crown him,
 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

225

C. M.

JESUS, our Head, once crowned with thorns,
 Is crowned with glory now;
 Heaven's royal diadem adorns
 The mighty victor's brow.

2 Delight of all who dwell above,
 The joy of saints below;
 To us still manifest thy love,
 That we its depths may know.

3 To us thy cross, with all its shame,
 With all its grace be given!
 Though earth disowns thy lowly name,
 All worship it in heaven.

4 Who suffer with thee, Lord, below,
 Will reign with thee above;
 Then let it be our joy to know
 This way of peace and love.

226

C. M.

IN heaven now the angels see
 The changed estate of men;
 The flesh which sinned by Flesh redeem'd;
 Man in the Godhead reign.

2 There, waiting for thy faithful souls,
 Be thou to us, O Lord!
 Our peerless joy while here we stay,
 In heaven our great reward.

3 Renew our strength; our sins forgive;
 Our miseries efface;
 And lift our souls aloft to thee,
 By thy celestial grace.

4 So, when thou shonest on the clouds,
 With thy angelic train,
 May we be saved from vengeance due,
 And our lost crowns regain.

227

C. M.

HOPES of our hearts! O Lord, appear,
 Thou glorious Star of day!
 Shine forth and chase the dreary night,
 With all our tears, away.

2 Strangers on earth, we wait for thee:
 O, leave the Father's throne;
 Come with a shout of victory, Lord,
 And claim us as thine own.

3 O, bid the bright archangel then
 The trump of God prepare,
 To call thy saints, the quick, the dead,
 To meet thee in the air.

4 No resting-place we seek on earth,
 No loveliness we see;
 Our eye is on the royal crown
 Prepared for us and thee.

5 But O, the thought of sharing, Lord,
 Thy glorious throne above,
 What is it to the brighter hope
 Of dwelling in thy love?

228 6s & 4s.

LET us awake our joys;
 Strike up with cheerful voice;
 Each creature, sing;
 Angels begin the song;
 Mortals the strain prolong,
 In accents sweet and strong,
 “Jesus is King.”

2 Proclaim abroad his name;
 Tell of his matchless fame;
 What wonders done;
 Above, beneath, around,
 Let all the earth resound,
 Till heaven’s high arch rebound,
 “Victory is won.”

3 He vanquished sin and hell,
 And our last foe will quell;
 Mortals, rejoice:
 His dying love adore;
 Praise him, now raised in power;

Praise him for evermore,
With joyful voice.

4 All hail the glorious day,
When, through the heavenly way,
Lo, he shall come,
While they who pierced him wail;
His promise shall not fail;
Saints, see your King prevail:
Great Saviour, come.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

229

C. M.

ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfil in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
That we in Christ may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

230 8s & 4s.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
 His last farewell,
 A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
 With us to dwell.

2 He comes, his graces to impart;
 A willing guest,
 While he can find one humble heart
 Wherein to rest.

3 And all the good that we possess,
 His gift we own;
 Yea, every thought of holiness,
 And victory won.

4 Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness see;
 O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
 And worthier thee.

231 C. M.

LET songs of praises fill the sky!
 Christ, our ascended Lord,
 Sends down his Spirit from on high,
 According to his word.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
 New life creates within:
 He quickens sinners from the death
 Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
 And shows them unto men;
 The fallen soul his temple makes,
 God's image stamps again.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
 With thy celestial fire:
 Come, and with flames of zeal and love
 Our hearts and tongues inspire.

232 S. M. double.

LORD GOD, the Holy Ghost,
 In this accepted hour,
 As on the day of Pentecost,
 Descend in all thy power;
 We meet with one accord
 In our appointed place,
 And wait the promise of our Lord,
 The Spirit of all grace.

2 Like mighty rushing wind
 Upon the waves beneath,
 Move with one impulse every mind,
 One soul, one feeling breathe:
 The young, the old inspire
 With wisdom from above;
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire
 To pray, and praise, and love.

3 Spirit of light, explore,
 And chase our gloom away,
 With lustre shining more and more
 Unto the perfect day:
 Spirit of truth, be thou
 In life and death our guide;
 O Spirit of adoption, now
 May we be sanctified.

233 H. M.

O THOU that hearest prayer,
 Attend our humble cry;

And let thy servant share
 Thy blessing from on high:
 We plead the promise of thy word;
 Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 If earthly parents hear
 Their children when they cry;
 If they, with love sincere,
 Their children's wants supply;
 Much more wilt thou thy love display,
 And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou;
 We, children of thy grace;
 O let thy Spirit now
 Descend and fill the place;
 That all may feel the heavenly flame,
 And all unite to praise thy name.

234

L. P. M.

ETERNAL Spirit, source of light,
 Enlivening, consecrating fire,
 Descend, and with celestial heat,
 Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire;
 Our souls refine, our dross consume;
 Come, condescending Spirit, come!

2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
 Of that pure flame which seraphs feel,
 Nor let us wonder in the dark,
 Or lie benumbed and stupid still,
 Come, vivifying Spirit, come!
 And make our hearts thy constant home.

3 Let pure devotion's fervours rise!
 Let every pious passion glow!

O let the raptures of the skies
 Kindle in our cold hearts below.
 Come, purifying Spirit, come,
 And make our souls thy constant home!

235

C. M.

THY Spirit pour, O gracious Lord,
 On all assembled here;
 Let us receive the ingrafted word
 With meekness and with fear.

2 By faith in thee, the soul receives
 New life, though dead before;
 And he who in thy name believes
 Shall live, to die no more.

3 Preserve the power of faith alive
 In those who love thy name;
 For sin and Satan daily strive
 To quench the sacred flame.

4 Thy grace and mercy first prevailed
 From death to set us free;
 And, often since, our life had failed,
 Unless renewed by thee.

5 To thee we look; to thee we bow;
 To thee for help we call;
 Our life, our resurrection, thou,
 Our hope, our joy, our all.

236

8s & 7s.

HOLY Spirit! Fount of blessing,
 Ever watchful, ever kind;
 Thy celestial aid possessing,
 Prisoned souls deliverance find.

Seal of truth, and bond of union,
 Source of light, and flame of love,
 Symbol of divine communion,
 In the olive-bearing dove;

2 Heavenly guide from paths of error,
 Comforter of minds distressed,
 When the billows fill with terror,
 Pointing to an ark of rest:
 Promised pledge! eternal Spirit!
 Greater than all gifts below,
 May our hearts thy grace inherit;
 May our lips thy glories show.

237

C. M.

GREAT Spirit, through whose mighty power
 All creatures live and move,
 On us thy benediction shower,
 Inspire our souls with love.

2 Hail, Source of light, arise and shine,
 Darkness and doubt dispel;
 Give peace and joy, for we are thine,
 In us for ever dwell.

3 From death to life our spirits raise,
 Complete redemption bring;
 New tongues impart, to speak the praise
 Of Christ, our God and King.

4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
 To all the world beside;
 Exulting, then, we'll show and own
 Our Jesus glorified.

238

7s.

HOLY Spirit, from on high,
 Bend o'er us a pitying eye;
 Now refresh the drooping heart;
 Bid the power of sin depart.

2 Light up every dark recess
 Of our heart's ungodliness;
 Show us every devious way
 Where our steps had gone astray.

3 Teach us, with repentant grief,
 Humbly to implore relief:
 Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
 And our broken spirits heal.

4 May we daily grow in grace.
 And pursue the heavenly race,
 Trained in wisdom, led by love,
 Till we reach our rest above.

239

S. M.

BLEST Comforter divine,
 Let rays of heavenly love
 Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
 And guide our souls above.

2 Turn us, with gentle voice,
 From every sinful way,
 And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
 Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
 Make every cloud of care,
 And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
 A smile of glory wear.

4 O, fill thou every heart
 With love to all our race;
 Great Comforter, to us impart
 These blessings of thy grace.

240

C. M.

HE comes! He comes! that mighty
 Breath
 From heaven's eternal shores;
 His uncreated freshness fills
 His bride as she adores.

2 Earth quakes before that rushing blast,
 Heaven echoes back the sound,
 And mightily the tempest wheels
 That upper room around.

3 What gifts he gave those chosen men
 Past ages can display;
 Nay more, their vigour still inspires
 The weakness of to-day.

4 The Spirit came into the Church
 With his unfailing power;
 He is the living heart that beats
 Within her at this hour.

5 O let us fall and worship him,
 The love of Sire and Son,
 The consubstantial breath of God,
 The Coeternal One!

241

L. M.

COME, O Creator Spirit blest!
 And in our souls take up thy rest;

Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Great Paraclete! to thee we cry:
O wondrous gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
And sweet anointing from above!

3 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

4 O, may thy grace on us bestow,
The Father and the Son to know,
And thee through endless times confessed
Of both the eternal Spirit blest.

242 7s.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine!
Let thy light within us shine;
All our guilty fears remove;
Fill us with thy heavenly love.

2 Thy pardoning grace O may we see,
Set each burdened sinner free;
Lead us to the Lamb of God;
Wash us in his precious blood;

3 Life and peace to us impart:
Seal salvation on our heart;
Breathe thyself into our breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let us never from thee stray;
Keep us in the narrow way;
Fill our souls with joy divine;
Keep us, Lord, for ever thine.

243

L. M.

COME, thou eternal Spirit, come
 From heaven, thy glorious dwelling-
 place;
 O, make our sinful hearts thy home,
 And consecrate them by thy grace.

2 There fix, O Lord, thy blest abode,
 And drive thy foes for ever thence;
 There shed a Saviour's love abroad,
 And light, and life, and joy, dispense.

3 Our wants supply, our fears suppress;
 Direct our way, and hold us up;
 Teach us, in times of deep distress,
 To pray in faith, and wait in hope.

244

C. P. M.

DESCEND from heaven, celestial Dove;
 With flames of pure seraphic love
 Our longing hearts inspire;
 Fountain of joy, blest Paraclete,
 Warm our cold hearts with heavenly heat,
 And set our souls on fire.

2 Breathe on these bones, so dry and dead;
 Thy sweetest, softest influence shed
 In all our hearts abroad;
 Point out the place where grace abounds;
 Direct us to the bleeding wounds
 Of our incarnate God.

3 Conduct, blest guide, thy sinner-train
 To Calvary, where the Lamb was slain,
 And with us there abide;
 Let us our loved Redeemer meet,

Weep o'er his pierced hands, and feet,
And view his wounded side.

4 Thou, with the Father, and the Son,
Art that mysterious Three in One,
God blest for evermore;
Whom, though we cannot comprehend,
Feeling thou art the sinner's friend,
We love thee, and adore.

245

C. M.

GR^EAT Father of each perfect gift,
Behold thy servants wait;
With longing eyes, and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

2 O! shed abroad that choicest gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To cheer our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven;
And bear with energy divine,
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

4 Diffuse, O God, thy copious showers,
That earth its fruit may yield,
And change the barren wilderness
To Carmel's flowery field.

246

S. M.

O COME and dwell in us
Spirit of power within!
And bring thy glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.

2 The inward, deep disease,
 Spirit of health, remove!
 Spirit of perfect holiness!
 Spirit of perfect love!

3 Hasten the joyful day
 Which shall all sin consume;
 When old things shall be done away,
 And all things new become!

247

C. M.

ETERNAL Spirit, God of truth,
 Our contrite hearts inspire;
 Kindle a flame of heavenly love,
 And feed the pure desire.

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
 With guilt and fear oppressed;
 'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
 And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
 Whate'er that sin may be;
 That we, in singleness of heart,
 May worship only thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear,
 That we're the sons of God;
 Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,
 Through Christ's atoning blood.

248

C. M.

SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayer,
 And make our hearts thy home;

Descend with all thy gracious power,
O! come, Great Spirit, come!

- 2 Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame:
Let our whole souls an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as the dove, and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let the Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

249 7s.

HOLY Spirit! Lord of light!
From thy clear celestial height,
Come, thou Light of all that live!
Thy pure beaming radiance give!

- 2 Light immortal! Light divine!
Visit thou these hearts of thine;
If thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay.
- 3 Heal our wounds, our strength renew;
On our dryness pour thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away;
Guide the steps that go astray.
- 4 Give us comfort when we die;
Give us life with thee on high;
In thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give us joys which never end.

250

L. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
 Inspire these souls of thine;
 Till every heart which thou hast made
 Be filled with grace divine.

2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift

Of God, and fire of love;

The everlasting spring of joy,
 And unction from above.

3 Enlighten our dark souls, till they

Thy sacred love embrace;

Assist our minds, by nature frail,
 With thy celestial grace.

4 Teach us the Father to confess,

And Son, from death revived,

And thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,
 Who art from both derived.

251

C. M.

SPIRIT of truth! on this thy day,
 To thee for help we cry,
 To guide us through the dreary way
 Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame,

Or tongues of various tone;

But long thy praises to proclaim;
 With fervour in our own.

3 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,

No mystic dreams we share;

Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
 And bless thee in our prayer.

4 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
 And knowledge empty prove,
 Do thou thy trembling servants stay,
 With faith, and hope, and love.

252

L. M.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With light and comfort from above;
 Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
 O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
 And make us know and choose thy way;
 Plant holy fear in every heart,
 That we from God may not depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
 That we must take to dwell with God;
 Lead us to Christ, the living way,
 Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
 In his enjoyment to be blest;
 Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
 Where pleasure in perfection is.

253

8s & 7s.

HOLY Ghost! dispel our sadness,
 Pierce the clouds of nature's night
 Come, thou source of joy and gladness,
 Breathe thy life and spread thy light.

2 Come, thou best of all donations
 God can give, or man implore!

1 Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more.

3 Author of the new creation!
Come with unction and with pow'r;
Make our hearts thy habitation;
On our souls thy graces shower.

4 Manifest thy love for ever;
Fence us in on every side;
In distress be our reliever;
Guard and teach, support and guide.

5 Hear, O hear, our supplication,
Blessed Spirit! God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation
With the fulness of thy grace.

254

C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son;
Thou God of peace and love.

2 Thou art the only Comforter
In all our soul's distress;
Thou shovest us our unbelief,
And Christ's redeeming grace.

3 Thou dost thy sanctifying gifts
Unto the Church impart;
Writest God's holy, precious law
On each believer's heart.

4 Assist and strengthen us, O Lord,
Thou know'st we all are frail;
Grant, neither Satan, world, nor flesh
May o'er Christ's flock prevail.

5 Cause all unloving sinful strife
 In Christendom to cease;
 And give to all the flock of Christ
 Love, union, truth, and peace.

255 S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come;
 Let thy bright beams arise;
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
 Then lead to Jesus' blood,
 And to our wondering view reveal
 The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
 Our doubts and fears remove,
 And kindle in our breasts the flame
 Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
 To pour fresh life in every part,
 And new-create the whole.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
 Our minds from bondage free;
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
 The Father, Son, and Thee.

256 L. M.

ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
 And sing the wonders of thy grace;
 Thy power conveys our blessings down,
 From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
 Our shades and darkness turn to-day;
 Thine inward teachings make us know
 Our danger, and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
 And break the chains of reigning sin;
 Do our imperious lusts subdue,
 And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
 Thy cheering words awake our joys;
 Thy words allay the stormy wind,
 And calm the surges of the mind.

257

C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
 With all thy quickening powers,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys!
 Our souls how sluggishly they go
 To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate,
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
 With all thy quickening powers,

Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

258

S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on our poor benighted souls
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills

Life, light, and joy dispense,
And may we daily, hourly feel,
Thy quickening influence.

3 Melt, melt our frozen hearts,

Our stubborn wills subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form us all anew.

4 Ours will the blessing be;

But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will we devote
The remnant of our days.

259

L. M.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though we have done thee such
despite,
Cast not us sinners quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though we have most unfaithful been

Of all whoe'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness
grieved.

3 Yet O the chief of sinners spare,
 In honour of our great High Priest;
 Nor in thy righteous anger swear
 We shall not see thy people's rest.

4 O Lord, our weary souls release,
 And raise us by thy gracious hand;
 Guide us into thy perfect peace,
 And bring us to the promised land.

260

H. M.

EARNEST of future bliss,
 Thee, Holy Ghost, we hail;
 Fountain of holiness,
 Whose comforts never fail;
 The cleansing gift on saints bestowed,
 The witness of their peace with God.

2 By thee, on earth, we know
 Ourselves in Christ renewed;
 Brought by thy grace into
 The family of God;
 Of his adopting love the seal,
 And faithful teacher of his will.

3 Great Comforter, descend
 In gentle breathings down;
 Preserve us to the end,
 That no man take our crown;
 Our Guardian still vouchsafe to be,
 Nor suffer us to go from thee.

261

L. M.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
 In all thy plentitude of grace,
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
 Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
 To preach the reconciling word;
 Give power and unction from above,
 Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
 Confusion, order, in thy path;
 Souls without strength, inspire with
 might;
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
 The triumphs of the cross record;
 The name of Jesus glorify,
 Till every kindred call him Lord.

262

C. M.

SPIRIT of power and might, behold
 A world by sin destroyed;
 Creator, Spirit, as of old,
 Move on the formless void.

2 Give thou the word; that healing sound
 Shall quell the deadly strife,
 And earth again, like Eden crowned,
 Produce the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy
 When nature rose to view,
 What strains will angel harps employ
 When thou shalt all renew!

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
 To hear a Saviour's name,
 How will the ransomed raise their voice,
 To whom that Saviour came!

5 Lo! every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
 Assembling round the throne,
 The new creation shall ascribe
 To sovereign love alone.

THE FAMILY.

MORNING AND EVENING WORSHIP.

263

L. M.

FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
 Which crowns our families with
 peace;
 From thee they spring, and by thy hand
 They have been, and are still sustained.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
 Be our domestic altars raised;
 Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
 With saints in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee may each united house,
 Morning and night, present its vows:
 Our servants there, and rising race,
 Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
 The honours of thy glorious name;
 While pleased and thankful we remove
 To join the family above.

264

S. M.

IN all our ways, O God,
 We would acknowledge thee,
 And seek to keep our heart and house
 From all pollution free.

2 Where'er we have a tent,
 An altar will we raise;
 And thither our oblations bring,
 Of humble prayer and praise.

3 Could we our wish obtain,
 Our household, Lord, should be
 Devoted to thyself alone,
 A dwelling-place for thee.

265

C. M.

STRANGERS and pilgrims here below,
 To thee our prayers we send;
 O God, from danger and from woe
 Our hearth and home defend!

2 Here let thy peace, O Saviour, rest!
 Here let thy love abide!
 Make us a blessing, make us blest,
 In all that may betide:

3 Keep storm and fire, and sickness hence,
 And danger and alarm;
 Nor let the son of violence
 Approach to do us harm:

4 Let our petitions when we meet,
 And every secret prayer,
 Come up before thy mercy-seat,
 And find acceptance there:

5 Teach us, in life, with faith and love
 To do our Lord's commands;
 And give us, in thy time, above,
 A house not made with hands;

6 The house thy precious passion bought,
 O Saviour, for thine own;
 Who, through the Spirit, shall be brought
 Before the Father's throne!

266

L. M.

SOLE Sovereign of the earth and skies,
 Supremely good, supremely wise,
 Fix thou the place of our abode,
 But let it still be near our God.

2 On earth we weary pilgrims roam,
 Nor find nor hope a lasting home;
 We seek a house not made with hands,
 A heavenly house which ever stands.

3 Yet while we sojourn here below,
 Let streams of mercy round us flow;
 And when our destined race is run,
 Assign us mansions near thy throne.

267

8s & 7s.

PEACE to this our habitation;
 Peace to all that dwell therein;
 Peace, the earnest of salvation;
 Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin;
 Peace that speaks the heavenly Giver;
 Peace to worldly minds unknown;
 Peace, divine, that lasts for ever,
 Peace, that comes from God alone.

2 Prince of Peace, be present near us,
 Fix in all our hearts thy home;
 With thy gracious presence cheer us;
 Let thy sacred kingdom come;
 Raise to heaven our expectation,
 Give our favoured souls to prove

Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

268

7s.

RULER of the dread immense!
Maker of this mighty frame!
Whose eternal providence
Governs and upholds the same!

2 Low before thy face we bend;
Hear our supplicating cries;
And thy light eternal send,
With the freshly-dawning skies.

3 King of kings! and Lord most high!
This of thy dear love we pray,
May thy guardian angel nigh
Keep us from all sin this day.

4 May he crush the deadly wiles
Of the envious serpent's art,
Ever spreading cunning toils
Round about the thoughtless heart.

5 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Everlasting Trinity!
Guard, by thy angelic host,
Us, who put our trust in thee.

269

S. M.

ALMIGHTY God, to-night
To thee for help we pray;
To whom the darkness is as light,
And midnight like the day.

2 Thy tender love and care
Prepares our peaceful bed;
But thou, O Saviour, hadst not where
To lay thy blessed head.

3 O keep us now from harm,
As thou hast done before;
And let thine everlasting arm
Be round us evermore.

4 Let holy angels stand
About us every night,
Until they bear us to the land
Of everlasting light.

5 From men below the skies,
And all the heavenly host,
To God the Father praise arise,
The Son and Holy Ghost,

270

C. M.

FATHER of light! O shine on us
With thy bright beams of love;
Make us to walk in thy pure light,
And fix our hearts above.

2 O Lord! who lifted up didst hang
To draw all men to thee,
Draw us with thy strong bands of love,
From earth's vile chains set free.

3 O Holy Well of Life! refresh
Our weary souls in thee,
That ever living we may bless
The Almighty One in Three.

271

L. M.

O JESUS, once for sinners slain,
And rising, as the day, again;
Commanding every care to cease,
And giving joy and bringing peace;

2 Abide with us, we pray, to-night;
And make this evening's darkness light;
Remove all danger, calm all fear,
Renew our faith, our sorrows cheer.

3 True light to lighten all thy saints!
True comfort when the spirit faints!
Sunk in the west the sun may be,
But we have light if we have thee!

4 Thy love so freely o'er us shed,
Has given this day our daily bread;
Praise to the Father, and to thee,
And the blest Spirit, One in Three!

272

C. M.

FATHER of lights! keep us this day
From sinful passions free;
Grant us in every word, and deed,
And thought, to honour thee.

2 Thou Lord of holiness divine!
Grant us the grace to quell
Those flames impure, which, cherished
here,
Increase the flames of hell.

3 Saviour, of thy sweet clemency,
Wash thou our sins away;
Grant us thy grace, grant us with thee
The joys of endless day.

4 Father of mercies! hear our cry;
Hear us, co-equal Son;
Who reignest with the Holy Ghost,
While endless ages run.

273

7s.

ERE the waning light decay,
 God of all, to thee we pray,
 Let thine angel-guards descend,
 Us to succour and defend.

2 Guard from evils that affright,
 Guard from sorrows of the night;
 Guard from foes, without, within,
 Outward danger, inward sin.

3 Mindful of our only stay,
 Duly thus to thee we pray;
 Duly thus to thee we raise
 Solemn hymns of grateful praise.

4 Hear our prayer, Almighty King!
 Hear our praises while we sing!
 Hymning with the heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

274

L. M.

THRICE Holy God of wondrous might,
 O Trinity of love divine!
 To thee belongs unclouded light,
 And everlasting joys are thine.

2 Before thy throne dark clouds abound,
 About thee shine such dazzling rays
 That angels, as they stand around,
 For ever tremble as they gaze.

3 Father, may we thy laws fulfil!
 Blessed Son, may we thy precepts
 learn!
 And thou, O Spirit, guide our will,
 Our feet unto thy pathway turn.

4 Yea, Father, may thy will be done,
 May we thy hallowed name adore,
 Together with thy blessed Son,
 And Holy Spirit evermore.

275 L. M.

MAKER of all things, God most high,
 Great Ruler of the starry sky,
 Robing the day in glorious light,
 In sweet repose the quiet night.

2 We thank thee for the daylight gone,
 We pray thee as the night comes on,
 O help us as we feebly raise
 To thee our evening hymn of praise.

3 To thee our lips their tribute bring
 Thee our united voices sing;
 Thee may our trusting souls adore,
 To thee our pure affections soar.

4 Christ! with the Father ever One,
 Spirit! of Father and of Son,
 God! over all of mighty sway,
 Shield us, blest Trinity! we pray.

276 L. M.

0 THOU, the Father's image blest,
 Who callest forth the morning ray;
 O thou, eternal Light of light,
 Whom day and night alike obey.

2 True Sun! upon our souls arise,
 Shining in beauty evermore,
 And through each heart the quickening
 beams
 Of thine eternal Spirit pour.

3 Be thou, O Christ! our daily food;
 Do thou our daily cup supply,
 While from the Spirit's living well,
 We drink unfailing strength and joy.

4 To God the eternal Three in One,
 Be endless praise and glory given,
 Who called us when in darkness lost,
 To share the light and life of heaven.

277

S. M.

THE day is past and gone,
 Great God we bow to thee,
 Again as shades of night steal on,
 Unto thy side we flee.

2 O when shall that day come,
 Ne'er sinking in the west,
 That country and that holy home,
 Where none shall break our rest?

3 Where all things shall be peace,
 And pleasure without end,
 And golden harps that never cease,
 With joyous hymns shall blend?

4 Where we, preserved beneath
 The shelter of thy wing,
 For evermore thy praise shall breathe,
 And of thy mercy sing?

5 To God the Father praise,
 And to the Eternal Son,
 And to the Holy Ghost always,
 Co-equal Three in One.

278

L. M.

O JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,
 Thou brightness of thy Father's face,
 Thou fountain of eternal light,
 Whose beams disperse the shades of night;

2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
 Shower down thy radiance from above,
 And to our inward hearts convey
 The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 May he our actions deign to bless,
 And loose the bonds of wickedness;
 From sudden falls our feet defend,
 And bring us to a prosperous end.

4 May faith deep rooted in the soul,
 Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
 May guile depart and discord cease,
 And all within be joy and peace.

5 O Holy Father, Holy Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 Thy grace devoutly we implore
 Thy name be praised for evermore!

279

8s & 7s.

SAVIOUR! breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our eyelids seal:
 Sin and want we come confessing;
 Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrows past us fly,
 Angel guards from thee surround us;
 We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from thee:
 Thou art he who, never weary,
 Watcheth where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

280

L. M.

O KING Eternal! Lord of grace,
 Creator of the realms of space;
 Who before time had begun
 Wast with the Almighty Father One.

2 To thee our morning hymn we raise,
 In mingled penitence and praise;
 Pardon our sins, O Lord, we pray,
 And keep us safely through the day.

3 Thou, Lord, of every human heart
 The One Omniscient Searcher art;
 The Good Physician, making whole
 The hidden wounds which kill the soul.

4 Most Holy! we thine aid implore,
 Our stricken souls to health restore;
 Eternal Father, Mighty Son!
 And Holy Spirit Three in One!

281

P. M.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light;
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night;

May thine angel-guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
 And when we die,
 May we, in thy mighty keeping,
 All peaceful lie;
 When the last dread call shall wake us,
 Do not thou, O God, forsake us,
 But to reign in glory take us,
 With thee on high.

282 L. M.

SUN of our soul! thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if thou be near;
 O may no earth-born cloud arise
 To hide thee from thy servants' eyes.

2 Abide with us from morn till eve,
 For without thee we cannot live;
 Abide with us when night is nigh,
 For without thee we dare not die.

3 Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take,
 Till in the ocean of thy love
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise him, all creatures here below;
 Praise him above, angelic host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

283 C. M.

B^E thou our Guardian and our Guide,
 And hear us when we call;

Let not our slippery footsteps slide,
And hold us lest we fall.

2 The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell
Around the path we tread;
O save us from the snares of hell,
Thou quickener of the dead!

3 And if we tempted are to sin,
And outward things are strong,
Do thou, O Lord, keep watch within,
And save our souls from wrong.

4 Still let us ever watch and pray,
And feel that we are frail;
That if the tempter cross our way,
Yet he may not prevail.

5 To him who baffled hell's proud Lord,
The everlasting Son,
The Father, and the Spirit, God,
All praise on earth be done.

284. L. M.

O THOU! who gavest thy servant grace,
On thee, the living Rock, to rest,
To look on thine incarnate face,
And lean on thy protecting breast.

2 Grant us, O King of mercy, still
To feel thy presence from above,
And in thy word and in thy will
To hear thy voice, and know thy love.

3 And when the toils of life are done,
And earthly cares shall ended be,
To find our rest beneath thy throne,
And look in certain hope to thee.

4 To thee, O Jesus, light of light,
 Whom as their King thy saints adore,
 Their strength and refuge in the fight,
 Be praise and glory evermore.

285 C. M.

O VERY God of very God,
 And very Light of light,
 Whose feet this earth's dark valley trod,
 That so it might be bright;

2 Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,
 Thick darkness blinds our eyes;
 Cold is the night, and O, we long
 That thou, our Sun, wouldest rise!

3 And even now, though dull and grey,
 The east is brightening fast,
 And kindling to the perfect day,
 That never shall be past.

4 O, guide us till our path is done,
 And we have reached the shore
 Where thou, our everlasting Sun,
 Art shining evermore!

5 From every creature that hath breath
 Praise to the Father be:
 To him that hath the keys of death,
 And, Holy Ghost, to thee!

THE CHURCH.

286 C. P. M.

ERE God pronounced creation good,
 Or bade the vast, unbounded flood
 Through fixed channels run;

Ere light from ancient chaos sprang,
Or angels earth's formation sang,
He chose the Church his own.

2 Then was the covenant ordered sure,
Through endless ages to endure,
By thee, most holy God;
That none thy covenant might evade,
With oaths and promises 'twas made,
And ratified in blood.

3 God is the refuge of our soul,
Though tempests rage, though billows
roll,
And hellish powers assail;
Eternal walls are our defence;
Environed with Omnipotence,
What foe can e'er prevail?

4 Then let infernal legions roar,
And waste their cursed, vengeful power;
Zion their wrath disdains:
In God, our refuge, we're secure,
While covenant promises endure,
Or our Redeemer reigns.

287

C. M.

WITH stately towers and bulwarks
strong,
Unrivalled and alone,
Loved theme of many a sacred song,
God's holy city shone.

2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,
The glory of all lands;
Yet fairer, and in strength complete,
The Christian temple stands.

3 The faithful of each clime and age
 The glorious Church compose ;
 Built on a Rock, with idle rage
 The threatening tempest blows.

4 Fear not ; though hostile bands alarm,
 God is our strong defence ;
 And weak and powerless every arm
 Against Omnipotence.

288 8s & 7s.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God ;
 He whose word can ne'er be broken
 Chose thee for his own abode.

2 Lord, thy Church is still thy dwelling,
 Still is precious in thy sight,
 Judah's temple far excelling,
 Beaming with the gospel's light.

3 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake her true repose ?
 With salvation's wall surrounded,
 She can smile at all her foes.

4 See, the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply her sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.

5 Round her habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing, Lord, that thou art near.

289

S. M.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of thine abode,
 The Church our blest Redeemer saved
 With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God,

Her walls before thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of thine eye,
 And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,

For her my prayers ascend;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy

I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,

Our Saviour, and our King,
 Thy hand from every snare and foe,
 Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,

To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

290

C. M.

THY saints on earth and those above
 But one communion make;
 Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
 All of his grace partake.

2 One family, wed-well in him;
 One Church above, beneath;
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
 To thy commands we bow;
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.

4 O God, be thou our constant guide!
 Then, when the word is given,
 Bid thou death's flood its waves divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.

291

C. M.

PLANTED in Christ, the living Vine,
 This day, with one accord,
 Ourselves with humble faith and joy,
 We yield to thee, O Lord.

2 Joined in one body may we be;
 One inward life partake;
 One be our heart; one heavenly hope
 In every bosom wake.

3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
 One wisdom be our guide;
 Taught by one Spirit from above,
 In thee may we abide,

4 Then, when among the saints in light,
 Our joyful spirits shine,
 Shall anthems of immortal praise,
 O Lamb of God, be thine.

292

H. M.

ONE sole baptismal sign,
 One Lord, below, above,
 One faith, one hope divine,
 Only one watchword—Love.
 From different temples though it rise,
 One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our sacrifice is one;

One Priest before the throne;
 The slain, the risen Son,
 Redeemer, Lord alone!
 And sighs from contrite hearts that
 spring,
 Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of thy Church beneath!

The catholic, the true,
 On all her members breathe,
 Her broken frame renew!
 Then shall thy perfect will be done
 When Christians love and live as one.

293

C. P. M.

IN Christ! O how the blissful thought,
 Raises our hope; and buoys it up
 Midst change, and grief, and woe;
 Were crowns and empires ours to-day.
 We'd freely give the whole away;
 For him, we'd all forego.

2 Ere time was born the Church was blest;
 Jehovah then his love expressed
 From vast eternity;

Redemption, calling, pardon, peace,
Are streams that flow from ancient grace,
Unmerited and free.

3 Go, trace salvation from its source,
Mark how it flows, pursue its course,
The whole His love sets forth;
Love brought the Saviour from the skies,
Love quickens, keeps, and glorifies:
O, who shall speak its worth?

294 L. M.

JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great builder of thy Church below,
If now thy Spirit move our breast,
Hear, and fulfil thine own request.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own;
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses;
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold
How Christians lived in days of old;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach, and love.

5 Call them into thy wondrous light,
Worthy to walk with thee in white:
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and show
Thy glorious, spotless Church below.

295 8s, 7s & 4s.

SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain,
 Streams of living water flow;
 God has opened there a fountain,
 That supplies the world below;
 They are blessed
 Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing
 Streams of mercy find their way:
 Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
 Waking beauty from decay.
 O, ye nations,
 Hail the long-expected day.

3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
 All-enriching as it goes,
 Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
 Buds and blossoms as the rose;
 Lo! the desert
 Sings for joy where'er it flows.

296 C. M.

O WHERE are kings and empires now
 Of old that went and came?
 But holy Church is praying yet,
 A thousand years the same.

2 Mark well her holy battlements,
 And her foundations strong;
 And hear within, the solemn voice
 Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
 Thy holy Church, O God!

Though earthquake shocks are rocking
her,

And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A fane unbuilt by hands.

297

C. M.

THERE is a little lonely fold,
Whose flock one Shepherd keeps,
Through summer's heat and winter's cold,
With eye that never sleeps.

2 By evil beast, or burning sky,
Or damp of midnight air;
Not one in all that flock shall die
Beneath that Shepherd's care.

3 For if, unheeding or beguiled,
In danger's path they roam,
His pity follows through the wild,
And guards them safely home.

4 O, gentle Shepherd, still uphold
Us, on our way to thee;
O take us wanderers to thy fold,
Who trembling turn to thee.

298

C. M.

HOPELESS and outcast once we lay,
Worthy thy hate and scorn,
But love like thine could find a way
To rescue and adorn.

2 Dear Saviour, from thy bleeding veins
 A living fountain flows,
 To wash thy bride from all her stains,
 And soothe her deepest woes.

3 Cleansed from her sins, renewed by grace,
 Thy royal throne above,
 Dear Saviour, is her destined place,
 Her sweet abode thy love.

4 Thine eye, in that unclouded day,
 Shall, with supreme delight,
 Thy fair and glorious bride survey,
 Unblemished in thy sight.

299 8s & 7s.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
 O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you:
 Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways;
 You shall name your walls salvation,
 And your gates shall all be praise.

2 Ye no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see;
 But, your griefs for ever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me:
 God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting light.

300 6s & 8s.

O'ER all the peopled earth,
 By many a vale and hill,

Are scattered far that blessed flock,
 That God's own pastures fill.
 Among the huts that rise
 Beneath the Indian palms,
 And in the homes of Christian men
 Are found thy chosen lambs.

2 More glorious are the huts
 Wherein such dwellers be,
 Than royal domes and temples fair,
 Which men rejoice to see;
 For there the light of grace
 Its radiance casts abroad;
 O that our part might be with them,
 Thy holy flock, O God!

301

C. M.

A CROWN, but not a crown of thorn,
 Surrounds the Victor's brow;
 The hand that once was pierced for sin,
 It wields the sceptre now.

2 But brighter honours far than those
 Of David's royal son,
 As Head of thine anointed bride,
 Thou Lord of life hast won.

3 Though grace may shine in all thy ways,
 With Israel's chosen race;
 'Tis in thy Church alone we see
 The full display of grace.

4 'Twas grace divine that made thee love,
 And choose her for thine own:
 Grace raised her from her low estate,
 And placed her on the throne.

302

C. M.

BLESS thine inheritance, O God!
 Thy loved and chosen race;
 The purchase of the Saviour's blood,
 The subjects of thy grace.

2 Bless them with every promised good,
 Which covenant love provides;
 With bread of life for daily food,
 And living streams besides.

3 Bless them with liberty and peace,
 With joy, and light, and love;
 Thro' time: and when all time shall cease,
 Bless with thyself above.

303

C. M.

OUR Head is One, our Head is Love,
 Shall we then disagree?
 O send us oneness from above,
 As all are one with thee!

2 One hope before us all is set,
 One holy faith we hold;
 Though widely wandering, we are yet
 All sheep of one great fold:

3 One is the heart, and one the tongue
 Of those that see thy face:
 O give us here the love and song
 That fill that blessed place!

4 Make us, O Holy Spirit, one!
 That all thy saints may be
 As is the Father with the Son,
 And as are both with thee!

THE MINISTRY.

304

L. M.

THE Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
 In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
 Scattered his gifts on men below,
 And still his royal bounties flow.

2 Hence sprang the apostles' honoured name,
 Sacred beyond heroic fame:
 In humbler forms before our eyes
 Pastors and teachers hence arise.

3 From Christ they all their gifts derive,
 And, fed by Christ, their graces live:
 While, guarded by his mighty hand,
 'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

4 So shall the bright succession run
 Through all the courses of the sun;
 While unborn churches, by their care,
 Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

5 Jesus, now teach our hearts to know
 The spring whence all these blessings flow;
 Pastors and people shout thy praise,
 Through the long round of endless days.

305

S. M.

HOW beauteous are their feet,
 Who stand on Zion's hill!
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!
 How sweet their tidings are!
 "Zion, behold thy Saviour-king,
 He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
 That hear this joyful sound;
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heavenly light!
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ:
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.

6 O Lord, make bare thine arm,
 Through all the earth abroad;
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.

306 7s.

THANKS to God for those who came
 In the Saviour's glorious name;
 Who upon the green earth trod
 But to teach the truth of God.

2 For the great apostles, first,
 Who from life's endearments burst,
 Going from the cross, and then
 Leading to the cross again:

3 For the next, who meekly poured
 Willing blood to serve the Lord;

— Fearless bore the racks of pain,
Felon's death, or captive's chain;

4 And for all, from shore to shore,
Who the blessed tidings bore;
All who wrought for Christ and truth,
Hoary men, and glowing youth.

307

L. M.

DRAW near, O Son of God, draw near;
Us with thy flaming eye behold;
Still in thy Church do thou appear,
And let our candlestick be gold.

2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
And let them in thy lustre glow;
Celestial lights through all the land,
The angels of thy Church below.

3 Make good their apostolic boast;
Their high commission let them prove;
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And filled with faith, and hope, and love.

4 Give them an ear to hear thy word;
Thou speakest to the churches now:
And let all tongues confess their Lord,
Let every knee to Jesus bow.

308

C. M.

CHIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
From death and sin set free,
May every under-shepherd keep
His eye intent on thee!

2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare,
 To execute thy will;
 Compassion, patience, love, and care,
 And faithfulness and skill.

3 Inflame their minds with holy zeal,
 Their flocks to feed and teach;
 And let them live, and let them feel,
 The sacred truths they preach.

309

L. M.

FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
 Attentive to our earnest prayer:
 We plead for those who plead for thee;
 Successful pleaders may they be.

2 O, clothe their words with power divine,
 And let those words be ever thine;
 To them thy sacred truth reveal;
 Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
 Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
 Teach them immortal souls to gain,
 And thus reward their toil and pain.

4 Let stronging multitudes around
 Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
 In humble strains thy grace implore,
 And feel thy Spirit's living power.

310

S. M.

2 LORD of the harvest, hear
 Thy waiting servants' cry;
 Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
 And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,
 Our wants are in thy view;
 The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
 The labourers are few.

3 Convert and send forth more
 Into thy Church abroad,
 And let them speak the word of power,
 As workers with their God.

4 O let them spread thy name,
 Their mission fully prove;
 Thy free and glorious grace proclaim,
 Thy rich redeeming love.

311 7s.

MIGHTY One, before whose face
 Wisdom had her glorious seat,
 When the orbs that people space
 Sprang to birth beneath thy feet;

2 Source of truth, whose rays alone
 Light the mighty world of mind;
 God of love, who from thy throne
 Kindly watchest all mankind;

3 Shed on those, who in thy name
 Teach the way of truth and right,
 Shed that love's undying flame,
 Shed that wisdom's guiding light.

312 L. M.

O THOU, before whose gracious throne
 We bow our suppliant spirits down!
 Avert thy swift-descending stroke,
 Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.

2 Restore him, sinking to the grave:
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to
save:
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and pastor live.

3 Bound to his soul by tenderest ties,
We suffer while in pain he lies:
Thy pitying aid, O God! impart,
Nor rend him from each trembling heart.

4 Yet if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears cannot prevail;
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day.

313

C. M.

WHAT though the arm of conquering
death

Does God's own house invade;

What though our teacher and our friend
Is numbered with the dead;

2 Though earthly Shepherd's dwell in dust,
The aged and the young;

The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And dumb the instructive tongue;

3 The eternal Shepherd still survives,
His teaching to impart:

Lord, be our leader and our guide,
And rule and keep our heart.

4 Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
We have a boundless store,

And shall be fed with what he gives,
Who lives for evermore.

314

C. M.

T^O thee, O God, when creatures fail,
 Thy flock afflicted flies;
 And on the eternal Shepherd's care,
 Our steadfast hope relies.

2 When o'er thy faithful servant's dust,
 Thy saints assembled mourn,
 In speedy tokens of thy grace,
 O Zion's God, return!

3 The powers of nature all are thine,
 And thine the aids of grace
 Thine arm has borne thy churches up
 Through each succeeding race.

4 Exert thy sacred influence here,
 And here thy suppliants bless;
 And change to strains of cheerful praise,
 Our accents of distress.

THE SACRAMENTS.

BAPTISM.

315

C. M.

O LORD, thy covenant is sure
 To all who fear thy name;
 Thy mercies age on age endure,
 Eternally the same.

2 In thee our fathers put their trust;
 Thy ways they humbly trod;
 Honoured and sacred is their dust,
 While now they live with God.

3 Heirs to their faith, their hope, their
prayers,
We the same path pursue:
Invoke thy blessing on our heirs;
Lord! show thy promise true.

316 S. M.

HOW great thy mercies, Lord!
How bounteous is thy grace,
Which in the covenant of thy love
Includes our rising race!

2 The promise, how divine.

To Abra'm and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying every need."

3 These children of our care

We dedicate to God:

We plead the promise in our prayer;
We plead thy precious blood.

4 Thy goodness we adore,

We sing thy matchless grace,
The covenant for ever sure,
To thy believing race.

317 8s & 7s.

SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share:

2 Now, these little ones receiving,

Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
 Let them be the lion's prey;
 Let thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep them all life's dangerous way:

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
 Let them find a resting place;
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of thy grace.

318 S. M.

TO Him who children blest,
 And suffered them to come;
 To him who took them to his breast,
 We bring these children home.

2 To thee, O God, whose face
 Their angels still behold,
 We bring them, praying that thy grace
 May keep, thine arms enfold.

3 And as this water falls
 On each unconscious brow,
 Thy Holy Spirit grant, O Lord,
 To make them pure as thou!

319 L. M.

THIS child we dedicate to thee,
 O God of grace and purity!
 Shield it from sin, and pain, and wrong,
 And let thy love its life prolong.

2 O may thy Spirit gently draw
 Its willing soul to keep thy law;
 May virtue, piety, and truth,
 Dawn even with its dawning youth.

3 We, too, before thy gracious sight,
 Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
 And would renew its solemn vow
 With love, and thanks, and praises now.

4 Grant that with true and faithful heart
 We still may act the Christian's part,
 Cheered by each promise thou hast given,
 And labouring for the prize in heaven.

320 8s, 7s & 4s.

GRACIOUS Lord, as thou hast bidden,
 At thy feet we humbly bend;
 May our prayers arise to heaven,
 May thy blessing now descend;
 For thy blessing,
 Lo! we all unite to pray.

2 Pour thy Spirit on these infants,
 Sanctify them from the womb;
 Let thy gracious arm surround them
 In their journey to the tomb;
 Then victorious
 Raise them to thy heavenly throne.

3 Make their parents wise, to train them
 In the nurture of the Lord;
 And beyond these mortal regions
 Let them share thy blessed reward:
 May their households
 Find in heaven a lasting home!

321 L. M.

DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should
 stray
 From thy secure inclosure's bound,

And, lured by worldly joys away, I
 Among the thoughtless crowd be found;

2 Remember still that they are thine, I 2
 That thy dear sacred name they bear;
 Think that the seal of love divine,
 The sign of covenant grace they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years, 10 6
 O let them ne'er forgotten be;
 Remember all the prayers and tears
 Which made them consecrate to thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
 These eyes can weep for them no more,
 Turn thou their feet from folly's way;
 The wanderers to thy fold restore.

322

7s.

1 ORD, assist us by thy grace
 To instruct our infant race;
 Grant us wisdom from above,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love.

2 May we teach them day by day
 In the house, and by the way,
 When they rise, and when they rest,
 Till thy truth shall make them blest.

3 Gracious Saviour, hear our prayer,
 We commit them to thy care;
 Be their shepherd and their guide,
 Bring them to thy bleeding side.

323

7s.

G OD of mercy, hear our prayer
 For the children thou hast given;

Let them all thy blessings share;
 Grace on earth, and bliss in heaven.

2 In the morning of their days
 May their hearts be drawn to thee;
 Let them learn to lisp thy praise
 In their earliest infancy.

3 Cleanse their souls from every stain,
 Through the Saviour's precious blood;
 Let them all be born again,
 And be reconciled to God.

4 For this mercy, Lord, we cry;
 Bend thine ever-gracious ear;
 While on thee our souls rely,
 Hear our prayer, in mercy, hear.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

324 8s & 7s.

ON the night of that last supper,
 Seated with his chosen band,
 Christ, as food to all his brethren,
 Gives himself with his own hand.

2 He, as man with man conversing,
 Staid, the seeds of truth to sow;
 Then he closed, in solemn order,
 Wondrously, his life of woe.

3 Lo! o'er ancient forms departing,
 Newer rites of grace prevail;
 Faith for all defects supplying,
 Where the feeble senses fail.

4 To the everlasting Father,
 Through the Son who reigns on high,
 Be salvation, honour, blessing,
 Might, and endless majesty.

325

C. M.

IF human kindness meets return,
 And owns the grateful tie;
 If tender thoughts within us burn,
 To feel a friend is nigh;

2 O, shall not warmer accents tell
 The gratitude we owe
 To him who died, our fears to quell,
 And save from death and woe?

3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
 Those pangs he would not flee,
 What love his latest words displayed,
 "Meet and remember me!"

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
 Our sinful hearts to share!
 O memory, leave no other name
 But his recorded there!

326

C. M.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
 In meek humility,
 This will we do, thou dying Lord,
 We will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for our sake,
 Our bread from heaven shall be:
 Thy testamental cup we take,
 And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can we forget?
 Or there thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross we turn our eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, our Sacrifice,
We must remember thee!

5 Remember thee and all thy pains;
And all thy love so free;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will we remember thee.

327

7s.

JESUS, great redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word;
In thine ordinance appear;
Come, and meet thy people here.

2 In the rite thou hast enjoined,
Let us thee our Saviour find;
Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
Taste thee in the broken bread.

3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare;
Thou thy pardoning grace declare:
Thou that hast for sinners died,
Show thyself the Crucified!

4 All the power of sin remove;
Fill us with thy perfect love;
Stamp us with the stamp divine;
Seal our souls for ever thine.

328

7s & 6s.

LAMB of God, whose dying love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find:

Think on us who think on thee;
 And every struggling soul release,
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat, we pray;
 By thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away:
 Burst our bonds, and set us free;
 From all iniquity release;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace!

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
 The sinner's pardon seal;
 Speak us freely justified,
 And all our sickness heal:
 By thy passion on the tree,
 Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace!

329 8s & 7s.

JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,
 Cheers our famished souls with food,
 He the banquet spreads before us,
 Of his mystic flesh and blood.
 Precious banquet; bread of heaven;
 Wine of gladness, flowing free;
 May we taste it, kindly given,
 In remembrance, Lord, of thee.

2 In thy holy incarnation,
 When the angels sang thy birth;
 In thy fasting and temptation;
 In thy labours on the earth;

In thy trial and rejection;
 In thy sufferings on the tree;
 In thy glorious resurrection;
 May we, Lord, remember thee.

330

C. M.

O GOD, unseen, yet ever near,
 Thy presence may we feel;
 And thus, inspired with holy fear,
 The great engagement seal.

2 Here may thy faithful people know
 The blessings of thy love;
 The streams that through the desert flow;
 The manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to thy word,
 To feast on heavenly food;
 Our meat, the body of the Lord,
 Our drink, his precious blood.

4 Thus may we all thy words obey;
 For we, O God, are thine;
 And go rejoicing on our way,
 Renewed with strength divine.

331

C. M.

LORD! at thy table we behold
 The wonders of thy grace;
 But most of all admire that we
 Should find a welcome place.

2 What strange surprising grace is this,
 That such poor souls have room!
 Our Saviour takes us by the hand,
 Our Jesus bids us come.

3 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
 Join all your praising powers;
 No theme is like redeeming love,
 No Saviour is like ours.

4 Had we ten thousand hearts, dear Lord!
 We'd give them all to thee;
 Had we ten thousand tongues, they all
 Should join the harmony.

332

7s.

BREAD of heaven! on thee we feed,
 For thy flesh is meat indeed:
 Ever let our souls be fed
 With the true and living bread!

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
 This blest cup of sacrifice:
 Lord! thy wounds our healing give,
 To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,
 Through the life of him who died:
 Lord of life! O let us be
 Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

333

C. M.

REMEMBER Thee, redeeming Lord!
 While memory holds her place,
 Can we forget the Prince of life,
 Who saves us by his grace?

2 The Lord of life, with glory crowned,
 On heaven's exalted throne,
 Remembers those for whom, on earth
 He heaved his dying groan.

3 His glory now no tongue of man
 Or seraph bright can tell:
 Yet 'tis the chief of all his joys
 That souls are saved from hell.

4 For this he came and dwelt on earth;
 For this his life was given;
 For this he fought and vanquished death;
 For this he pleads in heaven.

5 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
 Your grateful praise to give;
 Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,
 Who died that we might live.

334 8s & 7s.

COME, thou everlasting Spirit,
 Bring to every thankful mind
 All the Saviour's dying merit,
 All his sufferings for mankind:
 True recorder of his passion,
 Now the living faith impart;
 Now reveal his great salvation
 Unto every faithful heart.

2 Come, thou Witness of his dying;
 Come, Remembrancer divine;
 Let us feel thy power applying
 Christ to every soul of thine.
 Let us groan thine inward groaning;
 Look on him we pierced, and grieve;
 All partake the grace atoning,
 All the sprinkled blood receive.

335 8s & 7s.

WHILE in sweet communion feeding
 On this earthly bread and wine,

Saviour, may we see thee bleeding
 On the cross, to make us thine!
 Now, our eyes for ever closing
 To this fleeting world below,
 On thy gentle breast reposing,
 Teach us, Lord, thy grace to know.

2 Though unseen, be ever near us,
 With the still small voice of love;
 Whispering words of peace to cheer us,
 Every doubt and fear remove:
 Bring before us all the story
 Of thy life and death of woe;
 And, with hopes of endless glory,
 Wean our hearts from all below.

336

C. M.

HOW sweet and awful is the place,
 With Christ within the doors;
 While everlasting love displays
 The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
 Join to admire the feast,
 Each of us cries, with thankful tongues,
 "Lord, why was I a guest?"

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
 And enter while there's room,
 When thousands make a wretched choice,
 And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
 That sweetly drew us in;
 Else we had still refused to taste,
 And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!
 Constrain the earth to come;
 Send thy victorious word abroad,
 And bring the strangers home.

337 8s & 7s.

LOVE'S abyss there's no exploring,
 'Tis beyond the seraph's ken:
 Prostrate at thy feet adoring,
 We revere thy love to men.

2 Hail the Lamb who came to save us!
 Hail the love that made him die!
 This great gift our God hath given us:
 And we'll raise his honours high.

3 When we join the general chorus
 Of the royal blood-bought throng,
 Who to glory went before us,
 Saved from every tribe and tongue;

4 Then we'll make the blissful regions
 Echo to our Saviour's praise;
 While the bright angelic legions,
 Listen to the charming lays.

338 C. M.

O GOD, accept our hearts this day,
 And make them always thine,
 That we from thee no more may stray,
 No more from thee decline.

2 Before the cross of him who died,
 Behold we prostrate fall:
 Let every sin be crucified,
 Let Christ be all in all!

3 Anoint us with thy heavenly grace,
 Adopt us for thine own,
 That we may see thy glorious face,
 And worship at thy throne!

4 May the dear blood, once shed so free,
 Our blest atonement prove;
 That we from first to last may be
 The purchase of thy love!

339

7s.

AT the Lamb's high feast we sing,
 Praise to our victorious King,
 Who hath washed us in the tide,
 Flowing from his wounded side.

2 Praise we him, whose love divine
 Gives his sacred blood for wine,
 Gives his body for the feast,
 Christ the victim, Christ the Priest.

3 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
 Death's dark angel sheaths his sword;
 Israel's hosts triumphant go
 Through the wave that drowns the foe.

4 Christ, our Paschal Lamb, is slain,
 Holy victim, without stain;
 Death and hell defeated lie,
 Heaven unfolds its gates on high.

5 Hymns of glory and of praise,
 Father, unto thee we raise;
 Risen Lord, all praise to thee,
 With the Spirit ever be.

MAN BY NATURE.

340

L. M.

DEEP in the dust before thy throne,
 Our guilt and our disgrace we own:
 Great God! we own the unhappy name
 Whence sprang our nature and our shame.

2 But whilst our spirits, filled with awe,
 Behold the terrors of thy law,
 We sing the honours of thy grace,
 That sent to save our ruined race.

3 We sing thine everlasting Son,
 Who joined our nature to his own:
 Adam the Second from the dust
 Raises the ruins of the first.

4 Where sin did reign, and death abound,
 There have the sons of Adam found
 Abounding life; there glorious grace
 Reigns thro' the Lord our Righteousness.

341

C. M.

REAT King of glory and of grace,
 We own, with humble shame,
 How vile is our degenerate race,
 And our first father's name.

2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,
 The poison reigns within,
 Makes us averse to all that's good,
 And willing slaves to sin.

3 We live estranged afar from God,
 And love the distance well;

With haste we run the dangerous road
That leads to death and hell.

4 And can such rebels be restored,
Such natures made divine?
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.

342

C. M.

Lord, we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclined;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

- 2 While flesh, and sense, and passion reign,
 Sin is the sweetest good;
We fancy music in our chain,
 And so forget the load.
- 3 Great God, renew our ruined frame,
 Our broken powers restore;
Inspire us with a heavenly flame,
 And flesh shall reign no more.
- 4 Eternal Spirit, write thy law
 Upon our inward parts;
And let the second Adam draw
 His image on our hearts.

343

L. M.

LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death:

Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Great God, create our hearts anew,
And form our spirit pure and true;
No outward rites can make us clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 Jesus, our God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone:
Thy blood can make us white as snow,
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

344

S. M.

A H! how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If thou contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath thy rod.

2 If thou our ways should'st mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults,
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God,
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries the unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah! how shall guilty man,
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet thee and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

345 C. P. M.

WE look to thee, O Lord, alone,
And low beneath thy gracious throne

Pour out our ardent prayer:
Pardon our sin, our souls reprove,
No hand but thine can now relieve,
Or save us from despair.

2 Our trembling spirit, filled with awe,
Beholds the terrors of thy law,
And bows itself in dust;
Thou, Lord, art righteous, just, and good,
Our only refuge is thy blood:
Thou art our only trust.

3 Guilty before thy bar we plead,
Guilty in thought, in word, and deed,
Wholly defiled by sin:
O, heal the leprosy of soul!
One pardoning word can make us whole,
And bid our hearts be clean.

SALVATION BY GRACE.

346 L. M.

HOW shall the sons of men appear,
Great God, before thine awful bar!
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with the Eternal Mind?

2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice:
Not infant blood, profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

3 Thy blood, dear Jesus, thine alone,
 Hath sovereign virtue to atone;
 Here we will rest our only plea,
 When we approach, great God, to thee.

347

C. M.

THOU art the way; to thee alone,
 From sin and death we flee;
 And he who would the Father seek,
 Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the truth; thy word alone
 True wisdom can impart;
 Thou only canst inform the mind,
 And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the life; the rending tomb
 Proclaims thy conquering arm;
 And those who put their trust in thee,
 Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life,
 Grant us that way to know,
 That truth to keep, that life to win,
 Whose joys eternal flow.

348

C. M.

BLESSED be God, for ever blest!
 And glorious be his name!
 His Son he gave, our souls to save
 From everlasting shame.

2 The Eternal Life his life laid down,
 Such was the wondrous plan,
 And God, the blessed God, was made
 A curse for cursed man.

3 Our flesh he took, our sins he bore,
 Himself for us he gave.
 His cross was ours, and we with him
 Were buried in one grave.

4 With him we rose, with him we live,
 With him we sit above;
 With him for ever we shall share
 The Father's boundless love.

5 Bless, then, Jehovah's blessed name;
 And bless our glorious King!
 And songs of glad deliverance,
 For ever, ever sing!

349 7s & 6s.

JESUS, thou Prince and Saviour,
 May sinners, sick and poor,
 Through thy atoning favour
 Approach to mercy's door?
We come, in spirit broken,
 Before thy throne of grace;
O grant us some kind token,
 And bid us go in peace.

2 Lord, we are helpless creatures,
 Unworthy, but in need;
In all our moral features
 By nature wholly dead.
Our strength is perfect weakness,
 Our hearts are prone to sin;
Deficient still in meekness,
 While tumults war within.

3 In this forlorn condition,
 Who shall afford us aid?

Where shall we find compassion,
While wounded and dismayed?
Jesus, thou Prince and Saviour,
Restore us by thy love;
And let thy heavenly favour
No more from us remove.

350

L. M.

LORD, we despair ourselves to heal;
We see our sin, but cannot feel;
We cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid the obedient waters flow.

- 2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give;
Thy gifts we only can receive;
Here, then, to thee we all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal, are thine.
- 3 With simple faith, on thee we call,
Our light, our life, our Lord, our all:
We wait the moving of the pool;
We wait the word that speaks us whole.
- 4 Speak, gracious Lord, our sickness cure,
Make our infected nature pure:
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thyself into our heart!

351

C. M.

FROM thy supreme tribunal, Lord,
Where justice sits severe,
We to thy mercy-seat appeal,
And beg forgiveness there.

- 2 Though we have sinned, before the throne
Our Advocate we see:

Jesus be thou our Judge, and let
Our sentence come from thee.

3 Lo, weary to thy cross we fly,
There let us shelter find:
Lord, when thou callest thy ransomed
home,
O leave us not behind!

4 We joyfully embrace thy love
To fallen man revealed;
Our hope of glory, dearest Lord,
On thee alone we build.

352 C. P. M.

FATHER, to thee in Christ we fly,
What though our sins of crimson dye
For thy resentment call?
Our crimes he did on Calvary bear,
The blood that flowed for sinners there
Shall cleanse us from them all.

2 Spirit divine, thy power bring in,
O raise us from this depth of sin,
Take off our guilty load:
Now let us live through Jesus' death,
And, being justified by faith,
May we have peace with God!

3 Foul as we are, deserving hell,
Thou wilt not from thy throne repel
The souls that lean on God:
Our sins at thy command shall be
Cast as a stone into the sea,
The sea of Jesus' blood.

353

7s & 6s.

FATHER, Creator of mankind,
 Thee we attempt to sing;
 With thy Son and Spirit joined,
 Our everlasting king!
 Us thou dost in Christ receive,
 Clothed with Christ we come to thee:
 Him thou did'st for sinners give
 Their substitute to be.

2 All our sins, dear Lamb of God,
 Are for thy sake forgiven,
 Jesus, thy restoring blood
 Entitles men to heaven:
 Self-existent, Lord of all,
 Uncreate with God the same,
 Bought by thee, on thee we call,
 Exulting in thy name.

3 Spirit of Jehovah, write
 Thy nature on our heart,
 Us unto the Lord unite,
 As thou united art;
 Make us meet his face to see.
 Jesus' righteousness apply:
 Holy Ghost, our leader be,
 And guide us to the sky.

354

11s & 8s.

IN songs of sublime adoration and
 praise,
 We pilgrims, for Zion who press,
 Break forth, and extol the great Ancient
 of Days,
 His rich and distinguishing grace.

2 His love, from eternity, changeless and true,
 Broke forth, and discovered its flame,
 When each with the cords of his kindness he drew,
 And brought us to love his great name.

3 What was there in us that could merit esteem,
 Or give the Creator delight?
 'Twas, "Even so, Father," we ever must sing,
 "Because it seemed good in thy sight."

4 'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to obey,
 While others were suffered to go
 The road which by nature we chose as our way,
 Which leads to the regions of woe.

5 We give all the glory to thy holy name;
 To thee all the glory belongs;
 Be ours the high joy still to sound forth thy fame,
 And crown thee in each of our songs.

355 C. M.

WE praise and bless thee, gracious Lord,
 Our Saviour kind and true,
 For all the old things passed away,
 For all thou hast made new.

2 The old security is gone,
 In which so long we lay;

1 The sleep of death thou hast dispelled,
The darkness rolled away.

3 New hopes, new purposes, desires,
And joys, thy grace has given;
Old ties are broken from the earth,
New ones attach to heaven.

4 Thou, only thou, must carry on
The work thou hast begun :
Of thine own strength thou must impart,
In thine own ways to run.

5 So shall we faultless stand at last
Before thy Father's throne,
The blessedness for ever ours,
The glory all thine own !

356 7s & 6s.

1 LORD JESUS, we believing
In thee have peace with God;
Eternal life receiving,
The purchase of thy blood.

2 Our curse and condemnation,
Thou barest in our stead;
Secure is our salvation,
In thee our risen Head.

3 The Holy Ghost, revealing
Thy love, hath made us blest;
Thy stripes have given us healing;
Upon thy love we rest.

4 In thee the Father sees us
Accepted and complete;
The blood from sin which frees us
For glory makes us meet.

357

L. M.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, thou wilt receive;
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

5 Just as I am, thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

358

L. M. 6 lines.

OUR hope is built on nothing less
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
 We dare not trust the sweetest frame,
 But lean, O Jesus, on thy name:
 On Christ the solid rock we stand,
 All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness veils thy lovely face,
 We rest on thy unchanging grace; 11. 1.
 In every high and stormy gale,
 Our anchor holds within the veil:
 On Christ, &c.

3 Thine oath, thy covenant, and blood,
 Support us in the sinking flood;
 When every earthly prop gives way,
 Thou then art all our hope and stay:
 On Christ, &c.

4 When the last awful trump shall sound,
 O may we then in thee be found,
 Dressed in thy righteousness alone,
 Faultless to stand before the throne:
 On Christ, &c.

359

L. M.

WE have no outward righteousness,
 No merits or good works, to plead;
 We only can be saved by grace;
 Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed.

2 Save us by grace, through faith alone,
 A faith thou must thyself impart;
 A faith that would by works be shown,
 A faith that purifies the heart:

3 A faith that doth the mountains move,
 A faith that shows our sins forgiven,
 A faith that sweetly works by love,
 And ascertains our claim to heaven.

4 This is the faith we humbly seek,
 The faith in thy all-cleansing blood;
 That faith which doth for sinners speak,
 O let it speak us up to God!

360

C. M.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
 Though pressed by every foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chastening rod,
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean on thee, O God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread
 frown,
 Nor heeds its scornful smile;
 That seas of trouble cannot drown,
 Nor Satan's arts beguile;

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
 Till life's last hour is fled,
 And, with a pure and heavenly ray,
 Lights up a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
 Of an eternal home.

361

7s.

HAPPY, Saviour, would we be,
 If we could but trust in thee;
 Trust thy wisdom us to guide;

Trust thy goodness to provide;
 Trust thy saving love and power;
 Trust thee every day and hour:

2 Trust thee as the only light
 In the darkest hour of night;
 Trust in sickness, trust in health;
 Trust in poverty and wealth;
 Trust in joy and trust in grief;
 Trust thy promise for relief:

3 Trust thy blood to cleanse the soul;
 Trust thy grace to make us whole;
 Trust thee living, dying, too;
 Trust thee all our journey through;
 Trust thee till our feet shall be
 Planted on the crystal sea.

362 6s & 4s.

MY faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine;
 Now hear me while I pray;
 Take all my guilt away;
 O, let me from this day
 Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire;
 As thou hast died for me,
 O, may my love to thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be;
 A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And grief around me spread,
 Be thou my guide;

Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour, then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 O, bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul.

363 C. M.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
 Loose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never loose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save;
 When this poor lisping, stammering
 tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

364

S. M.

THY works, not ours, O Christ,
 Speak gladness to the heart;
 They tell us all is done;
 They bid our fear depart.

2 Thy death, not ours, O Christ,
 Has paid the ransom due;
 Ten thousand deaths like ours,
 Would have been all too few.

3 Thy blood, not ours, O Christ,
 Thy blood so freely spilt,
 Can blanch our blackest stains
 And purge away our guilt.

4 Thy righteousness, O Christ,
 Alone can beautify;
 We wrap it round our souls,
 In this we'll live and die.

365

7s.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!
 Let the water and the blood
 From thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
 Can fulfil thy law's demands:
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone
 Thou must save, and thou alone!

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
 Simply to thy cross I eling;
 Naked, come to thee for dress;
 Helpless, look to thee for grace;
 Foul, I to thy fountain fly;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment-throne,
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!

366

7s.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 O, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on thee is stayed;
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint;
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within:
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee:
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

367

C. M.

COME, shout aloud the Father's grace,
 And sing the Saviour's love;
 Soon shall we join the glorious theme,
 In loftier strains above.

2 God, the eternal, mighty God,
 To dearer names descends;
 Calls us his treasure and his joy,
 His children and his friends.

3 Our Father, God! and may these lips
 Pronounce a name so dear?
 Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
 Delight our listening ear.

4 Thanks to our God for every gift
 His bounteous hands bestow;
 And thanks eternal for that love
 Whence all those comforts flow.

368

7s.

BLESSED are the sons of God;
 They are bought with Jesus' blood;
 They are ransomed from the grave;
 Life eternal they shall have;
 With them numbered may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace,
 They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
 All their sins are washed away;
 They shall stand in God's great day:
 With them numbered may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.

3 They are lights upon the earth,
 Children of a heavenly birth,
 One with God, with Jesus one;
 Glory is in them begun:
 With them numbered may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.

369

C. M.

O GOD! the covenant of thy love
 Abides for ever sure;
 And in its matchless grace we feel
 Our happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
 Our Father art become,
 Jesus our guardian and our friend,
 And heaven our final home;

3 We welcome all thy sovereign will,
 For all that will is love;
 And when we know not what thou dost,
 We wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
 Shall heavenly rays impart,
 And when our eyelids close in death,
 Sustain our fainting heart.

370 C. M.

LET triumphant faith dispel
 The fears of guilt and woe:
 If God be for us, God the Lord,
 Who, who shall be our foe?

2 He who his only Son gave up
 To death, that we might live,
 Shall he not all things freely grant,
 That boundless love can give?

3 Who now his people shall accuse?
 'Tis God hath justified:
 Who now his people shall condemn?
 The Lamb of God hath died.

4 And he who died hath risen again,
 Triumphant from the grave:
 At God's right hand for us he pleads,
 Omnipotent to save.

371 7s.

GOD'S own promise standeth sure;
 Saints shall to the end endure;
 Safely will the Shepherd keep
 Those he purchased for his sheep.

2 Known to him before the sun
 First began its course to run,
 Chosen, called from above,
 Objects of eternal love.

3 Put thy seal upon each heart;
 Thy blest image, Lord, impart;
 All thyself in us reveal;
 We the clay and thou the seal.

4 Every evil, Lord, subdue;
 Make us to our duty true;
 From base affections set us free;
 Dead, to sin, we'll live to thee.

372 4s & 6s.

WHILE here we we sit
 At Jesus' feet,
 Amid the vale of tears;
 We'll trust his grace,
 And sing his praise,
 Nor yield to doubts and fears.

2 And can it be
 That we shall see
 Our Saviour face to face?
 For ever prove
 His boundless love,
 And endless anthems raise.

3 The thought shall still
 Our musings fill,
 By cares and sorrows pressed;
 The blessed hope
 Shall lift us up,
 The hope of endless rest.

4 When God appears
 To wipe the tears
 From every pilgrim eye,
 What tongue can tell
 The joys they'll feel,
 Throughout eternity?

373

L. M.

GOD of salvation, we adore
 Thy saving love, thy saving power;
 And to our utmost stretch of thought
 Hail the redemption thou hast wrought.

2 Perish each thought of human pride;
 Let God alone be magnified;
 His glory let the heavens resound,
 Shouted from earth's remotest bound.

3 Saints, who his full salvation know,
 Saints, who but taste it here below,
 Join every angel's voice to raise
 Continued, never-ending praise.

PRAISE FOR SALVATION.

374

H. M.

YE saints! your music bring,
 And swell the rapturous sound;
 Strike every trembling string,
 Till earth and heaven resound:
 The triumphs of the cross we sing.
 Awake, ye saints! each joyful string.

2 The cross, the cross alone,
 Subdued the powers of hell;
 Like lightning from his throne,
 The prince of darkness fell:
 The triumphs of the cross we sing,
 Awake, ye saints! each joyful string.

3 The cross hath power to save,
 From all the foes that rise:
 The cross hath made the grave
 A passage to the skies:

The triumphs of the cross we sing,
Awake, ye saints! each joyful string.

375 C. M.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound,
Glad tidings to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! buried once in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But now we rise by grace divine,
And see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs:
Our hearts shall kindle at thy name,
Thy name inspire our songs.

CHORUS.

Glory, honour, praise and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
Hallelujah, praise the Lord!

376 H. M.

HAIL, everlasting Spring!
Celestial Fountain, hail!
Thy streams salvation bring;
The waters never fail;
Still they endure, and still they flow,
For all our woe a sovereign cure.

2 Blest be his wounded side,
 And blest his bleeding heart,
 Who all in anguish died,
 Such favours to impart;
 His sacred blood shall make us clean
 From every sin, and fit for God.

3 To that dear source of love,
 Our souls this day would come;
 And thither, from above,
 Lord, call the nations home;
 That Jew and Greek, with rapturous songs
 On all their tongues, thy praise may speak.

377

7s.

SING, our souls, his wondrous love,
 Who, from yon bright throne above,
 Ever watchful o'er our race,
 Still to man extends his grace.

2 Heaven and earth by him were made,
 All is by his sceptre swayed;
 What are we that he should show
 So much love to us below!

3 God, the merciful and good,
 Bought us with the Saviour's blood,
 And, to make our safety sure,
 Guides us by his Spirit pure.

4 Sing, our souls, adore his name,
 Let his glory be our theme:
 Praise him till he calls us home,
 Trust his love for all to come.

378

C. M.

O LORD, if in the book of life
 Our worthless names should stand,
 In fairest characters, inscribed
 By thine unerring hand;

2 Our souls thou wilt by grace prepare
 For crowns above the skies,
 And on our way, from heavenly stores,
 Wilt grant us fresh supplies.

3 Then we to thee, in sweetest strains,
 Will grateful anthems raise:
 But life's too short, our powers too weak,
 To utter half thy praise.

4 Had we ten thousand thousand tongues,
 Not one should silent be;
 Had we ten thousand thousand hearts,
 We'd give them all to thee.

379

12s.

THE voice of free grace cries, Escape
 to the mountain,
 For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened
 a fountain;
 For sin and uncleanness, and every
 transgression,
 His blood flows most freely in streams
 of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath pur-
 chased our pardon,
 We'll praise him again, when we pass
 over Jordan.

2 O Jesus, ride onward, triumphantly glorious,
 O'er sin, death, and hell, thou art more than victorious;
 Thy name is the theme of the great congregation,
 While angels and men raise the shout of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;
 With harps in our hands, we'll praise him the more;
 We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,
 And sing of salvation for ever and ever!
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

ALL-GLORIOUS God! what hymns of praise
 Shall our transported voices raise?
 What ardent love and zeal are due,
 While heaven stands open to our view!

2 Once we were fallen, O how low!
 Just on the brink of hopeless woe!
 When Jesus, from the realms above,
 Borne on the wings of boundless love,

3 Scattered the shades of death and night,
 And spread around his heavenly light;
 By him what wondrous grace is shown
 To souls impoverished and undone!

4 Far, far beyond these mortal shores,
 A bright inheritance is ours;
 Where saints in light our coming wait,
 To share their holy, happy state.

381

C. M.

AND are we now brought near to God,
 Who once at distance stood?
 And, to effect this glorious change,
 Did Jesus shed his blood?

2 O for a song of ardent praise,
 To bear our souls above!

What should allay our lively hope,
 Or damp our flaming love?

3 Then let us join the heavenly choirs,
 To praise our heavenly King.

O may that grace, which he has shown,
 Inspire us while we sing:

4 Glory to God in highest strains,
 And to the earth be peace!

Good-will from heaven to men is come,
 And let it never cease!

382

S. M.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way

To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that grace display
 Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led our roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies each hour we meet,
 While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

383

L. M.

HAIL, sovereign love, that formed the
 plan,
 To save rebellious, ruined man,
 Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
 That gave our souls a hiding-place.

2 Against the God that rules the sky
 We fought, with weapons lifted high,
 We madly ran the sinful race,
 Regardless of a hiding-place.

3 Yet when God's justice rose in view,
 To Sinai's burning mount we flew;
 Keen were the pangs of our distress;
 That mountain was no hiding-place.

4 But a celestial voice we heard,
 A bleeding Saviour then appeared,
 Led by the Spirit of his grace,
 We found in him a hiding-place.

5 On him the weight of vengeance fell,
 That else had sunk a world to hell;
 Then, O our souls, for ever praise
 Our Saviour God, our hiding-place.

384

8s & 7s.

COME, thou fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above:
 Praise, the mount—I'm fixed upon it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
 Hither by thine help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed with precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee:
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
 Seal it from thy courts above.

385

C. M.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
 Beheld our helpless grief;
 He saw, and O, amazing love !
 He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
 With joyful haste he fled,
 Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
 And brake our iron chains ;
 Jesus has freed our captive souls
 From everlasting pains.

5 O, for this love let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak.

6 Angels, assist our mighty joys :
 Strike all your harps of gold ;
 But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.

386

7s.

BOUNLESS glory, Lord ! be thine ;
 Thou hast made the darkness shine ;
 Thou hast sent a cheering ray ;
 Thou hast turned our night to day.

2 Darkness long involved us round,
 Till we knew the joyful sound ;
 Then our darkness fled away,
 Chased by truth's effulgent ray.

3 They are blessed, and none beside ;
 They, who in the truth abide ;

Clear, the light that marks their way,
Leading to eternal day.

4 Guide us, Saviour! through the road,
Till we reach the saints' abode;
Till we see thee throned above,
As thou art—the God of love.

LOVE AND GRATITUDE TO THE SAVIOUR.

387

C. M.

SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Cry the redeemed above,
Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love.

3 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting!
Thy victory, O Grave!

4 Then hallelujah! power and praise
To God in Christ be given;
May all who now this anthem raise
Renew the song in heaven.

388

S. M.

O COME, proclaim abroad
The honours of our King;
To Jesus, our incarnate God,
Glad songs of praises sing.

2 Not angels, round the throne
 Of majesty above,
 Are half so much obliged as we,
 To our Immanuel's love.

3 They never sunk so low,
 They are not raised so high;
 They never knew such depths of woe,
 Such heights of majesty.

4 The Saviour did not join
 Their nature to his own;
 For them he shed no blood divine,
 Nor breathed a single groan.

5 May we with angels vie,
 The Saviour to adore!
 Our debts are greater far than theirs,
 O be our praises more!

389

7s.

JESUS, who but thou had borne,
 Lifted on that tree of scorn,
 Every pang and bitter throe,
 Finishing thy life of woe?

2 Who but thou had dared to drain,
 Steeped in gall, the cup of pain;
 And with tender body bear
 Thorns and nails and piercing spear?

3 Thence poured forth the water flowed,
 Mingled from thy side with blood,
 Sign to all attesting eyes
 Of the finished sacrifice.

4 Holy Jesus! grant us grace
 In thy sacrifice to place
 All our trust for life renewed,
 Pardon'd sin and heavenly good.

390 8s & 7s.

WHO is this that comes from Edom,
 All his raiment stained with blood,
 To the captive speaking freedom,
 Bringing and bestowing good?

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
 Travelling onward in his might.
 'Tis the Saviour; O how glorious
 To his people is the sight!

3 Why that blood his raiment staining?
 'Tis the blood of many slain:
 Of his foes there's none remaining,
 None the contest to maintain.

4 Mighty victor, reign for ever!
 Wear the crown so dearly won!
 Never shall thy people, never,
 Cease to sing what thou hast done!

391 L. M.

A WAKE, my soul! in joyful lays,
 And sing thy great Redeemer's
 praise;
 He justly claims a song from me;
 His loving-kindness—O how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
 He saved me from my lost estate;
 His loving-kindness—O how great!

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness—O how good!

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

392

8s & 7s.

HAIL, thou ever blessed Jesus!
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.

2 O, what mercy flows from heaven,
O, what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once, with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.

4 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness!
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir;
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
While astonished, I admire
God's free grace, and boundless love.

6 That blest moment I received him,
 Filled my soul with joy and peace;
 Love I much? I've much forgiven;
 I'm a miracle of grace.

393 C. M.

WHOM should we praise, O Christ,
 but thee,
 Whose praises angels sing,
 Who the eternal Saviour art
 And the eternal King?

2 From heaven's high court thou didst
 descend,
 Love led thee on thy way;
 Thou saw'st man's fatal wreck, and, lo!
 Thy pity could not stay.

3 This led thee through consuming fire,
 And through deep water-flood,
 With dismal clouds involved thy soul,
 And dyed thy robes in blood.

4 The wine-press of Almighty wrath
 This made thee freely tread,
 With basest outcasts choose thy lot,
 And with the silent dead.

5 O strange effect of saving love!
 What love does this require!
 How should it melt away our souls
 In flames of sacred fire!

6 How should our mouths be filled with
 praise!
 What homage should we pay
 To him who plunged in night for us,
 And turned our night to day!

7 O God of love! O God of might!
 O Prince of souls set free,
 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Eternal praise to thee.

394

7s.

JESUS, lead us, by thy power
 Safe into the promised rest;
 Hide our souls within thine arms,
 Let us lean upon thy breast.

2 Nothing can preserve our going,
 But salvation full and free;
 Nothing can our souls dishearten
 But our absence, Lord, from thee.

3 In thy presence we are happy,
 In thy presence we're secure;
 In thy presence all afflictions
 We can easily endure.

4 In thy presence we can conquer,
 We can suffer, we can die;
 Far from thee, we faint and languish;
 O, our Saviour, keep us nigh.

395

P. M.

ONE there is above all others:
 O how he loves!

His is love beyond a brother's:
 O how he loves!

Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
 One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
 But this Friend will ne'er deceive us:
 O how he loves!

2 'Tis eternal life to know him:
 O how he loves!
 Think, O think how much we owe him:
 O how he loves!
 With his precious blood he bought us,
 In the wilderness he sought us,
 To his fold he safely brought us:
 O how he loves!

3 Through his name we are forgiven:
 O how he loves!
 Backward shall our foes be driven:
 O how he loves!
 Best of blessings he'll provide us,
 Nought but good shall e'er betide us:
 Safe to glory he will guide us:
 O how he loves!

396 8s & 7s.

ONE there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end.
 They who once his kindness prove
 Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconciled in him to God.
 This was boundless love indeed;
 Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
 Friend of Sinners was his name;
 Now above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same.

Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often

What a Friend we have above;
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

397

C. M.

JESUS, the Lord of glory, died,
That we might never die;
And now he reigns supreme, to guide
His people to the sky.

2 Weak though we are, he still is near
To lead, console, defend;
In all our sorrow, all our fear,
Our all-sufficient Friend.

3 And from his love's exhaustless spring
Joys like a river come,
To make the desert bloom and sing,
O'er which we travel home.

4 O Jesus, there is none like thee,
Our Saviour and our Lord!
Through earth and heaven exalted be,
Beloved, obeyed, adored!

398

C. M.

JESUS, and didst thou leave the sky,
To bear our griefs and woes?
And didst thou bleed and groan and die,
For thy rebellious foes?

2 Well might the heavens with wonder view
 A love so strange as thine!
 No thought of angels ever knew
 Compassion so divine!

3 Is there a heart that will not bend
 To thy divine control?
 Descend, O sovereign love, descend
 And melt that stubborn soul.

4 O may our willing hearts confess
 Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;
 Glad captives of thy matchless grace,
 Thy righteous rule obey.

399

C. P. M.

O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art!
 When shall we find our willing heart
 All taken up in thee?
 We thirst, we faint, we die, to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ so free.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
 Its riches are unsearchable;
 The first-born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see;
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, the breadth, the height.

3 O that we could for ever sit,
 With Mary at the Master's feet!
 Be this our happy choice,
 Our only care, delight, and bliss,
 Our joy, our heaven on earth be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

4 O that we could, with favoured John,
 Recline our weary head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast;
 From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
 Give us, O Lord, to find in thee
 Our everlasting rest!

400

C. M.

TO Calvary, Lord, in spirit now
 Our weary souls repair;
 To dwell upon thy dying love,
 And taste its sweetness there.

2 Sweet resting-place of every heart
 That feels the plague of sin,
 Yet knows the deep mysterious joy
 Of peace with God within.

3 There, through thine hour of deepest woe,
 Thy suffering spirit passed;
 Grace there its wondrous victory gained,
 And love endured its last.

4 Dear suffering Lamb! thy bleeding
 wounds,
 With cords of love divine,
 Have drawn our willing hearts to thee,
 And linked our life with thine.

5 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours;
 Dear Lord! we wait to see
 Creation, all below, above,
 Redeemed and blest by thee.

401

7s.

MASTER, see! to thee we bow,
 Thou art Lord, and only thou:

Thou the blessed virgin's seed,
Glory of thy Church, and Head.

2 Thee the angels ceaseless sing,
Thee we praise, our Priest and King;
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

3 Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation, by thee wrought:
Wrought for all thy Church! and we
Worship in their company.

4 We, thy little flock, adore
Thee, the Lord, for evermore!
Ever with us show thy love,
Till we join with those above.

402 C. M.

FOR ever here our rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side:
This all our hope, and all our plea,
For us the Saviour died.

2 Our dying Saviour, and our God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle us ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep us clean.

3 Wash us, and make us thus thine own,
Wash us, and ours thou art,
Wash us, but not our feet alone,
Our hands, our head, our heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all our souls be love.

403

C. M.

JESUS! thy love can we forget,
 And never bring to mind
 The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
 And bade us pardon find?

2 Can we thy life of grief forget,
 Thy fasting and thy prayer;
 Thy locks with mountain vapours wet,
 To save us from despair?

3 Gethsemane can we forget,
 Thy struggling agony;
 When night lay dark on Olivet,
 And none to watch with thee?

4 Our sorrows and our sins were laid
 On thee alone, on thee:
 Thy precious blood our ransom paid,
 Thine all the glory be!

5 Life's brightest joys we may forget,
 Our kindred cease to love;
 But He who paid our hopeless debt,
 Our constancy shall prove.

404

C. M.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
 Upon the Saviour's brow;
 His head with radiant glories crowned,
 His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,
 Among the sons of men;
 Fairer is he than all the fair
 Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw us plunged in deep distress,
 And flew to our relief;
 For us he bore the shameful cross,
 And carried all our grief.

4 To him we owe our life and breath,
 And all the joys we have;
 He makes us triumph over death,
 And saves us from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
 He brings our weary feet,
 Shows us the glories of our God,
 And makes our joys complete.

6 Since from his bounty we receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had we a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord! they should all be thine.

405 8s & 7s.

JESUS, Lord of life and glory!
 Friend of sinners, hear our lays;
 Humbly would our souls adore thee,
 Sing thy name in hymns of praise.

2 O what debtors to thy kindness
 Are we, God of boundless love!
 Thousands wander on in blindness,
 Strangers to the light above.

3 Jesus, on thine arm relying,
 We would tread this earthly vale;
 Be our life when we are dying;
 Be our strength when strength shall fail.

4 Let us mount the hills of glory,
 Far from sins, and woes, and pains;
 There, in perfect songs adore thee,
 And in everlasting strains.

406 5s & 6s.

OUR Saviour alone,
 The Lord let us bless,
 Who reigns on his throne,
 The Prince of our peace;
 Who evermore saves us,
 By shedding his blood:
 All hail, holy Jesus,
 Our Lord and our God!

2 We thankfully sing
 Thy glory and praise,
 Thou merciful Spring
 Of pity and grace;
 Thy kindness for ever
 To men we will tell;
 And say, our dear Saviour
 Redeemed us from hell.

3 Preserve us in love,
 While here we abide:
 O never remove
 Thy presence, nor hide
 Thy glorious salvation;
 Till each of us see,
 With joy, the blest vision,
 Completed in thee!

407 7s & 6s.

O LORD, thy love's unbounded!
 So full, so sweet, so free!

Our thoughts are all confounded,
 Whene'er we think on thee:
 For us thou camest from heaven,
 For us to bleed and die;
 That, purchased and forgiven,
 We might ascend on high.

2 O! let this love constrain us
 To give our hearts to thee;
 Let nothing henceforth pain us,
 But that which paineth thee.
 Our joy, our one endeavour,
 Through suffering, conflict, shame,
 To serve thee, gracious Saviour,
 And magnify thy name.

408

C. M.

Do not we love thee, blessed Lord?
 Behold our heart and see;
 And turn the dearest idol out,
 That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still
 To our attentive ear?
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
 Our Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
 We would disdain to feed?
 Hast thou a foe before whose face
 We fear thy cause to plead?

4 Would not our heart pour forth its blood
 In honour of thy name?
 And challenge the cold hand of death
 To damp the immortal flame?

5 Thou knowest that we love thee, Lord;
 But O! we long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 And learn to love thee more.

409

C. M.

TEACH us yet more of thy blest ways,
 Thou Holy Lamb of God;
 And fix and root us in the grace,
 So dearly bought with blood.

2 O tell us often of each wound,
 Of every grief and pain;
 And let our hearts with joy confess,
 From hence comes all our gain.

3 For this, O may we freely count
 Whate'er we have but loss;
 And every name, and every thing,
 Compared with thee, but dross.

4 Engrave this deeply on our hearts
 With an eternal pen;
 That thus we may, in some degree,
 Return thy love again.

410

S. M.

THE wonders of that love
 No earthly tongue can tell,
 Which brought our Saviour from above
 To ransom us from hell.

2 For us he wept and bled,
 And suffered all his pain;
 For us was numbered with the dead,
 And rose to life again.

3 And still for us he prays,
 And makes our souls his care;
He loves to hear our feeble praise,
 And listens to our prayer.

4 Lord Jesus! grant that we
 May know thy saving grace;
On earth thy humble followers be,
 In heaven behold thy face.

411

LET us chant melodious hymns,
Loud as those of cherubims;
Join with heart and tongue to bless
Christ our strength and righteousness.

- 2 All our praise to thee belongs,
Theme of our sublimest songs;
Object of our choicest love,
Thee we laud with hosts above.
- 3 Thee we hail with joint acclaim,
Shout the glories of thy name;
Ever may we feel thee thus,
Dear Immanuel, God with us!
- 4 Prince of peace, thy people see,
All our thanks we aim at thee;
Deign our tribute to receive,
Praise is all we have to give.

412 C. M.

O JESUS! Jesus! dearest Lord,
 Forgive us, if we say
For very love, thy sacred name
 A thousand times a day.

2 We love thee so, we know not how
 Our transports to control;
 Thy love is like a burning fire
 Within our very soul.

3 For thou to us art all in all,
 Our honour and our wealth;
 Our heart's desire, our body's strength,
 Our soul's eternal health.

4 Burn, burn, O love, within our heart
 Burn fiercely night and day,
 Till all the dross of earthly love
 Is burned and burned away.

413

C. M.

JESUS! the very thought of thee
 With sweetness fills the breast;
 But sweeter far thy face to see,
 And in thy presence rest.

2 Jesus! may all thy saving name,
 Thy wondrous love adore,
 And seeking thee, themselves inflame
 To seek thee more and more.

3 Jesus! who dost all hearts below
 With life and light inspire,
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 All that we can desire.

4 Jesus! our only joy be thou,
 As thou our prize wilt be;
 Jesus! be thou our glory now,
 And through eternity.

414

C. M. D.

WE love thee, Lord, because when we
 Had err'd and gone astray,
 Thou didst recall our wandering souls
 Into the homeward way:
 When helpless, hopeless, we were lost
 In sin and sorrow's night,
 Thou didst send forth a guiding ray
 Of thy benignant light.

2 Because when we forsook thy ways,

Nor kept thy holy will,

Thou wert not an avenging Judge,
 But a gracious Father still:

Because we have forgot thee, Lord,
 But thou hast not forgot;

Because we have forsaken thee,
 But thou forsakest not.

3 Because, O Lord, thou lovedst us

With everlasting love:

Because thou gavest thy Son to die,
 That we might live above:

Because, when we were heirs of wrath,
 Thou gavest us hopes of heaven:

We love, because we much have sinned,
 And much have been forgiven.

415

8s, 7s & 4s.

GLORY, glory everlasting,

Be to him who bore the cross,

Who redeemed our souls by tasting

Death, the death deserved by us:

Spread his glory,

Who redeemed his people thus.

2 His is love, 'tis love unbounded,
 Without measure, without end;
 Human thought is here confounded,
 'Tis too vast to comprehend;
 Praise the Saviour!
 Magnify the sinner's friend!

3 While we hear the wondrous story
 Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
 Sing we "Everlasting glory
 Be to God and to the Lamb;"
 Saints and angels
 Give ye glory to his name.

416

7s.

WHEN this passing world is done,
 When has sunk yon glaring sun,
 When we stand with Christ in glory
 Looking o'er life's finished story,
 Then, Lord, shall we fully know,
 Not till then, how much we owe.

2 When we stand before thy throne,
 Dressed in beauty not our own,
 When we see thee as thou art,
 Love thee with unsinning heart,
 Then, Lord, shall we fully know,
 Not till then, how much we owe.

3 Even on earth, as through a glass
 Darkly, let thy glory pass:
 Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
 Make thy Spirit's help so meet,
 Even on earth, Lord, make us know
 Something of how much we owe.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, DESIRES, AND FELLOWSHIP.

417

L. M.

BLEST are the men whose mercies move
To acts of kindness and of love;
From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

2 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are
clean,

Who never tread the ways of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

3 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God—the God of peace.

4 Blest are the faithful, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Eternal life is their reward.

418

S. M.

HAD we the gift of tongues,
Great God, without thy grace,
Our loudest words, our loftiest songs,
Would be but sounding brass.

2 Though thou should'st give us skill
Each mystery to explain;
Without a heart to do thy will,
Our knowledge would be vain.

3 Had we such faith in God,
 As mountains to remove,
 No faith could work effectual good,
 That did not work by love.

4 Grant, then, this one request,
 Whatever be denied,
 That love divine may rule our breast,
 And all our actions guide.

419

L. M.

FATHER of spirits, grant that we
 May more and more resemble thee;
 Daily from strength to strength proceed,
 Christians in name, and so in deed.

2 In our whole lives do we express,
 The truth and energy of grace:
 A lively faith, an humble fear,
 And be in truth what we appear.

3 By our exact obedience show,
 What we to thy rich mercy owe;
 And thus a bright example give,
 To teach the world how they should live.

4 Not tire, nor stop, but still press on,
 To finish well the course begun;
 And then receive the great reward,
 For such, and only such, prepared.

420

7s.

PRINCE of Peace, control our will;
 Bid our struggling heart be still;
 Bid our fears and doubtings cease,
 Hush our spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought us with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God:
Peace we ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not ours, be done;
May thy will and ours be one:
Chase these doubtings from our heart;
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour! at thy feet we fall;
Thou our life, our God, our all!
Let thy happy servants be
One for evermore with thee!

421 L. M.

JESUS! our best beloved Friend,
On thy redeeming name we call;
Jesus! in love to us descend,
Pardon and sanctify us all.

2 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands;
O take our hearts—our hearts are thine,
Accept the service of our hands.

3 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
Our Master's voice will we obey,
Toil in thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of our day.

4 Yet, Lord! for us a resting-place,
In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare,
And, till we see thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

422

C. M.

THOU Fount of blessing, God of love,
 To thee our hearts we raise;
 Thine all-sustaining power we prove,
 And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we long to be;
 Our sacrifice receive;
 Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
 To thee ourselves we give.

3 To thee our every wish aspires;
 For all thy mercy's store,
 The sole return thy love requires
 Is, that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask; we open, Lord,
 Our hearts to embrace thy will:
 Renew us by thy quickening word,
 And from thy fulness fill.

423

7s.

MIGHTY GOD, we humbly pray,
 Let thy power so bear the sway,
 That in all things we may show
 We in thy blest likeness grow.

2 Grant that all of us may prove,
 By obedience, faith, and love,
 That our hearts to thee are given,
 That our treasure is in heaven.

3 May it in our walk be seen,
 That we have with Jesus been,
 That as king o'er us he reigns,
 And unrivalled sway maintains.

4 Then shall we in every state,
 Soul and body dedicate
 Unto him who for us died,
 Till with him we're glorified.

424 C. M.

O COULD we find from day to day,
 A nearness to our God,
 Then would our hours glide sweet away,
 While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, we desire with thee to live
 Anew from day to day,
 In joys the world can never give,
 Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule our heart,
 And make us wholly thine,
 That we may never more depart,
 Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till our last, expiring breath,
 Thy goodness we'll adore;
 And when our frame dissolves in death,
 Our souls shall love thee more.

425 L. M.

WHAT is our being, but for Thee,
 Its sure support, its noblest end?
 We live thy smiling face to see,
 And serve the cause of such a friend.

2 We would not breathe for worldly joy,
 Or to increase our worldly good;
 Nor future days or powers employ
 To spread a sounding name abroad.

3 'Tis to our Saviour we would live;
 To him who for our ransom died;
 Nor could the bowers of Eden give
 Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

4 His work our hoary age shall bless,
 When youthful vigour is no more
 And the last hour of life confess
 His dying love's constraining power.

426 8s & 7s.

LOVE Divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven to earth come down;
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown;
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
 Into every trembling breast:
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest:
 Take away the love of sinning,
 Take our load of guilt away;
 End the work of thy beginning,
 Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation,
 Pure and holy may we be;
 Let us see our whole salvation,
 Perfectly secured by thee;
 Change from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

427

S. M.

OUR Father bids us come,
O, why do we delay?

He calls the wandering spirit home,
And yet from him we stay!

2 Father the hinderance show

Which we have failed to see;

And let us now consent to know
What keeps us far from thee.

3 Searcher of hearts, divine,

Our secret soul display;

Into the darkest corner shine,
Take every veil away.

4 In us the hinderance lies;

The fatal bar remove,

And let us see, in sweet surprise,
Thy full redeeming love.

428

C. M.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew

When first I saw the Lord?

Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!

How sweet their memory still!

But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet Messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

429

7s.

HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be!

2 Jesus, see our panting breast;
See, we pant in thee to rest;
Gladly would we now be clean;
Cleanse us now from every sin.

3 Fix, O fix our wavering mind;
To thy cross our spirit bind:
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up our souls in love.

4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of thy blood!

430

7s.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee;
 Let us in thy name agree;
 Thou who art the Prince of Peace;
 Bid our sins for ever cease.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
 Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
 Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
 Altogether like our Lord.

3 Let us for each other care;
 Each the other's burden bear;
 To thy Church the pattern give;
 Show how true believers live.

4 Free from anger and from pride,
 Let us thus in God abide;
 All the depths of love express,
 All the heights of holiness.

5 Let us then with joy remove
 To the family above;
 On the wings of angels fly,
 Show how true believers die.

431

C. M.

LORD JESUS, are we one with thee?
 O! height, O! depth of love!
 With thee we died upon the tree,
 In thee we live above.

2 Such was thy grace that for our sake
 Thou didst from heaven come down,
 Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
 In all our misery one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
 Were borne on earth by thee;
 The gall, the curse, the wrath were thine,
 To set thy members free.

4 Ascended now in glory bright,
 Still one with us thou art;
 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
 Thy saints and thee can part.

5 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day
 When, seated on thy throne,
 Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
 That thou with us art one.

432

S. M.

OUR Heavenly Father calls,
 And Christ invites us near;
 With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
 And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs:
 He pardons every day;
 Almighty to protect our souls,
 And wise to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are!
 What various stores of good,
 Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
 And purchased with his blood!

4 Jesus, our living head,
 We bless thy faithful care;
 Our Advocate before the throne,
 And our forerunner there.

5 Here fix, our roving heart!
Here wait, our warmest love!
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

433

S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

434

S. M.

DEAR Saviour, we are thine,
 By everlasting bands;
 Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
 And souls, into thy hands.

- 2 Accepted for thy sake,
 And justified by faith,
 We of thy righteousness partake,
 And find in thee our life.
- 3 To thee we still would cleave,
 With ever growing zeal;
 If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
 O let them ne'er prevail.
- 4 Thy Spirit shall unite
 Our souls to thee our head;
 Shall form us to thy image bright,
 That we thy paths may tread.
- 5 Death may our souls divide
 From these abodes of clay;
 But love shall keep us near thy side,
 Through all the gloomy way.
- 6 Since Christ and we are one,
 Why should we doubt or fear?
 Since he in heaven has fixed his throne,
 He'll fix his members there.

435

8s, 7s & 4s.

SAVIOUR, like a Shepherd lead us;
 Much we need thy tender care:
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us;
 For our use thy folds prepare.
 Blessed Jesus!
 Thou hast bought us; thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us;
 Be the guardian of our way;
 Keep thy flock, from sin defend us;
 Seek us when we go astray.

Blessed Jesus!

Listen to us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free.

Blessed Jesus!

Let us early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favour,
 Early let us do thy will;
 Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
 With thy grace our bosom fill.

Blessed Jesus!

Thou hast loved us, love us still.

436

C. M.

FOR all thy saints, O God,
 Who strove in Christ to live,
 Who followed him, obeyed, adored,
 Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all thy saints, O God,
 Accept our thankful cry,
 Who counted Christ their great reward,
 And yearned for him to die.

3 They all, in life and death,
 With him, their Lord, in view,
 Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
 To suffer and to do.

4 For this thy name we bless,
 And humbly pray that we
 May follow them in holiness,
 And live and die in thee.

PENITENCE AND SUPPLICATION.

437 8s, 7s & 4s.

WHILE we lowly bow before thee,
 Wilt thou, gracious Saviour, hear?
 We are poor and needy sinners,
 Full of doubt and full of fear;
 Gracious Saviour,
 Make us humble and sincere.

2 Fill us with thy Holy Spirit;
 Sanctify us by thy grace;
 And incline us more to love thee,
 And in dust our souls abase:
 Hear us Saviour,
 And unveil thy glorious face.

3 None in vain did ever ask thee
 For the Spirit of thy love;
 Hear us then, dear Saviour, hear us,
 Grant an answer from above:
 Blessed Saviour,
 Hear and answer from above.

438 7s.

SON of Man, to whom is given,
 With the Majesty of Heaven,
 Partner thou of man's estate,
 For mankind to meditate:

Hear us, when to thee we plead
For thy flock to intercede.

2 Son of God, to whom of right,
Partner of thy Father's might,
Sole, adorable, and true,
Empire o'er the world is due:
Hear us, when to thee we call
For thy blessing, Lord of all!

3 Saviour of the world, to thee
Ever bows the Church her knee;
Thee, her only Advocate,
Thee, exalted to thy state,
With the Holy Ghost most high
In the Father's Majesty.

439

C. M.

GOD of all grace, we bring to thee
A broken contrite heart;
Give, what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward part.

2 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence
To hear thy voice and live:

3 Faith in the holy sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes
On Christ, on Christ alone:

4 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay.

440

C. M.

A LMIGHTY Father, God of grace,
We all, like sheep, astray,
In folly from thy paths have turned
Each to his sinful way.

2 Sins of omission, and of heart,
Through all our lives abound;
Alas! in thought, and word, and deed,
No health in us is found.

3 O spare us, Lord! in mercy spare!
Our contrite hearts restore,
Through him who suffered on the cross,
And man's transgressions bore.

4 And grant, O Father! for his sake,
That we through all our days,
A just and godly life may lead,
To thy eternal praise.

441

7s.

S OVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet we fall;
Hear, O, hear our earnest cry;
Frown not, lest we faint and die.

2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Chief of sinners we have been;
Oft have sinned before thy face;
Trampled on thy richest grace.

3 Justly might the fatal dart
Pierce our guilty, broken heart;
Justly might thy righteous breath
Doom us to eternal death.

4 Jesus, save our dying soul;
 Make our broken spirit whole.
 Humbled in the dust we lie;
 Saviour, leave us not to die.

442 C. M. D.

GREAT God, wert thou severe to mark
 The deeds we do amiss,
 Before thy presence who could stand?
 Who claim thy promised bliss?
 But O, thou merciful and just,
 Thy love surpasseth thought;
 A gracious Saviour has appeared,
 And peace and pardon brought.

3 Thy servants in the temple watched
 The dawning of the day,
 Impatient with its earliest beams
 Their holy vows to pay;
 And chosen saints far off beheld
 That great and glorious morn,
 When the glad dayspring from on high
 Auspiciously should dawn.

3 On us the Sun of Righteousness
 Its brightest beams hath poured;
 With grateful hearts and holy zeal,
 Lord, be thy love adored;
 And let us look with joyful hope
 To that more glorious day,
 Before whose brightness, sin and death,
 And grief, shall flee away.

443 10s & 7s.

FORGIVE our folly, O Lord most holy;
 Cleanse us from every stain;

For thee we languish; pity our anguish,
Nor let our sighing be vain.

2 Deeply repenting, sorely lamenting,
All our departures from thee;
And now returning, thine absence mourn-
ing,
To us, thy great mercy be.

3 Sinful, unworthy, trembling before thee,
Here at thy cross will we kneel;
Thy love once bleeding, now interceding,
Shall for our ransom avail.

4 Through thy rich merit, by thy free Spirit,
Comfort our desolate soul:
Heavenly Physician, in kind compassion
Now bid the wounded be whole.

444

C. M.

O INJURED Majesty of heaven,
Look from thy holy throne,
While prostrate rebels own with grief
What treasons they have done.

2 Thy grace, where sin abounded most,
Reigns with superior sway;
And pardons bought with Jesus' blood,
To rebels doth display.

3 While love its grateful anthems tunes,
Tears mingle with the song;
Our heart with tender anguish bleeds,
That we such grace should wrong.

4 How shall we lift these guilty eyes
To our offended Lord?

Or how, beneath his heaviest strokes,
Pronounce one murmuring word?

4 Remorse and shame our lips have sealed:
But, O our Father, speak;
And all the harmony of heaven
Shall through the silence break.

445 C. M.

THE Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Through life's brief, fleeting hour,
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;
Obedience is our life.

3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray;
For soon the hour will come
That calls us from the earth away,
To our eternal home.

4 O Saviour, we would watch and pray,
And hear thy sacred voice,
And walk, as thou hast marked the way,
To heaven's eternal joys.

446 7s.

LORD, we lie before thy feet;
Look on all our deep distress;
Thy rich mercy may we meet;
Clothe us with thy righteousness;
Stretch forth thy almighty hand;
Hold us up, and we shall stand.

2 O that closer we could cleave
 To thy bleeding, dying breast!
 Give us firmly to believe,
 And to enter into rest.
 Lord, increase, increase our faith;
 Make us faithful unto death!

3 Let us trust thee evermore;
 Every moment on thee call
 For new life, new will, new power;
 Let us trust thee, Lord, for all!
 May we nothing know beside
 Jesus, and him crucified!

447

S. M.

O THOU who hearest prayer,
 Thou God of power and might;
 To seek thy face be all our care,
 And our supreme delight.

2 O God of grace and love,
 Regard us from thy throne;
 Send down to us the heavenly Dove,
 And seal us as thine own.

3 We have no other trust,
 But thy dear sacrifice;
 Our hope, thou holy One and just,
 Thou never wilt despise.

4 Sinful, we plead thy blood,
 Weak, we implore thy power;
 Saviour, remember us for good
 In danger's trying hour.

5 Come with thy saving strength,
 With healing virtue come;
 And let thy guiding hand at length
 Conduct us safely home.

448

L. M.

O JESUS, full of truth and grace,
 More full of grace than we of sin;
 We now would flee to thine embrace;
 Open thine arms and take us in!

2 The stone to flesh do thou convert;
 And all our guilt and sin remove;
 Sprinkle thy blood upon our heart,
 And melt it by thy dying love.

3 Give to our eyes refreshing tears,
 And kindle our relentings now;
 Fill all our souls with filial fears:
 To thy sweet yoke our spirit bow.

4 O give us, Lord, the tender heart,
 That trembles at the approach of sin;
 A godly fear of sin impart;
 Implant and root it deep within!

449

L. M.

FORGIVE us, Lord! to thee we cry,
 Forgive us through thy matchless
 grace?
 On thee alone our souls rely,
 Be thou our strength and righteousness.

2 Forgive thou us, as we forgive
 The ills we suffer from our foes;
 Restore us, Lord! and bid us live;
 O, let us in thine arms repose.

3 Forgive us, for our guilt is great,
 Our wretched souls no merit claim;
 For sovereign mercy still we wait,
 And ask but in the Saviour's name.

4 Forgive us, O thou bleeding Lamb!
 Thou risen, thou exalted Lord!
 Thou great High Priest! our souls redeem,
 And speak the pardon-sealing word.

450 S. M.

THOU gracious God and kind,
 O cast our sins away;
 Nor call our former guilt to mind,
 Thy justice to display.

2 Thy tenderest mercies show,
 Thy richest grace prepare,
 Ere yet, with guilty fears laid low,
 We perish in despair.

3 Save us from guilt and shame,
 Our fears and doubts allay,
 And for the great Redeemer's name,
 O, wash our sins away.

451 8s & 7s.

JESUS, full of all compassion,
 Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
 Let us know thy great salvation,
 See, we languish, faint, and die.

2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
 Overwhelm'd with helpless grief;
 Prostrate at thy feet repenting;
 Send, O send us quick relief!

3 Whither should we now be flying,
 But to him who comfort gives?
 Whither, from the dread of dying,
 But to him who ever lives?

4 Saved—the deed shall spread new glory
 Through the shining realms above;
 Angels sing the pleasing story,
 All enraptured with thy love.

452

7s.

BY thy birth and by thy tears,
 By thy human griefs and fears,
 By thy conflict in the hour
 Of the subtle tempter's power,
 Saviour, look with pitying eye;
 Saviour, help us, or we die!

2 By the tenderness that wept
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
 By the bitter tears that flowed
 Over Salem's lost abode,
 Saviour, look with pitying eye;
 Saviour, help us, or we die!

3 By thine hour of dark despair,
 By thine agony of prayer,
 By thy cross and dying cries,
 By thy one great sacrifice,
 Saviour, look with pitying eye;
 Saviour, help us, or we die!

4 By thy triumph o'er the grave,
 By thy power the lost to save,
 By thy high majestic throne,
 By the empire all thine own,
 Saviour, look with pitying eye;
 Saviour, help us, or we die!

453

C. M.

ETERNAL Saviour, God of love,
 Abused, insulted Friend,
 O, from thy lofty throne above,
 Thy saving mercy send.

2 Here lies our naked, guilty heart,
 Before thy piercing eye;
 To us thy healing touch impart;
 O, reach us, for we die.

3 All that our future life shall know
 Of love, and joy, and light,
 Shall burn for thee, and shine and glow
 By thine effectual might.

4 Thus to thy claim our trembling souls
 Their sweet submission bring,
 And thus, while changing ages roll,
 Shall rest beneath thy wing.

454

L. M.

HEALTH of the weak, to make them
 strong!

Refuge of sinners, and their song!
 Comfort of each afflicted breast!
 Haven of hope in realms of rest!

2 Lord of the patriarchs gone before!
 Light of the prophets' sacred lore!
 Deign from thy throne our hope to be,
 And hear our lowly litany.

3 Lead us, O Spirit, to the Son,
 To taste and feel what he has done;
 To lay us low before his cross,
 And reckon all beside as dross;

4 To speak, and think, and will, and move,
 And love, as thou wouldest have us love;
 O, look upon our bended knee,
 And hear our heart's own litany!

455 S. M.

LORD, to our prayer attend,
 Our help and refuge be;
 Remote, and rest of every friend,
 We turn for all to thee.

2 O, lead us to the rock,
 Where we may safe remain;
 Our shield from many a former shock,
 Defend us now again.

3 Within thy shrine we rest,
 Beneath thy wings we flee;
 Among the holy and the blest
 Our place and portion be.

4 O, let us there be found,
 Through all our future days!
 Let mercy, Lord, to us abound,
 To thee redoubled praise!

456 7s & 5s.

LORD of mercy and of might,
 Of mankind the life and light,
 Maker, Teacher, Infinite;
 Jesus! hear and save.

2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
 Humbled to a little child,
 Captive, beaten, bound, reviled;
 Jesus! hear and save.

3 Borne aloft on angels' wings,
 Throned above celestial things,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings;
 Jesus! hear and save.

4 Soon to come to earth again,
 Judge of angels and of men,
 Hear us now, and hear us then;
 Jesus! hear and save.

457

C. M.

O HELP us, Lord; each hour of need
 Thy heavenly succour give;
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth we live.

2 O, help us when our spirits bleed,
 With contrite anguish sore;
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,
 O, help us, Lord, the more.

3 O, help us through the prayer of faith,
 More firmly to believe;
 For still the more the servant hath,
 The more shall he receive.

4 O, help us, Father, from on high,
 We know no help but thee;
 O, help us so to live and die,
 As thine in heaven to be.

458

S. M.

LORD, we would come to thee,
 As sinners all defiled;
 O, take the stain of guilt away,
 And own us each thy child.

2 We cannot live in sin,
 And feel a Saviour's love;
 Thy blood can make our spirits clean,
 And write our names above.

3 Among thy little flock
 We need the Shepherd's care;
 Pour waters from the smitten Rock,
 And pastures green prepare.

4 Blest Shepherd, we are thine;
 Still keep us in thy fear;
 Now fill our hearts with grace divine;
 Bring thy salvation near.

459

7s.

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
 Mercy still, O Lord, in thee?
 Canst thou still thy wrath forbear,
 And the chief of sinners spare?

2 We have long withheld thy grace;
 Long provoked thee to thy face;
 Would not hear thy gracious calls;
 Grieved thee by a thousand falls.

3 Jesus, answer from above:
 Is not all thy nature love?
 Wilt thou not our crimes forget?
 Lo, we fall before thy feet.

4 Lord, incline us to repent!
 Help us now our fall lament;
 Deeply our revolt deplore;
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

460

L. M.

WE pray thee, wounded Lamb of God,
 Cleanse us in thy atoning blood;
 Grant us faith to view thy cross,
 Then life or death is gain to us.

2 Take our poor hearts and let them be
 For ever closed to all but thee;
 Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
 That pledge of love for ever there.

3 What are our works but sin and death,
 Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe;
 Until we strength from thee derive,
 And in communion with thee live.

461

L. M.

O GOD! who knowest how frail we are,
 How soon the thought of good departs;
 We pray that thou wouldest feed the fount
 Of holy yearning in our hearts.

2 Let not the choking cares of earth
 The precious springs of life o'ergrow;
 But, ever guarded by thy love,
 Still purer may their waters flow.

3 To thee, with sweeter hope and trust,
 Be every day our spirits given;
 And may we, while we walk on earth,
 Walk more as citizens of heaven.

462

7s.

JESUS, God of love, attend,
 From thy glorious throne descend;
 Answer now some waiting heart,
 Now some hardened soul convert.

2 To our Advocate we fly,
 Let us feel Immanuel nigh;
 Manifest thy love abroad,
 Make us now the sons of God.

3 Hover round us, King of kings,
 Rise with healing in thy wings;
 Melt our obstinacy down,
 Cause us to become thine own:

4 Set, O set the captives free,
 Draw our backward souls to thee;
 Let us all from thee receive
 Light to see and life to live.

463

7s.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
 When our bitter tears o'erflow;
 When we mourn the lost, the dear,
 Gracious Son of David, hear!

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
 Thou our mortal grief hast borne,
 Thou hast shed the human tear:
 Gracious Son of David, hear!

3 When the sullen death-bell tolls
 For our own departed souls,
 When our final doom is near,
 Gracious Son of David, hear!

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head;
 Thou the blood of life hast shed;
 Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
 Gracious Son of David, hear!

5 When the heart is sad within
 With the thought of all its sin,
 When the spirit shrinks with fear,
 Gracious Son of David, hear!

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known
 Though the sins were not thine own,
 Thou hast deigned their load to bear,
 Gracious Son of David, hear!

464

7s.

GENTLY, gently lay thy rod
 On our sinful head, O God!
 Stay thy wrath, in mercy stay,
 Lest we sink beneath its sway.

2 Heal us, for our flesh is weak;
 Heal us, for thy grace we seek;
 This the only plea we make;
 Heal us for thy mercy's sake.

3 Who, within the silent grave,
 Shall proclaim thy power to save?
 Lord! our sinking souls reprieve;
 Speak, and we shall rise and live.

4 Lo! He comes, he heeds our plea;
 Lo! He comes, the shadows flee;
 Glory round us dawns once more;
 Rise, our spirits, and adore!

CONFLICTS AND TRIALS.

465

L. M.

LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
 The obscure abyss of Providence;
 Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
 Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Now thou arrayest thine awful face
 In angry frowns, without a smile:

We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Through seas and storms of deep distress,
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the briars, and the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

466

S. M.

THY way is in the sea;
Thy paths we cannot trace;
Nor solve, O Lord, the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of sense
Our captive souls surround;
Mysterious deeps of Providence
Our wondering thoughts confound.

3 As through a glass we see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do we know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

4 In part we know thy will,
And bless thee for the sight:
Soon will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light.

5 With joy shall we survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

467 8s & 7s.

GOD is love; his mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove;
 Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;

Man decays, and ages move;
 But his mercy waneth never;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

3 Even the hour that darkest seemeth,

Will his changeless goodness prove;
 From the gloom his brightness streameth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth

Hope and comfort from above;
 Everywhere his glory shineth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

468

S. M.

OUR times are in thy hand,
 O God, we wish them there;
 Our life, our friends, our souls we leave
 Entirely to thy care.

2 Our times are in thy hand,

Whatever they may be,
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
 As best may seem to thee.

3 Our times are in thy hand,

Why should we doubt or fear?
 A Father's hand will never cause
 His child a needless tear.

4 Our times are in thy hand,
 Jesus, the crucified;
 The hand our many sins have pierced,
 Is now our guard and guide.

5 Our times are in thy hand,
 We'll always trust in thee,
 Till we have left this weary land,
 And all thy glory see.

469 C. M.

A PILGRIM through this sinful world
 The blessed Saviour passed;
 A mourner all his life was he,
 A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart that felt for all,
 For us its life-blood gave;
 It found on earth no resting-place,
 Save only in the grave.

3 Such wert thou, Lord, and shall we fear
 The cross with all its scorn?
 Or love a faithless evil world
 That wreathed thy brow with thorn?

4 No, facing all its frowns or smiles,
 Like thee, obedient still,
 We homeward press, thro' storm or calm,
 To Zion's blessed hill.

470 7s & 6s.

WHEN human hopes all wither,
 And friends no aid supply,
 Then whither, Lord, ah! whither
 Can turn our anxious eye?

'Mid storms of grief still rougher,
 'Midst darker, deadlier shade,
 That cross where thou didst suffer,
 On Calvary was displayed.

2 On that our gaze we fasten,
 Our refuge that we make;
 Though sorely thou mayest chasten,
 Thou never canst forsake.
 Thou, on that cross didst languish
 Ere glory crowned thy head!
 And we, through death, and anguish,
 Must be to glory led.

471

L. M.

FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full and free,
 What need we that is not in thee?
 Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
 And peace which none can take away.

2 Doth sickness fill the heart with fear?
 'Tis sweet to know that thou art near;
 Are we with dread of justice tried?
 'Tis sweet to feel that Christ hath died.

3 In life, thy promises of aid
 Forbid our hearts to be afraid;
 In death, peace gently veils the eyes;
 Christ rose, and we shall surely rise.

4 O, all-sufficient Saviour! we
 Put our whole trust alone in thee;
 Nor pain, nor sin, nor death can harm
 The weakest, shielded by thine arm.

472

7S.

WE would leave, O God, to thee,
 Every anxious care and fear;
 Thou the troubled thought canst see,
 Thou canst dry the bitter tear.

2 Thou dost care for us, we know;
 Care with all a Father's love;
 Thou canst make each earthly woe
 Work to higher bliss above.

3 On this faith we fain would rest;
 Strengthen thou its blessed power!
 Steadfast keep it in our breast,
 Through each dark and trying hour.

473

C. M.

AFFLICTIONS are thy servants, Lord,
 They come at thy command;
 We'll not attempt a murmuring word
 Against thy chastening hand.

2 Yet may we plead with humble cries,
 Remove the sharp rebukes;
 Our strength consumes, our spirit dies,
 Through thy repeated strokes.

3 In anger, Lord, rebuke us not,
 Withdraw these dreadful storms;
 Nor let thy fury grow so hot,
 Against poor feeble worms.

4 O hear when dust and ashes speak,
 And pity all our pain;
 O save us, for thy mercy's sake!
 O send us health again!

474

C. M.

THY way is in the deep, O Lord!
 E'en there we'll go with thee;
 We'll meet the tempest at thy word,
 And walk upon the sea!

2 Poor tremblers at thy rougher wind,
 Why do we doubt thee so?

Who gives the storm, a path will find
 The way our feet shall go.

3 A moment may thy hand be lost,
 Drear moment of delay!

We cry, "Lord, help the tempest-tossed,"
 And safe we're borne away.

4 The Lord yields nothing to our fears,
 And flies from selfish care;
 But comes himself, where'er he hears
 The voice of loving prayer.

475

C. M.

WHEN waves of troubles round us
 swell,
 Our souls are not dismayed;
 We hear a voice we know full well,
 "Tis I; be not afraid."

2 When black the threatening skies appear,
 And storms our path invade,
 Those accents tranquillize each fear,
 "Tis I; be not afraid."

3 There is a gulf that must be crossed;
 Saviour, be near to aid!

Whisper, when our frail bark is tossed,
 "Tis I; be not afraid."

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,
 Death hides within its shade;
 O say when flesh and heart shall fail,
 "Tis I; be not afraid."

476 8s, 7s & 4s.

IN the floods of tribulation,
 While the billows o'er us roll,
 Jesus whispers consolation,
 And supports our fainting soul;
 Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, praise the Lord!

2 In his darkest dispensations,
 Fathful doth the Lord appear,
 With his richest consolations,
 To reanimate and cheer:
 Sweet affliction,
 Thus to bring our Saviour near.

3 In the sacred page recorded
 Thus his word securely stands;
 "Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
 Nought shall pluck you from my
 hands;"
 Sweet affliction,
 Every word our love demands.

477 8s.

O THOU whose compassionate care
 Forbids our fond hearts to complain,
 Now graciously teach us to bear
 The weight of affliction and pain.

2 Though cheerless our days seems to flow,
 Though weary and wakeful our nights,

What comfort it gives us to know
'Tis the hand of a Father that smites!

3 A tender physician thou art,
Who woundest in order to heal,
And comfort divine dost impart
To soften the anguish we feel.

4 O, let this correction be blest,
And answer thy gracious design;
Then grant that our souls may find rest
In comforts so healing as thine.

478 S. M.

HOW tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found thy word was true.

4 Now we will bless thee, Lord,
And in thy strength confide;
For ever be thy name adored,
For there is none beside.

479 L. M.

O HOLY Saviour, friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bid'st us lean,

Help us, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith, to cling to thee! to thee!

2 Far from our home, fatigued, opprest,
Here we have found our place of rest,
As exiles still, yet not unblest,
While we can cling to thee! to thee!

3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient uncomplaining love
Still would we cling to thee! to thee!

4 Though faith and hope may oft be tried;
We ask not, need not aught beside,
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee! to thee!

480

L. M.

O GOD! our Father! while we stray
Far from our home on life's rough
way,
O teach us from the heart to say,
Thy will be done! thy will be done!

2 If thou shouldst call us to resign
What most we prize, we 'll not repine;
We only yield thee what was thine;
Thy will be done! thy will be done!

3 Should pining sickness waste away
Our life in premature decay,
Our Father, still we 'll strive to say,
Thy will be done! thy will be done!

4 Control our will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whatever makes it hard to say
Thy will be done! thy will be done!

5 Then when on earth we breathe no more,
And life's sad conflicts all are o'er;
We'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done! thy will be done!

481 8s & 7s.

JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, 'Thy will be done.'

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone:
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord, thy will be done.

3 Though to-day we're filled with mourning
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, thy will be done.

4 By thy hands the boon was given;
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore, thy will be done.

482 8s & 7s.

FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,
Mighty God of our salvation,
We thy timely aid implore.

2 Suffering Son of man, be near us;
In our sufferings to sustain;
By thy sorcer griefs to cheer us;
By thy more than mortal pain.

3 By thy most severe temptation
 In that dark Satanic hour;
 By thy last mysterious passion,
 Screen us from the adverse power.

4 By thy fainting in the garden,
 By thy dreadful death, we pray,
 Write upon our heart the pardon;
 Take our sins and fears away.

483

C. M.

HARK! 'tis our heavenly Leader's
 voice,
 From his triumphant seat;
 'Midst all the war's tumultuous noise,
 How powerful and how sweet!

2 "Fight on, my faithful band," he cries,
 "Nor fear the mortal blow;
 Who first in such a warfare dies,
 Shall speediest victory know.

3 "I have my days of combat known,
 And in the dust was laid;
 But thence I mounted to my throne,
 And glory crowns my head.

4 "That throne, that glory, you shall share;
 My hands the crown shall give;
 And you the sparkling honours wear,
 While God himself shall live."

5 Lord, 'tis enough; our souls are fired
 With courage and with love;
 Vain are the assaults of earth and hell,
 Our hopes are fixed above.

484

P. M.

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,

All will be well;

Free and changeless is his favour,

All, all is well.

Precious is the blood that healed us,

Perfect is the grace that sealed us,

Strong the hand stretched out to shield us,

All must be well!

2 Though we pass through tribulation,

All will be well;

Ours is such a full salvation,

All, all is well.

Happy, still in God confiding,

Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,

Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,

All must be well!

3 We expect a bright to-morrow,

All will be well;

Faith can sing, through days of sorrow,

All, all is well.

On our Father's love relying,

Jesus every need supplying,

Or in living, or in dying,

All must be well!

485

8s & 7s.

IN thy cross, O Christ, we glory,

Towering o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sacred story

Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake us,

Hopes deceive and fears annoy,

Never shall the cross forsake us;
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon our way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming,
 Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

5 In thy cross, O Christ, we glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

486 7s & 8s.

JESUS lives, and so shall we.
 Death! thy sting is gone for ever:
 He, who deigned our life to be,
 Lives, the bands of death to sever.
 He shall raise us with the just:
 Jesus is our hope and trust.

2 Jesus lives and reigns supreme;
 And, his kingdom still remaining,
 We shall also be with him,
 Ever living, ever reigning,
 God has promised; be it must:
 Jesus is our hope and trust.

3 Jesus lives, and by his grace,
 Victory o'er our passions giving,
 We will cleanse our hearts and ways,
 Ever to his glory living,
 The weak he raises from the dust:
 Jesus is our hope and trust.

4 Jesus lives, and death is now
 But our entrance into glory.
 Courage! then, our soul, for thou
 Hast a crown of life before thee;
 We shall find our hopes were just,
 Jesus is our hope and trust.

SPIRITUAL DECLINE AND REVIVAL.

487

8s.

O SHEPHERD of Israel, divine!
 Too far from thy fold we have strayed;
 What hand can restore us but thine,
 Thus wounded, cast down, and dismayed?
 Our souls would look upward to thee,
 Though prostrate, we'll cry from the dust,
 No other salvation we see,
 In no other name will we trust.

2 Thou, thou art our strength and our
 shield,
 Henceforth in thy arm we'll confide;
 The weapons alone we will wield,
 Thy wisdom and mercy provide:
 Salvation belongs to the Lord,
 Deliverance must come from thy hand;
 O! who would not trust in thy word,
 Acknowledge thy right to command?

3 O Shepherd of Israel, divine,
 Thy life-giving presence we feel;
 Let the light of thy countenance shine,
 Thine arm now in mercy reveal:
 For strength and deliverance we wait;
 On thee in our trouble we call,

Our sinful backslidings we hate,
Uphold us, dear Lord, or we fall.

488

C. M.

SWEET was the time when first we felt
O Christ, thy pardoning blood,
Applied to cleanse our souls from guilt,
And bring us home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
Thy praises tuned our tongue;
And, when the evening shade prevailed,
Thy love was all our song.

3 In prayer, our souls drew near thee, Lord,
And saw thy glory shine;
And when we read thy holy word
Grace beamed in every line.

4 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
Our soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to us returns.

5 Rise, Saviour! help us to prevail,
And make our souls thy care;
We know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let us that mercy share.

489

L. M.

O WHERE is now that glowing love
That marked our union, Lord, with
thee?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world our pleasure be.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
 To make thy glory, Saviour, known,
 That freed us from the fear of men,
 And kept our eye on thee alone?

3 Where are the happy seasons spent
 In fellowship with thee, we loved?
 The sacred joy, the sweet content,
 The blessedness that then we proved?

4 Behold, again we turn to thee,
 O cast us not away, though vile!
 No peace we have, no joy we see,
 O Lord, our God, but in thy smile.

490

C. M.

WE now, O Lord, approach thy throne,
 To open all our grief:
 Now send thy promised mercy down
 And grant us quick relief.

2 Thou never saidst to Jacob's seed,
 "Seek ye my face," in vain;
 And canst thou now deny thine aid,
 When burdened souls complain?

3 The same thy power, thy love the same,
 Unmoved the promise shines;
 Eternal truth surrounds thy name,
 And guards the precious lines.

4 Though Satan rage, and flesh rebel,
 And unbelief arise,
 We'll wait around thy footstool still,
 For thou wilt hear our cries.

491

8s & 7s.

LORD, we bow with deep contrition,
 Low before thy throne of grace;
 Hear us in thy kind compassion,
 While we seek thy smiling face.

2 Where, but to a bleeding Saviour,
 Should we come for life and peace?
 Nothing but thy boundless favour,
 Can our burdened souls release.

3 Thou hast witnessed our transgression,
 Thou hast seen our load of guilt;
 Witness now our deep confession,
 Thou, whose precious blood was spilt.

4 Ah, this sin of covenant breaking,
 Canst thou, wilt thou, Lord, forgive?
 Shall we hear thy mercy speaking?
 Canst thou bid us look and live?

5 Pardon, peace, and consolation,
 At thy bleeding cross we see;
 There we take an humble station,
 Lord, we look alone to thee.

492

7s.

GOD of mercy! God of grace!
 Hear our sad repentant songs:
 O restore thy suppliant race,
 Thou, to whom our praise belongs!

2 Deep regret for follies past,
 Talents wasted, time misspent;
 Hearts debased by worldly cares,
 Thankless for the blessings lent;

3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
 Vain regrets for things as vain;
 Lips too seldom taught to praise,
 Oft to murmur and complain;

4 These, and every secret fault,
 Filled with grief and shame we own:
 Humbled at thy feet we lie,
 Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5 God of mercy! God of grace!
 Hear our sad repentant songs:
 O restore thy suppliant race,
 Thou, to whom our praise belongs!

493

6s & 5s.

LORD! Thou wilt hear the prayer
 Of hearts overflowing;
 Wounded with grief and fear,
 For thy love glowing.
 Lord, thou wilt not despise,
 Thou wilt with tender eyes,
 View from the heavenly skies,
 Thy children mourning.

2 Far from thy holy path,
 Far from thee wandering,
 Spare from thy dreaded wrath
 The sinner returning.
 Spare, Lord! the sinner hear!
 Give us thy holy fear,
 Grant us the contrite tear:
 Hearts with love burning.

494

C. M.

BEHOLD thy waiting servants, Lord,
 Devoted to thy fear;
 Remember and confirm thy word,
 For all our hopes are there.

2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
 And promised quickening grace?
 Doth not our heart address thy throne?
 And yet thy love delays.

3 Our eyes for thy salvation fail;
 O, bear thy servants up;
 Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
 That dare reproach our hope.

4 Is not our faith thy gift, O Lord?
 Then let thy truth appear:
 Saints shall rejoice in our reward,
 And trust as well as fear.

495

L. M.

WHEN, O dear Saviour, shall it be,
 That we no more shall break with
 thee?

When will this war of passion cease,
 And we enjoy a lasting peace?

2 Now we repent; now sin again:
 Now we revive; and now are slain:
 Slain with the same malignant dart,
 Which, O! too often wounds thy heart.

3 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
 That we shall find our all in thee,
 The fulness of thy promise prove,
 And feast on thine eternal love?

496

C. M.

ETERNAL Sun of Righteousness,
 Display thy beams divine,
 And cause the glories of thy face
 Upon our hearts to shine.

2 Light, in thy light, O may we see,
 Thy grace and mercy prove;
 Revived, and cheered, and blest by thee,
 The God of pardoning love.

3 Lift up thy countenance serene,
 And let each happy child
 Behold, without a cloud between,
 Our Father reconciled.

4 That all-comprising peace bestow
 On us, through grace forgiven;
 The joys of holiness below,
 And then the joys of heaven.

497

7s.

WHEN, O Saviour, shall we be
 Perfectly resigned to thee?
 Poor and vile in our own eyes,
 Only in thy wisdom wise.

2 Only thee content to know,
 Ignorant of all below:
 Only guided by thy light;
 Only mighty in thy might.

3 Fully in our life express
 All the heights of holiness;
 Sweetly let our spirit prove
 All the depths of humble love.

498

C. M.

RETURN, O God of love, return;
 Earth is a tiresome place:
 How long shall we, thy children, mourn
 Our absence from thy face?

2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,
 Let sin and sorrow cease;
 And in proportion to our tears,
 So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
 Make thine own work complete;
 Then shall our souls thy glory know,
 And own thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before thy throne,
 In all thy beauty, Lord;
 And the poor service we have done
 Meet a divine reward.

499

C. M.

RETIRE, vain world, awhile retire,
 And leave us with the Lord;
 Thy gifts ne'er fill one just desire,
 Nor lasting bliss afford.

2 Blest Jesus, come thou gently down,
 And fill this hallowed place;
 O make thy glorious goings known,
 Diffuse around thy grace.

3 Shine, dearest Lord, from realms of day,
 Disperse the gloom of night;
 Chase all our clouds and doubts away,
 And turn the shades to light.

4 Behold, and pity from above,
 Our cold and languid frame;
 O shed abroad thy quickening love,
 And we'll adore thy name.

500

S. M.

O LORD, thy work revive,
 In Zion's gloomy hour,
 And let our dying graces live
 By thy restoring power.

2 O let thy chosen few
 Awake to earnest prayer;
 Their covenant again renew,
 And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
 Through lips of humble clay,
 Till hearts of adamant shall break,
 Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
 Now listen to our cry:
 O come, and bring salvation near;
 Our souls on thee rely.

501

C. M.

SPIRIT of holiness, descend;
 Thy people wait for thee;
 Thine ear, in kind compassion, lend;
 Let us thy mercy see.

2 Behold, thy weary churches wait,
 With wishful, longing eyes;
 Let us no more lie desolate;
 O, bid thy light arise.

3 Thy light, that on our souls hath shone,
 Leads us in hope to thee;
 Let us not feel its rays alone;
 Alone thy people be.

4 O, bring our dearest friends to God;
 Remember those we love;
 Fit them, on earth, for thine abode;
 Fit them for joys above.

5 Spirit of holiness, 'tis thine
 To hear our feeble prayer,
 Come, for we wait thy power divine,
 Let us thy mercy share.

502

L. M.

SPIRIT of everlasting grace,
 Infinite source of life, come down,
 These tombs unlock, these dead upraise,
 Thy glorious power and love make
 known.

2 Breathe o'er this valley of the dead,
 Send forth thy quickening might
 abroad,
 Till, rising from their tombs, they spread,
 In full array, the host of God!

3 Thy heritage lies desolate,
 And all thy pleasant places mourn;
 O look upon our low estate,
 In loving-kindness, Lord, return!

4 Now let thy glory be revealed,
 Now let thy presence with us rest;
 O heal us, and we shall be healed!
 O bless us, and we shall be blest!

503

L. M.

SHEPHERD of souls, the great, the good,
 Who leadest Israel as thy sheep,
 Present to guard, and give them food,
 And kindly in thy bosom keep:

2 Hear thy afflicted people's prayer,
 Arise out of thy holy place,
 Stir up thy strength, thine arm make bare,
 And vindicate thy chosen race.

3 Haste to our help, thou God of love!
 Supreme, almighty King of kings,
 Descend all-glorious from above,
 Come flying on the cherub's wings!

4 Turn us again, O Lord! and show
 The brightness of thy lovely face;
 So shall we all be saints below,
 And saved, and perfected in grace.

504

8s & 7s.

MET, O God, to ask thy presence,
 Join our souls to seek thy grace;
 O, deny us not, nor spurn us,
 Guilty rebels, from thy face.

2 May thy people wake from slumber,
 Ere their lamps shall fail and die;
 Bridegroom of the Church, awake them,
 Rouse them by the midnight cry.

3 Let conviction seize the careless,
 Through their souls thine arrows dart;
 Let thy truth, so long neglected,
 Break and melt the flinty heart.

4 O thou kind, forgiving Spirit,
 Comforter, on thee we call;
 Cheer the saint, alarm the sinner,
 O revive—revive us all.

505 L. M.

O THOU, our Saviour, brother, friend,
 Behold a cloud of incense rise;
 The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
 Grateful, accepted sacrifice.

2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace;
 Shed in our hearts thy love abroad;
 Thy gifts abundantly increase;
 Enlarge, and fill us all with God.

3 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
 And guide into thy perfect will;
 Cause us thy hallowed name to know;
 The work of faith in us fulfil.

4 Help us to make our calling sure;
 O let us all be saints indeed,
 And pure, as thou thyself art pure;
 Conformed in all things to our Head.

506 L. M.

GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
 Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
 And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
 Safe through the desert and the deep:

2 Thy Church is in the desert now;
 Shine from on high and guide us through;
 Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
 We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

507 8s & 7s.

SEE the vineyard that was planted
By thy hand, O Lord of hosts!
Let thy people's prayer be granted,
Keep it safe from hostile boasts;
Hear, O hear us when we pray;
Keep thy vineyard night and day.

2 Drooping plants revive and nourish;
Let them thrive beneath thy hand;
Let the weak grow strong, and flourish,
Blooming fair at thy command;
Let the fruitful yield thee more;
Laden with a faithful store.

3 Further, Lord, be thou entreated;
Plant the barren waste around;
Let thy work be thus completed,
And no fruitless spot be found;
Let the earth a vineyard be,
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.

508 L. M.

O SUN of Righteousness divine,
On us with beams of mercy shine,

Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn our darkness into day.

2 While mourning o'er our guilt and shame,
And asking mercy in thy name,
Dear Saviour, cleanse us with thy blood,
And be our Advocate with God.

3 Sustain, when sinking in distress,
And guide us through this wilderness;
Teach our low thoughts from earth to rise,
And lead us onward to the skies.

509 8s & 7s.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

2 Once, O Lord, thy garden flourished;
Every part looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished:
Happy seasons we have seen.
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see:
Lord, thy help is greatly needed:
Help can only come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snares.

Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh,
 And begin from this good hour
 To revive thy work afresh.

510

L. M.

DEAR Shepherd of thy chosen few,
 Thy former mercies here renew;
 Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.

2 Lord, manifest that thou art near;
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
 O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
 And let thy saving power be known.

511

C. M.

ALL-GLORIOUS Saviour, Source of
 grace,
 To thee we raise our cry;
 Unveil the beauties of thy face,
 To every waiting eye.

2 Revive, O God, desponding saints,
 Who languish, droop, and sigh;
 Refresh the soul that tires and faints,
 Fill mourning hearts with joy.

3 Make known thy power, victorious King,
 Subdue each stubborn will;
 Then sovereign grace we'll join to sing,
 On Zion's sacred hill.

512

L. M.

WHILE we to grief our souls gave way
 To see the work of God decline,
 We seemed to hear the Saviour say,
 "Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine."

2 "Tho' for a time I hide my face,
 Rely upon my love and power:
 Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
 And wait for a reviving hour.

3 "Take down thy long-neglected harp,
 I've seen thy tears and heard thy prayer;
 The winter season has been sharp,
 But spring shall all its wastes repair."

4 Lord, we obey, our hopes revive;
 Come, join with us, ye saints, and sing;
 Our foes in vain against us strive,
 For God will help and triumph bring.

513

L. M.

AS showers on meadows newly mown,
 O God, send thou thy Spirit down:
 Eternal Source of grace divine,
 What soul-refreshing drops are thine!

2 That heavenly influence let us find
 In holy silence of the mind,
 While every grace maintains its bloom,
 Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

3 Nor let these blessings be confined
 To us, but poured on all mankind,
 Till earth's rude wastes in verdure rise,
 And Eden's beauty greet our eyes.

MISSIONS.

514

L. M.

INDULGENT Sovereign of the skies!
 1 And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
 While feeble mortals raise their cries,
 Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
 Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise?
 Till thy own power shall stand confessed,
 And make Jerusalem a praise?

3 Look down, O God! with pitying eye,
 And view the desolation round;
 See what wide realms in darkness lie,
 And cast their idols to the ground.

4 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,
 And call the nations from afar;
 Let all the isles their Saviour know,
 And earth's remotest ends draw near.

515

C. M.

FATHER, is not thy promise sure
 To thy exalted Son,
 That through the nations of the earth
 Thy word of life shall run?

2 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews
 Shall their Redeemer own,
 Whilst Gentiles to his standard crowd,
 And bow before his throne?

3 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
 Beneath the arch of heaven,
 To the dominion of thy Son,
 Without exception, given?

4 From east to west, from north to south,
 Then be his name adored;
 Let earth with all its millions shout
 Hosanna to the Lord!

516 S. M.

O CHRIST, what gracious words
 Are ever; ever thine;
 Thy voice is music to the soul,
 And life and peace divine.

2 Good, everlasting good,
 Glad tidings, full of joy,
 Flow from thy lips, the lips of truth,
 And flow without alloy.

3 The broken heart, the poor,
 The bruised, the deaf, the blind,
 The dumb, the dead, the captive wretch,
 In thee compassion find.

4 Lord Jesus, speed the day,
 The promised day of grace,
 To all the poor, the dumb, the deaf,
 The dead of Adam's race.

517 6s & 4s.

THOU, whose almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight;

Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind;
O now, to all mankind,
Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace;
And in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light.

518

S. M.

JESUS, immortal King! arise;
Rise and assert thy sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute bring,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror! ride,
Till all thy foes submit;
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around;
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
 May Jesus be adored;
 And earth, with all her millions, shout
 Hosannas to the Lord.

519 H. M.

RISE, Sun of glory, rise,
 And chase the shades of night
 Which now obscure the skies,
 And hide thy sacred light:
 O, chase those dismal shades away,
 And bring the bright, millennial day!

2 Now send thy Spirit down
 On all the nations, Lord,
 With great success to crown
 The preaching of thy word;
 That heathen lands may own thy sway
 And cast their idol gods away.

3 Then shall thy kingdom come
 Among our fallen race,
 And all the earth become
 The temple of thy grace;
 Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
 And songs of praise till time shall end.

520 L. M.

EXERT thy power, thy rights maintain,
 Almighty, everlasting King!
 The influence of thy crown increase,
 And strangers to thy footstool bring.

2 In one vast symphony of praise
 Gentile and Jew shall then unite,
 And unbelief no longer reign,
 But sink in shades of endless night.

3 Then Afric's liberated sons
 Shall chant to Asia's rapturous song,
 Europe resound her Saviour's fame,
 And western climes the notes prolong.

4 To every land beneath the sun
 Immanuel's kingdom shall extend;
 And every man in every clime
 Shall meet a brother and a friend.

521

L. M.

THOU Sun of Righteousness arise
 Display thy glory to our eyes,
 For nations long that light to see,
 And earth's dark places wait for thee!

2 Thou art the hope of every clime,
 Thou art the promise of all time,
 The bondman's strength, the sinner's
 trust,
 The expectation of the just.

3 Temples and thrones have been cast down,
 But thine is an eternal crown,
 A royalty that shall not cease;
 Arise and give the nations peace!

522

S. M.

O LORD, our God, arise!
 The cause of truth maintain;
 And wide, o'er all the peopled world,
 Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of life, arise!
 Nor let thy glory cease;
 Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
 And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise!
Extend thy healing wing;
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 Let all on earth arise;
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring!

523 7s.

GOD of mercy, God of grace!
Show the brightness of thy face:
Shine upon us, Saviour! shine;
Fill thy Church with light divine;
And thy saving health extend
To the earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise thee, Lord!
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Saviour King;
At thy feet their tribute pay,
And thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise thee, Lord!
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man his blessing give;
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

524 L. M.

ARM of the Lord! awake, awake!
Put on thy strength! the nations
shake,

And let the world, adoring, see
 Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
 "I am Jehovah—God alone!"
 Thy voice their idols shall confound,
 And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Almighty God! Thy grace proclaim
 In every land, of every name;
 Let Zion's time of favour come;
 O! bring the tribes of Israel home.

4 Arm of the Lord! awake, awake!
 Put on thy strength! the nations shake!
 Let hostile powers before thee fall,
 And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

525 8s, 7s & 4s.

GIRD thy sword on, mighty Saviour;
 Make the word of truth thy ear;
 Prosper in thy course, triumphant;
 All success attend thy war:
 Gracious Victor,
 Bring thy trophies from afar.

2 Majesty combines with meekness,
 Righteousness and peace unite,
 To insure thy blessed conquests;
 Take possession of thy right:
 Ride triumphant,
 Dressed in robes of purest light.

3 Blest are they that touch thy sceptre
 Blest are all that own thy reign;
 Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
 Rescued from its galling chain:
 Saints and angels,
 All who know thee, bless thy reign.

526 7s & 6s.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand;
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What, though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile:
 In vain with lavish kindness
 Thy gifts, O God, are strown;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O Salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole:
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

527 8s, 7s & 4s.

LIGHT of them that sit in darkness,
 Rise and shine! thy blessings bring:
 Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
 Rise with healing in thy wing;
 To thy brightness
 Let all kings and nations come.

2 May the millions now adoring
 Idol-gods of wood and stone
 Come, and worshipping before him,
 Serve the living God alone:
 Let thy glory
 Fill the earth, as floods the sea.

3 Thou, to whom all power is given,
 Speak the word; at thy command
 Let the heralds of thy mercy
 Spread thy name from land to land;
 Lord, be with them,
 Always, to the end of time.

528 8s & 7s.

GOD, our souls in mercy blessing,
 Cause on us thy face to shine;
 Earth shall own, thy ways confessing,
 All its realms, thy grace divine.

2 Let the people, Lord, adore thee,
 All the people praise thy name;
 Nations all rejoice before thee,
 Hymning joyfully thy fame.

3 All on earth shall own thy glory,
 Thee their righteous Judge proclaim;

Let the people, Lord, adore thee,
All the people praise thy name.

4 Then o'er the earth, her increase yielding,
God, our God, shall blessings give;
God shall bless us, safely shielding:
Fear him, all on earth that live.

529

S. M.

LORD! send thy servants forth
To call the Hebrews home;
From east, and west, and south, and north,
Let all the wanderers come.

2 Where'er, in lands unknown,
The fugitives remain,
Bid every creature help them on,
Thy holy mount to gain.

3 An offering to the Lord,
There let them all be seen,
Sprinkled with water and with blood,
In soul and body clean.

4 With Israel's myriads sealed
Let all the nations meet;
And show the mystery fulfilled,
Thy family complete.

530

L. M.

ARISE, great God, and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race;
Restore the long-lost, scattered band,
And call them to their native land.

2 Their misery let thy mercy heal,
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal;

O God of Israel, hear our prayer,
And grant them still thy love to share.

3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love?

Say, shall thy wrath for ever burn?
And shall thy mercy ne'er return?

4 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart,
While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

531 7s & 6s.

O THAT the Lord's salvation,
Jehovah's great salvation,
Were out of Zion come!
To heal his ancient nation,
His long-forsaken nation;
To lead his outcasts home!

2 How long the holy city,
Zion, the holy city,
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O God, in pity,
In everlasting pity,
Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall thy rod of terror;
Thine iron rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart!
Remove the veil of error,
The midnight veil of error,
Release the fettered heart.

4 Let Israel, home returning,
With ransom home returning,
Their lost Messiah see!

Give oil of joy for mourning,
 For ages long of mourning,
 And build thy Church to thee!

532

L. M.

O LORD! thine ancient churches spare,
 Which still thy name, though fallen,
 bear;
 Where once thy bold apostles stood,
 And sealed thy truth with martyrs' blood.

- 2 Where now the Turk in darkness reigns,
 To curse with blight earth's fairest plains;
 There let again thy gospel shine,
 With beams all bright and power divine.
- 3 Where Jesus rose and left the grave,
 There let the cross its banner wave;
 While Syria sees her churches rise,
 And hymns to Christ ascend the skies.
- 4 Let Nubia's desert hear once more
 The Saviour's voice, his love implore;
 Egypt thy sacred word unroll,
 And find that grace which saves the soul.

533

7s.

H ASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
 When, beneath Messiah's sway,
 Every nation, every clime,
 Shall the gospel call obey.

- 2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
 Heathen tribes his name adore;
 Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
 Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
 Then be banished grief and pain;
 Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
 Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
 Ever praise his glorious name;
 All his mighty acts record,
 All his wondrous love proclaim.

534 8s, 7s & 4s.

A ID us, God of love and mercy;
 Aid us to extend thy name:
 Aid us, through each heathen nation
 All thy goodness to proclaim;
 And to tell them,
 That for them a Saviour came.

2 May they know their great Redeemer,
 Who for them, though strangers, died;
 May they look with deep repentance,
 To their Saviour crucified;
 Leave their idols,
 And desire no God beside.

3. O, be there thy name extended,
 And thy love and mercy known;
 Turn them from their vain inventions;
 May they live to thee alone:
 And O, claim them;
 Claim them, Saviour, for thine own.

535 L. M.

O, WHAT a bright and blessed world
 This groaning earth of ours will be,
 When from its throne the tempter hurled,
 Shall leave it all, O Lord, to thee!

2 O blessed Lord ! with weeping eyes,
 That blissful hour we wait to see ;
 While every worm or leaf that dies
 Tells of the curse and calls for thee.

3 Come, Saviour, then, o'er all below
 Shine brightly from thy throne above :
 Bid heaven and earth thy glory know,
 And all creation feel thy love.

536 7s.

COME, Desire of nations, come !
 Hasten, Lord, the general doom !
 Hear the Spirit and the Bride ;
 Come, and take us to thy side.

2 Mindful of thy chosen race,
 Shorten these delaying days ;
 Who for full redemption groan ;
 Hear us now, and save thine own.

3 Now destroy the man of sin,
 Now thine ancient flock bring in !
 Filled with righteousness divine,
 Claim a ransomed world for thine.

4 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here ;
 Glorious in thy saints appear :
 Speak the sacred number sealed ;
 Speak the mystery revealed.

5 Take to thee thy royal power :
 Reign ! when sin shall be no more ;
 Reign ! when death no more shall be ;
 Reign to all eternity !

537

S. M.

COME, Lord, and tarry not,
 Bring the long-looked-for day;
 O, why these years of waiting here,
 These ages of delay?

2 Come, for thy saints still wait;
 Daily ascends their sigh;
 The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,
 Dost thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for creation groans,
 Impatient of thy stay,
 Worn out with these long years of ill,
 These ages of delay.

4 Come, and make all things new,
 Build up this ruined earth,
 Restore our faded paradise,
 Creation's second birth.

5 Come, and begin thy reign
 Of everlasting peace,
 Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
 Great King of Righteousness.

538

7s.

FROM thy royal chambers forth
 Come, thou King of all the earth:
 Labouring Nature longs for thee,
 Her from agony to free.

2 Come, and dissipate all gloom;
 Make the wilderness to bloom:
 So, the gladdened nations round,
 Shall thy name in songs resound.

3 By Creation's struggling throes,
Groaning 'neath unnumbered woes;
By the millions perishing
Far from Life's eternal spring:

4 By thy promise everywhere
Pleaded in thy people's prayer:
By thy crown imperial, now
Sparkling on a tyrant's brow.

5 Come! nor let our trust be vain;
Vindicate thy right to reign:
Down be the usurper hurled;
Sway thy sceptre o'er the world.

539

C. M.

MESSIAH! at thy glad approach
The howling winds are still;
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.

2 The incense of the spring ascends
Upon the morning gale;
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,
The lilies in the vale.

3 Renewed, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears;
And in new heavens a brighter sun
Leads on the promised years.

4 Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
The loud hosanna sing;
With hallelujahs, and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King.

540

7s.

HARK! the song of jubilee;
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore:
 Hallelujah! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign;
 Hallelujah! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,

From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,

All creation's harmonies:

See Jehovah's banners furled;

Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'tis
 done,

And the kingdoms of this world

Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole

With illimitable sway:

He shall reign, when, like a scroll,

Yonder heavens have passed away:

Then the end;—beneath his rod,

Man's last enemy shall fall;

Hallelujah! Christ in God,

God in Christ, is all in all.

541

C. M.

THOU blessed Heir of all the earth!
 Ascend thine ancient throne,
 And bid the willing nations now
 Thy peaceful sceptre own.

2 Shine forth in all thy glory, Lord,
 That man at length may see

That joy, so long estranged from earth,
Can only spring from thee.

3 O happy day! 'tis come at last,
The reign of death is o'er;
And sin, that marred our sweetest joys
Shall grieve our hearts no more.

4 Washed in thy blood, the tribes of earth,
With all the blest above,
Shall dwell in peace, united now,
One family of love.

5 Fruit of thy toil, thou bleeding Lamb!
These joys we owe to thee,
Then take the glory, Lord! 'tis thine!
And shall for ever be.

PUBLIC THANKSGIVINGS.

542

7s.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ:
All to thee, O God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores:

Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

543 L. M. 6 lines.

FROM stern oppression's haughty land
Our father's crossed the boisterous
wave;
A patient, firm, and patriot band;
Thou God of battles mad'st them brave;
O make us ever blest and free,
A land of peace and liberty.

2 To thee, their steadfast, suppliant eyes
Were raised, 'mid war and dread alarm;
O God of battles, from the skies,
Thy mercy sent the conquering arm;
Still guard our freedom, rights, and fame,
While we exalt thy holy name.

3 Here we, the children of the free,
Now gladly chant the joyful song,
And own our boundless debt to thee,
Which time shall gladly bear along,
Be this our universal cry,
For God, for home, for liberty.

544 C. M.

O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,

Thy wonders in their days performed,
And in more ancient years.

2 'Twas not their courage, or their sword,
To them salvation gave;
'Twas not their number, or their strength,
That did our country save.

3 But thy right hand, thy powerful arm,
Whose succour they implored;
Thy providence protected them,
Who thy great name adored.

4 As thee their God our fathers owned,
So thou art still our King;
O, therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring.

5 To thee the glory we ascribe,
From whom salvation came;
In God, our shield, we will rejoice,
And ever bless thy name.

545 7s.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to heaven's Almighty King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand,
Pour around this happy land;
Let our hearts, beneath his sway,
Hail the bright, triumphant day.

3 Now to thee our joys ascend,
Thou hast been our heavenly Friend:
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Peace and freedom bless our shore.

4 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel a tyrant's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

5 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the heavenly notes prolong.

546 8s & 7s.

LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,
Hear us from thy bright abode,
While our hearts, with true devotion,
Own their great and gracious God.

2 Now with joy we come before thee,
Seek thy face, thy mercies sing;
Lord of life, of light, and glory,
Guard thy Church, thou heavenly King.

3 Health and every needful blessing
Are thy bounteous gifts alone;
Comforts undeserved possessing,
Here we bend before thy throne.

4 Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past;
Still to this most favoured nation
May those mercies ever last.

547 C. M.

GOD of our fathers, to thy throne
Our grateful songs we raise;
Thou art our God, and thou alone;
Accept our humble praise.

2 Unnumbered benefits from thee,
 Are showered upon our land;
 Behold! through all our coasts we see,
 The bounties of thy hand.

3 Here thou wert once our fathers' guide;
 Thou gav'st them here a place,
 Where freedom spreads its blessings wide,
 O'er all their favoured race.

4 Here, Lord, thy gospel's holy light
 Is shed on all our hills;
 And, like the rains and dews of night,
 Celestial grace distils.

5 Still teach us, Lord, thy name to fear,
 And still our guardian be;
 O let our children's children here
 For ever worship thee.

548

C. M.

 LORD, while for all mankind we pray
 Of every clime and coast,
 O hear us for our native land;
 The land we love the most.

2 O guard our shores from every foe;
 With peace our borders bless,
 Our cities with prosperity,
 Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
 Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
 And let our hills and valleys chant
 The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
 Our country we commend;
 Be thou her refuge and her trust,
 Her everlasting friend.

549

6s & 4s.

GOD bless our native land;
 Firm may she ever stand
 Through storm and night;
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of winds and wave,
 Do thou our country save,
 By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise

To God above the skies;
 On him we wait;
 Thou who hast heard each sigh,
 Watching each weeping eye,
 Be thou for ever nigh;
 God save the State.

PUBLIC FASTS.

550

8s & 7s.

READ Jehovah! God of nations!
 From thy temple in the skies,
 Hear thy people's supplications;
 Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,

In thy holy place we bend;
 Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
 Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,

Long and loud for vengeance call,
 Thou hast mercy more abounding;
 Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that mercy veil transgression;
 Let that blood our guilt efface:
 Save thy people from oppression;
 Save from spoil thy holy place.

551 C. M.

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
 Thy mourning people bend!
 'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone,
 Our humble hopes depend.

2 Alarming judgments from thy hand,
 Thy dreadful power display;
 Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
 And yet we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
 For error, guilt, and shame!
 What impious numbers, bold in sin,
 Despise thy holy name!

4 O bid us turn, Almighty Lord,
 By thy resistless grace:
 Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
 And humbly seek thy face.

552 L. M.

WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
 We view the terrors of thy sword,
 O, whither shall the helpless fly?
 To whom but thee direct their cry?

2 On thee, our guardian God, we call;
 Before thy throne of grace we fall;
 And is there no deliverance there?
 And must we perish in despair?

3 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn;
 To our forsaken God we turn;

O, spare our guilty country; spare
The Church which thou hast planted here.

4 We plead thy grace, indulgent God;
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises;
And are they unavailing pleas?

553

C. M.

COME, let our souls adore the Lord,
Whose judgments yet delay;
Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
And gives us leave to pray.

2 Great is our guilt, our fears are great,
But let us not despair;
Still open is the mercy-seat
To penitence and prayer.

3 Kind Intercessor, to thy love
This blessed hope we owe;
O let thy merits plead above,
While we implore below.

4 Though justice near thy awful throne
Attends thy dread command,
Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
And save a guilty land.

554

S. M.

MOURN, mourn o'er follies past,
The Spirit grieved away;
The Church of God in slumber cast
While night succeeds to day.

2 Mourn, mourn o'er follies past,
O'er sins of deepest dye;

Our heritage now lies a waste,
Before the all-seeing eye.

3 Mourn, mourn o'er follies past,
And weep o'er present ills:
Let Zion give herself no rest,
Till God his grace reveals.

4 Mourn, mourn o'er follies past,
 Forgiveness now implore;
O God, accept the solemn fast,
 And bring the joyful hour.

555 7s.

WHY, O God! thy people spurn?
Why permit thy wrath to burn?
God of mercy! turn once more,
All our broken hearts restore.

2 Thou hast made our land to quake,
Heal the sorrows thou dost make;
Bitter is the cup we drink,
Suffer not our souls to sink.

3 Be thy banner now unfurled,
Show thy truth to all the world;
Save us, Lord! we cry to thee,
Lift thine arm—thy chosen free.

4 Give us now relief from pain,
Human aid is all in vain:
We, through God, shall yet prevail,
God will help, when foes assail.

THE YEAR.

556

8s & 7s.

HOLY Father, thou hast taught us
 We should live to thee alone;
 Year by year, thy hand hath brought us
 On through dangers oft unknown.
 When we wandered thou hast found us;
 When we doubted, sent us light;
 Still thine arm has been around us,
 All our paths were in thy sight.

2 In the world will foes assail us;
 Craftier, stronger far than we;
 And the strife may never fail us,
 Well we know, before we die.
 Therefore, Lord, we come, believing
 Thou canst give the power we need;
 Through the prayer of faith receiving
 Strength, the Spirit's strength, indeed.

3 We would trust in thy protecting,
 Wholly rest upon thine arm;
 Follow wholly thy directing,
 Thou, our only guard from harm!
 Keep us from our own undoing,
 Help us turn to thee when tried,
 Still our footsteps, Father, viewing,
 Keep us ever at thy side!

557

C. M.

O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed;
 Who through this weary pilgrimage
 Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
 Before thy throne of grace:
 God of our fathers! be the God
 Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
 Our wandering footsteps guide;
 Give us each day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around,
 Till all our wanderings cease,
 And at our Father's loved abode
 Our souls arrive in peace.

558

C. M.

O GOD! to thee our hearts would pay
 Their gratitude sincere,
 Whose love hath kept us, night and day,
 Throughout another year.

2 Of every breath, and every power,
 Thou wast the gracious source;
 From thee came every happy hour
 Which smiled along its course.

3 And if sometimes across our path
 A cloud its shadows threw,
 Thou didst not waft it there in wrath,
 But loving-kindness true.

4 For joy and grief alike we pay
 Our thanks to thee above;
 And only pray to grow each day
 More worthy of thy love.

559

7s.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here;
 Fixed in their eternal state,
 They have done with all below;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind:
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
 All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us henceforth how to live,
 With eternity in view.
 Bless thy word to young and old,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

560

7s.

BLESS, O Lord, the opening year
 To each soul assembled here;
 Clothe thy word with power divine;
 Make us willing to be thine.

2 Where thou hast thy work begun,
 Give new strength the race to run;
 Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears;
 Wipe away the mourners' tears.

3 Bless us all, both old and young;
 Call forth praise from every tongue:
 Let the whole assembly prove
 All thy power and all thy love.

561

C. M.

OUR Father! through the coming year
 We know not what shall be,
 But we would leave without a fear
 Its ordering all to thee.

2 It may be we shall toil in vain
 For what the world holds fair,
 And all its good we thought to gain
 Deceive, and prove but care.

3 It may be it shall darkly blend
 Our love with anxious fears,
 And snatch away the valued friend,
 The tried of many years.

4 It may be it shall bring us days
 And nights of lingering pain,
 And bid us take our farewell gaze
 Of these loved haunts of men.

5 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest;
 No fears our trust shall move;
 Thou knowest what for each is best,
 And thou art perfect love.

562

L. M.

GOD of the year! with songs of praise,
And hearts of love, we come to bless
Thy bounteous hand, for thou hast shed
Thy manna o'er our wilderness.

- 2 In early spring-time thou didst fling
O'er earth its robe of blossoming;
And its sweet treasures, day by day,
Rose quickening in thy blessed ray.
- 3 God of the seasons! thou hast blest
The land with sunlight and with shower;
And plenty o'er its bosom smiles,
To crown the sweet autumnal hours.
- 4 Praise, praise to thee! our hearts expand
To view these blessings of thy hand,
And on the incense-breath of love
Ascend to their bright home above.

563

L. M.

OUR helper, God! we bless thy name,
Whose love for ever is the same;
The tokens of thy gracious care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

- 2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far thine arm has led us on;
Thus far we make thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

564

PRAISE on thee, in Zion's gates,
Daily, O Jehovah, waits;
Unto thee, O God, belong
Grateful words and holy song.

- 2 Thou the hope and refuge art
Of remotest lands apart,
Distant isles and tribes unknown,
'Mid the ocean waste and lone.
- 3 Thou dost visit earth, and rain
Blessings on the thirsty plain,
From the copious founts on high,
From the rivers of the sky.
- 4 Thus the clouds thy power confess
And thy paths drop fruitfulness,
And the voice of song and mirth
Rises from the tribes of earth.

565 C. M.

THEE we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're travelling to the grave.

3 Great God, on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things!
 The final state of all the dead
 Upon life's feeble strings!

4 Eternal joy, or endless woe,
 Attends on every breath;
 And yet how unconcerned we go
 Upon the brink of death!

5 Awake, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dangerous road;
 And when our souls are taken hence,
 May they be found with God.

566 8s & 7s.

GENTLY, Lord, O! gently lead us,
 Through this gloomy vale of tears,
 Through the changes thou 'st decreed us,
 Till our last great change appears.
 O refresh us with thy blessing,
 O refresh us with thy grace,
 May thy mercies, never ceasing,
 Fit us for thy dwelling-place.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
 When in devious paths we stray,
 Let thy goodness never fail us,
 Lead us in thy perfect way.
 O refresh us with thy blessing, &c.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
 In the hour when death draws near,
 Suffer not our hearts to languish,
 Suffer not our souls to fear.
 O refresh us with thy blessing, &c.

4 When this mortal life is ended,
 Bid us in thine arms to rest,
 Till by angel bands attended,
 We awake among the blest.
 O refresh us with thy blessing, &c.

5 Then, O crown us with thy blessing,
 Through the triumphs of thy grace;
 Then shall praises never ceasing
 Echo through thy dwelling-place.
 O refresh us with thy blessing, &c.

HUMAN FRAILTY AND DEATH.

567

L. M.

ERE mountains reared their forms
 sublime,
 Or heaven and earth in order stood,
 Before the birth of ancient time,
 From everlasting thou art God.

2 A thousand ages, in their flight,
 With thee are as a fleeting day;
 Past, present, future, to thy sight
 At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream,
 A passing thought, that soon is o'er,
 That fades with morning's earliest beam,
 And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give,
 Each passing moment so to spend,
 That we at length with thee may live
 Where life and bliss shall never end.

568

7s & 6s.

O! WHAT is earthly pleasure,
 Compared with thy rich grace?
 Lord! teach us how to measure
 The remnant of our days;
 How brief is our existence,
 How frail a thing is man;
 And grant us thine assistance,
 This feeble life to scan.

2 How soon the hours of gladness,
 That cheer us on our way,
 Are changed to gloom and sadness,
 Or filled with deep dismay?
 Man, in his best condition,
 Is vanity and dust;
 Soon past the fleeting vision;
 He then gives up the ghost.

3 Earth's treasures quickly leave us,
 Its honours ne'er endure;
 Its pleasures but deceive us,
 Its hopes are insecure:
 But, Lord! while time so fleeting
 Is filled with many a snare,
 Our souls on thee are waiting,
 We'll trust thy guardian care.

569

L. M.

O LET us, gracious Lord! extend
 Our view to life's approaching end;
 What are our days? a span their line!
 And what our age, compared with thine?

2 Our life advancing to its close,
While scarce its earliest dawn it knows,
Swift, through an empty shade, we run,
And vanity and man are one.

3 God of our fathers! here, as they,
We walk, the pilgrims of a day;
As transient guests thy works admire,
And instant to our home retire.

4 O! spare us, Lord! in mercy, spare,
And nature's failing strength repair;
Ere, life's short circuit wandered o'er,
We perish, and are seen no more.

570

C. M. D.

FEW, few, and evil are the days,
Of man of woman born!
Peril and trouble haunt his ways
Forth, like a flower at morn.
The tender infant springs to light,
Youth blossoms to the breeze,
Age, withering age, is cropt ere night;
Man like a shadow flees.

2 And dost Thou look on such an one?
Will God to judgment call
A worm, for what a worm hath done
Against the Lord of all?
As fall the waters from the deep,
As summer brooks run dry,
Man lieth down in dreamless sleep;
His life is vanity.

3 Man lieth down, no more to wake,
Till yonder arching sphere

Shall with a roll of thunder break,
And nature disappear.

O, hide us till thy wrath be past,
Thou, who canst slay or save!

Hide us, where hope may anchor fast
In our Redeemer's grave.

571

8s & 7s.

TRANSIENT as the hues of morning,
Earthly joys like shadows pass;
Forms, the brightest life adorning
Fade and wither like the grass.

O may we, our fetters breaking,
Cling no more to things below,
But to heavenly visions waking,
More abiding glory know.

2 O how swift the moments flying,
Bear us on their wings away!
Jesus, in the hour of dying,
Be thy trembling servants' stay.
When we call, O Saviour, hear us,
Answer us in peace and love:
In the darkest shade be near us,
Guide us to the throne above.

572

P. M.

LORD, thou hast been thy people's rest,
Through all their generations;
Their refuge when by troubles prest,
Their hope in tribulations:
Thou, ere the mountains sprang to birth,
Or ever thou hadst formed the earth,
Art God from everlasting.

2 Our life is like the transient breath,
 That tells a mournful story;
 Early or late, stopt short by death;
 And where is all our glory?
 Our days are threescore years and ten,
 And if their span be lengthened then;
 Their strength is toil and sorrow.

3 Lord, teach us so to mark our days,
 That we may prize them duly;
 So guide our feet in wisdom's ways,
 That we may love thee truly;
 Return, O Lord! our griefs behold,
 And with thy goodness, as of old,
 O satisfy us early.

573

L. M.

IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand
 Impairs our strength amid the race;
 Disease and death, at his command,
 Arrest us, and cut short our days.

2 Spare, gracious Lord, O spare, we pray,
 Nor let our sun go down at noon:
 Thy years are one eternal day;
 And must thy children die so soon?

3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
 This thought our sorrows shall assuage,
 "Our Father and our Saviour lives;
 Thou art the same through every age."

4 Before thy face thy Church shall live,
 And on thy throne thy children reign;
 This fading world shall they survive,
 And rise to glorious life again.

574

7s & 8s.

JESUS lives; thy terrors now
 Can no longer, Death, appal us;
 Jesus lives! and well we know,
 From the dead he will recall us;
 Better life will then commence,
 This shall be our confidence.

2 Jesus lives! to him the throne

Over all the world is given;
 We shall go where he is gone,
 Live and reign with him in heaven;
 God is pledged, weak doubtings hence!
 This shall be our confidence.

3 Jesus lives! we know full well

Naught from him our hearts can sever,
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell;
 Joy, nor grief, henceforth, for ever.
 God will power and grace dispense,
 This will be our confidence.

4 Jesus lives! henceforth is death

Entrance into life immortal;
 Calmly we can yield our breath;
 Fearless tread the frowning portal;
 Thou, when faileth flesh and sense,
 Lord, wilt be our confidence!

575

C. M.

JESUS, in sickness and in pain,
 Do thou our succour be;
 Our sinking spirits still sustain;
 To thee we turn, to thee.

2 When cares and sorrows press around,
 And nothing bright we see,
 In thee alone can help be found;
 To thee we turn, to thee.

3 Should strong temptations fierce assail,
 As if our death to be,
 Then in thy strength will we prevail,
 While still we turn to thee.

4 Through all our pilgrimage below,
 Whate'er our lot may be,
 In joy or sadness, weal or woe,
 Jesus, we'll turn to thee.

576 7s & 6s.

A H! we shall soon be dying,
 Time swiftly glides away;
 But on our Lord relying,
 We hail the happy day;
 The day when we must enter
 Upon a world unknown;
 Our helpless souls we venture
 On Jesus Christ the Son.

2 To him by grace united,
 We trust in him alone;
 And now, by faith, delighted,
 Behold him on his throne.
 There he is interceding
 For all who on him rest,
 The grace from him proceeding
 Shall waft us to his breast.

3 Then with the saints in glory
 The grateful song we'll raise,
 And chant our blissful story
 In high seraphic lays.

Free grace, redeeming merit,
And sanctifying love,
Of Father, Son, and Spirit,
Shall charm the courts above.

577

C. M.

THRO' sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
Thy people, O thou Holy King,
Are hastening to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains, in solitude,
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labours done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent bed
The storms of life shall beat.

4 These ashes then, this mouldered dust,
Thy gracious care will keep,
Till the last angel rise, and break
The long and dreary sleep.

5 Then love's soft light o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long-silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

578

P. M.

O SAVIOUR, be thou near us
Through life's night;
We cry and thou wilt hear us,
Be our light!

Our dim sight aching,
 Gently thou 'rt making
 Meet for awaking
 Where all is bright!

2 O, through time's swelling ocean
 Be our guide!
 From tempests' wild commotion
 Hide, O hide!
 Life's crystal river
 Storms ruffle never;
 Anchor us ever
 On that calm tide!

579

C. M.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
 To call them to his arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb!
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 And scattered all the gloom.

3 The graves of all his saints he blest,
 And softened every bed;
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with the dying Head?

4 Thence he arose, ascending high,
 And showed our feet the way;
 Up to thee, Lord, we too shall fly,
 At the great rising day.

5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid the dead arise;
 Awake! ye nations under ground;
 Ye saints! ascend the skies.

580

8s & 7s.

HARK! a voice, it cries from heaven:
 Happy in the Lord who die;
 Happy they to whom 'tis given
 From a world of grief to fly!
 They indeed are truly blest;
 From their labours then they rest.

2 All their toils and conflicts over,
 Lo! they dwell with Christ above;
 O what glories they discover
 In the Saviour whom they love!
 Now they see him face to face,
 Him who saved them by his grace.

3 'Tis enough, enough for ever,
 'Tis his people's bright reward;
 They are blest indeed who never
 Shall be absent from their Lord!
 O, that we may die like those
 Who in Jesus then repose!

581

C. M.

WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
 Our trembling souls shall stand,
 Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
 Great God! at thy command:

2 Thou source of life and joy supreme!
 Whose arm alone can save,

Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

3 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
Beneath our sinking head;
And, with a beam of love divine,
Illume our dying bed.

4 Leaning on thy dear faithful breast,
May we resign our breath,
And in thy kind embraces lose
"The bitterness of death."

582 8s & 7s.

BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory!
God of God, and Light of Light!
Scatter with thy saving knowledge
All the shadows from our sight.

2 When our eyes grow dim and weary
May our souls on thee depend,
Who with thy right hand vouchsafest
All thy faithful to defend.

3 When the body's feeble nature
Bows, oppressed by grief and pain,
Help our souls to rise uninjured,
Soaring up to thee again.

4 Only hope of man's salvation!
Hear us, help us, when we pray;
Those whom thou by death hast purchased,
Cast not in thy wrath away.

583

7s & 4s.

WHEN the veil of death appears,
 Faint and cold this mortal clay;
 Kind Forerunner, soothe our fears,
 Light us through the darksome way;
 Break the shadows,
 Usher in eternal day.

2 Upward from this dying state,

Bid our waiting souls aspire;

Open thou the crystal gate,
 To thy praise attune our lyre;

Then, triumphant,

We will join the immortal choir.

3 When the mighty trumpet blown,

The last judgment come, proclaims,

From the central, glorious throne,
 'Mid creation's final flames,

With the ransomed,

Do thou own our worthless names!

584

6s & 4s.

LOWLY and solemn be
 Thy children's cry to thee,
 Father divine;
 A hymn of suppliant breath,
 Owning that life and death
 Alike are thine.

2 O Father, in that hour,

When earth all helping power
 Shall disavow;

When spear, and shield, and crown,
 In faintness are cast down,
 Sustain us, thou!

3 By Him who bowed to take
 The death-cup for our sake,
 The thorn, the rod;
 From whom the last dismay
 Was not to pass away,
 Aid us, O God.

4 While trembling o'er the grave,
 We call on thee to save,
 Father divine:
 Hear, hear our suppliant breath;
 Keep us, in life and death,
 Thine, only thine.

585

L. M.

A SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep;
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet!
 With holy confidence to sing
 That Death has lost his venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest:
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
 That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O, from thee
 May such our blissful refuge be:
 Securely may our ashes lie,
 And wait thy summons from on high.

586

S. M.

A FEW more years shall roll,
 A few more seasons come;
 And we shall be with those that rest,
 Asleep within the tomb.

2 Then, O our Lord, prepare
 Our souls for that great day;
 O wash us in thy precious blood,
 And take our sins away.

3 A few more suns shall set
 O'er these dark hills of time;
 And we shall be where suns are not,
 A far serener clime.

4 Then, O our Lord, prepare
 Our souls for that blest day;
 O wash us in thy precious blood,
 And take our sins away.

587

C. P. M.

O GOD, to whom the happy dead
 Still live united to their Head,
 Their Lord and ours the same:
 For all thy saints, to memory dear,
 Departed in thy faith and fear,
 We bless thy holy name.

2 By the same grace upheld, may we
 So follow those who followed thee,
 As with them to partake
 The free reward of heavenly bliss:
 Merciful Father! grant us this,
 For our Redeemer's sake.

RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

588 8s & 7s.

IN this world of sin and sorrow,
 Compassed round with many a care,
 From eternity we borrow
 Hope that can exclude despair.

2 Thee, triumphant God and Saviour,
 With the eye of faith we see!
 O assist each faint endeavour!
 Raise our earth-born souls to thee.

3 Place that awful scene before us,
 Of the last tremendous day;
 When to life thou wilt restore us:
 Lingering ages haste away.

4 When this vile and sinful nature
 Incorruption shall put on;
 Life renewing, glorious Saviour,
 Let thy glorious will be done.

589 L. M.

THE Lord will come; the earth shall
 quake;
 The hills their ancient seats forsake;
 And, falling from the vault of night,
 The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come; but not the same
 As once in lowly form he came;
 A quiet Lamb to slaughter led;
 The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come; a dreadful form,
 With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
 On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
 Anointed Judge of human kind.

4 Can this be He who once did stray
 A pilgrim on the world's highway,
 By power oppressed, and mocked by
 pride?
 O God, is this the crucified?

5 Then sinners to the rocks shall call,
 And bid the mountains on them fall;
 But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
 Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come."

590 C. M.

THAT awful day will surely come,
 The appointed hour makes haste,
 When I must stand before my Judge,
 And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
 Thou Sovereign of my heart,
 How could I bear to hear thy voice
 Pronounce the word, "Depart!"

3 O, wretched state of deep despair,
 To see my God remove,
 And fix my dreadful station where
 I must not taste his love!

4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
 And hang upon thy breast;
 Without one gracious smile from thee,
 My spirit cannot rest.

5 O, tell me that my worthless name
 Is graven on thy hands;
 Show me some promise in thy book,
 Where my salvation stands.

591 7s.

1 N the sun, and moon, and stars,
 Signs and wonders there shall be;
 Earth shall quake with inward wars,
 Nations with perplexity.

2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
 Tossed with stronger tempests, rise;
 Wilder storms the mountains sweep,
 Louder thunder rock the skies.

3 Dread alarms shall shake the proud,
 Pale amazement, restless fear;
 And amid the thunder cloud
 Wilt thou, Judge of man, appear.

4 But, though from thine awful face,
 Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly;
 Fear not we, thy chosen race,
 Our redemption draweth nigh.

592 S. M.

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
 Before whose bar severe,
 With holy joy, or guilty dread,
 We all shall soon appear.

2 Our cautioned souls prepare
 For that tremendous day;
 O, fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
 To wake our gracious fears,
 For ever let the archangel's voice
 Be sounding in our ears,

4 The solemn, midnight cry—
 “Ye dead, the Judge is come!
 Arise, and meet him in the sky,
 And meet your instant doom!”

5 O may we thus be found
 Obedient to thy word;
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord!

593 7s.

ON that great, that awful day,
 This vain world shall pass away,
 And before the Maker stand
 All the creatures of his hand.

2 Then shall all the nations meet
 At the eternal judgment-seat,
 And, unveiled before God's eye,
 All the works of man shall lie.

3 O, in that most fearful hour,
 Source of goodness, source of power,
 Show thou, of thine own free grace,
 Help unto a helpless race.

4 Hear, and pity; hear, and aid;
 Spare the creatures thou hast made;
 Fold us with the sheep that stand
 Pure and safe at thy right hand.

594

L. M.

HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful soul!

- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound:
See the Almighty Jesus crowned:
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his great white throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.
- 4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

595

C. M.

THE angel comes, he comes to reap
The harvest of the Lord;
O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,
Wide waves his flaming sword.

- 2 And who are they in sheaves to bide
The fire of vengeance bound?
The tares, whose rank luxuriant pride
Choked the fair crop around.
- 3 And who are they reserved in store
God's treasure-house to fill?
The wheat, a hundredfold that bore
Amid surrounding ill.

4 O King of mercy! grant us power
 Thy holy wrath to flee;
 In thy destroying angel's hour
 O gather us to thee!

596 8s & 7s.

LO! the seal of death is breaking;
 Those who slept its sleep are waking;
 Heaven opes its portals fair.
 Hark! the harps of God are ringing,
 Hark! the seraphs' hymn is flinging
 Music on immortal air.

2 There, no more at eve declining,
 Suns, without a cloud are shining
 O'er the land of life and love;
 There the founts of life are flowing,
 Flowers unknown to time are blowing,
 In that radiant scene above.

3 There no sigh of memory swelleth;
 There no tear of misery welleth;
 Hearts will bleed or break no more;
 Past is all the cold world's scorning,
 Gone the night and broke the morning
 Over all the golden shore.

597 P. M.

GREAT God! what do we see and hear
 The end of things created;
 The Judge of mankind doth appear,
 On clouds of glory seated:
 The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before;
 Prepare our souls to meet thee!

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding:
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
 Thy presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet thee!

3 Great God! what do we see and hear!
 The end of things created:
 Behold the Judge of man appear,
 On clouds of glory seated!
 Low at the cross we view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet thee.

598

8s & 7s.

JESUS, blessed Mediator!
 Thou the airy path hast trod;
 Thou the Judge, the Consummator!
 Shepherd of the fold of God!
 Can we trust a fellow-being?
 Can we trust an angel's care?
 O thou merciful All-seeing!
 Beam around our spirits there.

2 Blessed fold! no foe can enter;
 And no friend departeth thence;
 Jesus is their sun, their centre,
 And their shield, Omnipotence.
 Blessed! for the Lamb shall feed them,
 All their tears shall wipe away,
 To the living fountains lead them,
 Till fruition's perfect day.

3 Lo! it comes, that day of wonder!

 Louder chorals shake the skies:

 Hades' gates are burst asunder;

 See! the new-clothed myriads rise.

Thought! repress thy weak endeavour;

 Here must reason prostrate fall;

O! the ineffable Forever!

 And the eternal All in All!

599 : 8s, 7s & 4s.

LO! He comes, the King of glory,

 With his chosen tribes to reign;

Countless hosts of saints and angels

 Swell the mighty Conqueror's train;

 Now in triumph,

 Sin and Death are captive led.

2 See, the rocks and mountains rending,

 All the nations filled with dread;

Hark! the trump of God, proclaiming,

 Through the mansions of the dead,

 “Come to judgment;

 Stand before the Son of Man!”

3 Now behold the dead awaking;

 Great and small before him stand;

Not one soul forgot or missing;

 None his orders countermand;

 All stand waiting

 For their last, decisive doom.

4 Jesus, save us trembling sinners,

 While the storm of vengeance rolls;

In this general wreck of nature,

 Be the refuge of our souls;

 Jesus, save us, when the lightnings

Blaze around from pole to pole.

600. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favoured sinners slain:
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of his train:
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Jesus Christ shall ever reign!

2 See the universe in motion,
 Sinking on her funeral pyre;
 Earth dissolving, and the ocean
 Vanishing in final fire:
 Hark, the trumpet! Hark, the trumpet!
 Loud proclaims that day of ire!

3 Lo! the last long separation!
 As the cleaving crowds divide;
 And one dread adjudication
 Sends each soul to either side!
 Lord of mercy! Lord of mercy!
 How shall we that day abide!

4 Yea, Amen! Let all adore thee
 On thine amaranthine throne!
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for thine own!
 Men and angels: Men and angels,
 Kneel and bow to thee alone!

601. 8s.

DAY of wrath, that day of burning,
 All shall melt to ashes turning,
 All foretold by seers discerning.
 O! what fear it shall engender

When the Judge shall come in splendour
Strict to mark and just to render.

2 Trumpet-scattered sound of wonder,
Rending sepulchres asunder,
Shall resistless summon thunder.
All aghast then Death shall shiver,
And great Nature's frame shall quiver,
When the graves their dead deliver.

3 Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant us perfect absolution,
Ere that day of execution.
Culprit like, we—hearts all broken,
On our cheek shame's crimson token,
Plead the pardoning word be spoken.

4 We beseech thee, prostrate lying,
Hearts as ashes, contrite, sighing,
Care for us when we are dying.
On that awful day of wailing,
When man rising, stands before thee,
Spare us culprits, God of glory!

602

L. M.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass
away!

What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the
dead.

3 On that day, that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

603

C. M.

WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
 We see our Maker face to face,
 O, how shall we appear.

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 Our heart with inward terror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought;

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on our soul,
 O, how shall we appear!

4 But there's forgiveness, Lord, with thee;
 Thy nature is benign;
 Thy pardoning mercy we implore,
 For mercy, Lord, is thine.

604

8s.

LET us not, thou King eternal,
 Enter hell's domains infernal!
 Where is sorrow, where is sadness,
 Where is terror, where is madness,
 Where despair is ever sighing,
 Where the worm is never dying,
 Where the shameless are astounded,
 Where the guilty are confounded.

2 Us may Zion welcome, saved,
 Tranquil city, seat of David;
 God its builder, light immortal,
 Orient pearl each blazing portal,
 Crystal gold its streets; the nation
 Of the blest its population,
 Living rock the walls that bound it,
 Christ the guard that dwells around it.

3 O, with what congratulations
 Throng thy gates the festive nations!
 What the warmth of their embracing,
 What the gems thy walls engraving!
 Through that city's streets are wending
 Holy throngs their anthems blending;
 There may we, with myriads glorious,
 Chant thy praise in psalms victorious!

605

C. M.

JESUS, to thy dear wounds we flee,
 We seek thy bleeding side,
 Assured that all who trust in thee
 Shall evermore abide.

2 Then let the thundering trumpet sound,
 The final lightning glare;
 The mountains melt; the solid ground
 Dissolve as liquid air;

3 The huge, celestial bodies roll
 Amid that general fire,
 And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
 And all in smoke expire!

4 Sublime upon his azure throne,
 God speaks—the Almighty Word;

His fiat is obeyed! 't is done;
And paradise restored.

5 So be it! let this system end,
This ruined earth and skies;
The New Jerusalem descend,
The New Creation rise.

H E A V E N.

606 C. M.

O WHAT a lonely path were ours,
Could we, dear Father, see
No home of rest beyond it all,
No guide or help in thee!

2 But thou art near, and with us still,
To keep us on the way
That leads along this vale of tears,
To the bright world of day.

3 There shall thy glory, O, our God!
Break fully on our view;
And we, thy saints, rejoice to find
That all thy word was true.

4 There Jesus, on his heavenly throne,
Our wondering eyes shall see;
While we the blest associates there,
Of all his joy shall be.

5 Sweet hope! we leave without a sigh
A blighted world like this;
We bear the cross, despise the shame,
For all that weight of bliss.

607

11s.

'MID scenes of confusion, and creature
complaints,
How sweet to our souls is communion
with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's
room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home:
Prepare us, dear Saviour, for glory, our
home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children
of peace!

And thrice-precious Jesus, whose love
cannot cease!

Though oft from thy presence in calm-
ness we roam,

We long to behold thee in glory at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

3 While here in the valley of conflict we
stay,

O give us submission, and strength as
our day;

In all our afflictions to thee would we
come,

Rejoicing in hope of our glorious home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

4 Whate'er thou deniest, O give us thy
grace,

The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of
thy face,

Endue us with patience to wait at thy
throne,

And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of
home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

5 We long, dearest Lord, in thy beauty to
shine;

No more as sad exiles in sorrow to pine;
We long in thy image to rise from the
tomb,

With glorified millions to praise thee at
home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

608 8s & 7s.

THIS is not our place of resting,
Our's a city yet to come;
Onward to it we are hastening;
On to our eternal home.

2 In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, has passed away.

3 There the Lamb will gently lead us,
By the streams of life along;
On the freshest pastures feed us,
Turn our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more be sad or weary,
Never, never sin again.

609

L. M.

WHO, O Lord, when life is o'er,
 Shall to heavenly mansions soar?
 Who, an ever-welcome guest,
 In thy holy place shall rest?

2 He whose heart thy love has warmed;
 He whose will, to thine conformed,
 Bids his life unsullied run;
 He whose words and thoughts are one;

3 He who shuns the sinner's road,
 Loving those who love their God;
 Who, with hope and faith unfeigned,
 Treads the path by thee ordained;

4 He who trusts in Christ alone,
 Not in aught himself hath done;
 He, great God, shall be thy care,
 And thy choicest blessings share.

610

C. M.

NOR eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
 Nor sense nor reason known,
 What joys the Father has prepared
 For those that love the Son.

2 But thy good Spirit, holy Lord,
 Reveals a heaven to come;
 The beams of glory in thy word
 Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
 And all the region peace;
 No wanton lips nor envious eye,
 Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those sacred gates for ever bar
 Pollution, sin, and shame;
 None shall obtain admittance there,
 But thine, most holy Lamb.

5 Thou hast the Father's book of life;
 There may our names be found;
 In vain unholy souls shall strive
 To reach the heavenly ground.

611

C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never withering flowers;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.

4 O God! we timorous mortals shrink,
 To cross this narrow sea;
 We linger, shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

5 Make thou, we pray, our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 Reveal the Canaan that we love
 To our unclouded eyes.

6 Help us to climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,

Then Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Can fright us from the shore.

612

L. M.

O FOR a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.

2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;

And, with delightful worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heaven,
their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all the assemblies of the skies.

4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture, while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the followers of the Lamb,
Shall join at last the heavenly choir,
O, may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire.

613

H. M.

LOOK up to yonder world!
See myriads round the throne!
Each bears a golden harp,
And wears a glorious crown:

With zeal they strike the sacred lyre
To thee, O Christ, nor ever tire.

2 Believing in thy name,
They in thy footsteps trod;
Thy righteousness their hope,
Their only plea thy blood:
Lo, now they reign with thee above,
Behold thy face, and sing thy love.

3 And shall not we aspire,
Like them, our course to run?
The crown if we would wear,
That crown must first be won:
Divinely taught, they showed the way,
First to believe, and then obey.

614

L. M.

LO! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand:
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
But now from all their labours rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see the Saviour face to face;
They sing the triumph of his grace;
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise.

4 O, may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life.

615 7s.

WHO are these arrayed in white,
 Brighter than the noon-day sun?
 Foremost of the sons of light;
 Nearest the eternal throne?
 These are they that bore the cross;
 Nobly for their Master stood;
 Sufferers in his righteous cause;
 Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came;
 Washed their robes, by faith below,
 In thy blood, O glorious Lamb,
 Blood that washes white as snow;
 Therefore are they next the throne;
 Serve their Maker day and night;
 God resides among his own,
 God doth in his saints delight.

616 7s.

WHO are these in bright array,
 This exulting, happy throng,
 Round the altar night and day,
 Hymning one triumphant song?—
 “Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
 Blessing, honour, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
 New dominion every hour.”

2 These through fiery trials trod;
 These from great affliction came;
 Now, before thy throne, O God,
 Sealed with thy almighty name:
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,

Through the great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

617

C. M.

0 FOR the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
Thy saints above, how great their joys!
How bright their glories be!

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now.
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 We ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the great cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven.

618 7s & 6s.

THERE is a holy city,
 A happy world above,
 Beyond the starry regions,
 Built by the God of love;
 An everlasting temple,
 And saints, arrayed in white,
 There serve thee, great Redeemer,
 And dwell with thee in light.

2 The humblest child of glory
 Outshines the radiant sun;
 But who can speak the splendor
 Of that eternal throne
 Where thou dost sit exalted,
 In majesty so bright?
 The elders fall before thee,
 And angel bands of light.

3 The hosts of saints around thee
 Proclaim thy work of grace;
 The patriarchs and prophets,
 And all the godly race,
 Who speak of fiery trials
 And tortures on their way;
 Who came from tribulation
 To everlasting day.

4 And what shall be our journey,
 How long we'll stay below,
 Or what shall be our trials,
 Are not for us to know.
 In every day of trouble,
 We'll raise our thoughts on high;
 We'll think of thy bright temple,
 And crowns above the sky.

619

C. M.

JERUSALEM! Thou happy home!
Thy glory we would see!

When shall our labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
walls

And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of our God,
Shall we thy courts ascend,

Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:

Blessed seats! through rude and stormy
scenes,
We onward press to you.

5 Jerusalem, thou happy home!

Our souls still pant for thee;
Then shall our labours have an end,
When we thy joys shall see.

620

C. M.

THESE are the crowns that we shall
wear,

When all thy saints are crowned;
These are the palms that we shall bear
On yonder holy ground.

2 These are the robes, unsoiled and white,
 Which we shall then put on,
 When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,
 We sit on yonder throne.

3 That is the city of the saints,
 Where we so soon shall stand,
 When we shall strike these desert-tents,
 And quit this desert-land.

4 Then welcome toil, and care, and pain!
 And welcome sorrow too!
 All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
 With such a prize in view.

5 Come crown and throne, come robe and
 palm!
 Burst forth glad stream of peace!
 Come, holy city of the Lamb!
 Rise, Sun of Righteousness!

621

8s.

O WHEN shall we sweetly remove,
 O when shall we enter our rest;
 Return to the Zion above,
 The mother of spirits distressed;
 The city of God, the great King,
 Where sorrow and death are no more,
 Where saints our Immanuel sing,
 And cherub and seraph adore?

2 But angels themselves cannot tell
 The joys of that holiest place,
 Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
 The light of his heavenly face;
 When, caught in the rapturous flame,
 The sight beatific they prove;

And walk in thy light, blessed Lamb,
Enjoying the beams of thy love.

3 Thou knowest in the spirit of prayer
We long thy appearing to see,
Resigned to the burden we bear,
But longing to triumph with thee;
'Tis good at thy word to be here;
'Tis better in thee to be gone,
And see thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share in thy throne.

622

8s.

WE long to behold thee arrayed
With glory and light from above,
O King in thy beauty displayed—
Thy beauty of holiest love:

2 We languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fixed his abode;
O, when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God.

3 With him we on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word;
The breadth of Immanuel's land,
Survey by the light of our Lord.

4 But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face we are strengthened to see,
Our fulness of rapture we'll find;
Our heaven of heavens in thee!

5 How happy thy people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.

623 8s & 7s.

GREAT Redeemer, Friend of sinners,
 Thou hast wondrous power to save;
 Grant us grace, and still protect us,
 Over life's tempestuous wave.

2 May our souls, with sacred transport,
 View the dawn while yet afar;
 And, until the sun arises,
 Lead us by the Morning Star.

3 See the happy spirits waiting
 On the banks beyond the stream;
 Sweet responses still repeating,
 Jesus, Jesus is their theme.

4 Swiftly roll, ye lingering hours,
 Seraphs lend your glittering wings;
 Love absorbs our ransomed powers,
 Heavenly sounds around us ring.

5 Worlds of light! and crowns of glory;
 Far above yon azure sky;
 Though by faith we now behold you,
 We'll enjoy you soon on high.

624 7s, 6s & 7s.

BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
 To our raptured vision,
 All the ecstatic joys that spring
 Round the bright elysian:
 Lo! we lift our longing eyes,
 Break, ye intervening skies!
 Sons of righteousness, arise,
 Ope the gates of paradise.

2 Floods of everlasting light!

Freely flash before thee;

Myriads, with supreme delight,

Instantly adore thee;

Angelic trumps resound thy fame;

Lutes of lucid gold proclaim

All the music of thy name;

Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four-and-twenty elders rise

From their princely station;

Shout thy glorious victories,

Sing the great salvation;

Cast their crowns before thy throne,

Cry, in reverential tone,

Glory be to God alone,

Holy! Holy! Holy One.

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies

Seem, even now, to seize us;

Join we too the holy lays—

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!

Sweetest sound in seraph's song,

Sweetest note on mortal tongue,

Sweetest carol ever sung,

Jesus, Jesus, flow along.

625

8s.

WE sing of the realms of the blest,

Of that country so bright and so fair,

And oft are its glories confessed!

But what must it be to be there!

2 We sing of its pathways of gold,

And its walls decked with jewels most
rare;

Of its wonders and pleasures untold!
But what must it be to be there!

3 We sing of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care;
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there!

4 We sing of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear;
Of the church of the first-born above;
But what must it be to be there!

5 Then Saviour, 'midst pleasure and woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there!

626 8s, 7s & 4s.

HALLELUJAH! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above!
Hallelujah! thou repeatest,
Angel-host, these notes of love;
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.

2 Hallelujah! Church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky!
Hallelujah! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high!
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

3 Hallelujah! strains of gladness
Comfort not the faint and worn;
Hallelujah! sounds of sadness
Best become the heart forlorn;
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.

4 But our earnest supplication,
 Holy God! we raise to thee;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Make us all thy joys to see!
 Hallelujah!
 Ours at length this strain shall be.

627

S. M.

“FOR EVER with the Lord!”
 So, Jesus! let it be;
 Life from the dead is in that word;
 'Tis immortality.

2 Here, in the body pent,
 Absent from thee we roam;
 Yet nightly pitch our moving tent,
 A day's march nearer home.

3 “For ever with the Lord!”
 Saviour, if 'tis thy will
 The promise of that faithful word
 E'en here to us fulfil.

4 So when our latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death we shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.

5 Knowing as we are known,
 How shall we love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 “For ever with the Lord!”

628

P. M.

THERE is a happy land, far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand, bright,
 bright as day.

O, how they sweetly sing,
 "Worthy art thou, Saviour King,
 Loud let thy praises ring,
 Praise, praise for aye."

2 Come to that happy land, come, come
 away;
 Why will we doubting stand, why still
 delay!
 O, we shall happy be,
 When from sin and sorrow free!
 Lord, we shall live with thee,
 Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land, beams every
 eye;
 Kept by a Father's hand, love cannot die.
 O, then to glory run;
 Be a crown and kingdom won;
 And bright, above the sun,
 Reign, reign for aye.

629 5s & 4s.

NO shadows yonder!
 All light and song;
 Each day we wonder,
 And say, How long
 Shall time us sunder
 From that dear throng?

2 No weeping yonder!
 All fled away;
 While here we wander
 Each weary day,
 And sigh as we ponder
 Our long, long stay.

3 No partings yonder!
 Time and space never
 Again shall sunder;
 Hearts cannot sever;
 Dearer and fonder
 Hands clasp for ever.

4 None wanting yonder,
 Bought by the Lamb!
 All gathered under
 The evergreen palm;
 Loud as night's thunder
 Ascends the glad psalm.

630

7s.

EARTH is past away and gone,
 All her glories, every one,
 All her pomp is broken down;
 God is reigning, God alone!

2 All her high ones lowly lie,
 All her mirth hath passed by,
 All her merry-hearted sigh;
 God is reigning, God on high!

3 No more sorrow, no more night;
 Perfect joy, and purest light!
 With his spotless saints and bright,
 God is reigning in the height!

4 Blessing, praise, and glory bring,
 Offer every holy thing;
 Everlasting praises sing;
 God is reigning, God our King!

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

631

S. M.

HOW sweet to bless thee, Lord,
 And in thy praises join,
 With saints thy goodness to record,
 And sing thy power divine!

2 Thus may our joys increase,
 Our love more ardent grow,
 While rich supplies of Jesus' grace
 Refresh our souls below.

3 But, O, the bliss sublime,
 When joy shall be complete,
 In that unclouded, glorious clime
 Where all thy servants meet!

4 Then shall the ransom'd throng
 The Saviour's love record,
 And shout, in everlasting song,
 "Salvation to the Lord!"

632

8s & 7s.

WHAT of truth we have been hearing,
 Fix, O Lord, in every heart;
 In the day of thy appearing,
 May we share thy people's part.

2 Truth! how sacred is the treasure!
 Teach us, Lord, its worth to know,
 Vain the hope, and short the pleasure,
 Which from other sources flow.

3 Till we leave this world for ever,
 May we live beneath thine eye;
 This our aim, our sole endeavour,
 Thine to live, and thine to die.

633 8s, 7s & 4s.

GOD of our salvation, hear us;
 Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
 When we join the world, be near us,
 Lest we cold and careless grow:
 Saviour keep us,
 Keep us safe from every foe.

2 As our steps are drawing nearer
 To our best and lasting home,
 May our view of heaven grow clearer;
 Hope more bright of joys to come;
 And when dying,
 May thy presence cheer the gloom.

634 C. M.

ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast,
 Like seed into the ground;
 Now let the dew of heaven descend,
 And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
 This holy seed remove;
 But give it root in every heart,
 To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
 The rising plant destroy;
 But let it yield, a hundred-fold,
 The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
 Thy quickening grace bestow,
 That all, whose souls the truth receive,
 Its saving power may know.

635

S. M.

BY faith may Jesus dwell
 In our believing hearts;
 While he that love which none can tell,
 In streams of grace imparts.

2 Then may we comprehend,
 With all the saints in light,
 And see his boundless grace extend,
 And know its depth and height.

3 Then, filled with every grace,
 From strength to strength we'll go,
 While Jesus shows his smiling face
 In every scene of woe.

4 Soon we shall victors to be,
 And crowns of glory wear;
 In endless peace our Captain see,
 And dwell for ever there.

636

7s.

FOR a season called to part,
 Let us now ourselves commend
 To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer;
 Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
 Let thy mercy and thy care
 All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
 Sweeten every cross and pain;
 Spare us, that we may, ere long,
 Meet and worship thee again.

637

C. M.

NOW may the God of peace and love,
 Who from the imprisoning grave
 Restored the Shepherd of the sheep,
 Omnipotent to save;

- 2 Through the rich merits of that blood
 Which he on Calvary spilt,
 To make the eternal covenant sure,
 On which our hopes are built;
- 3 Perfect our souls in every grace,
 To accomplish all his will;
 And all that's pleasing in his sight
 Inspire us to fulfil.
- 4 For the great Mediator's sake
 We every blessing pray;
 With glory let his name be crowned,
 Through heaven's eternal day.

638

8s, 7s & 4s.

COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
 Bless the sower and the seed:
 Let each heart thy grace inherit,
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed:
 From the gospel
 Now supply thy people's need.

- 2 O may all enjoy the blessing,
 Which thy word's designed to give;
 Let us all, thy love possessing,
 Joyfully the truth receive;
 And for ever
 To thy praise and glory live.

639 L. M. 6 lines.

WHILE pilgrims, Lord, we yet remain,
 To part, and meet, and part again,
 Let prayer and praise our lives employ,
 Thy presence still our highest joy;
 And when our pilgrimage is o'er,
 O may we meet to part no more.

2 Present salvation let us prove,
 In God the Father's boundless love,
 In God the Son's redeeming grace,
 In God the Spirit's heavenly peace;
 Then, when our pilgrimage is o'er,
 We all shall meet to part no more.

640 7s.

HOLY Spirit, thee we pray,
 Finger of the living God,
 Point us out the living way,
 Shed the Saviour's love abroad.

2 Take the things of Christ, and show
 What his love for us hath done;
 Thus may we the Father know
 Through his well-beloved Son.

3 Lighten each benighted heart,
 Drive our enemies away;
 Joy, and love, and peace impart,
 Lead us in the heavenly way.

641 8s, 7s & 4s.

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
 Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but thee;

Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy:
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

642 8s, 7s & 4s.

GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims through this barren land:
We are weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold us with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed us till we want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead us all our journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still our strength and shield.

3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside:

Bear us through the swelling current;
 Land us safe on Canaan's side;
 Songs of praises
 We will ever give to thee.

643

L. M.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
 Help us to feed upon thy word;
 All that has been amiss, forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
 Give every burdened soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

644

8s, 7s & 4s.

ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 O refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away;
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
 May we, ready,
 Rise and reign in endless day.

DOXOLOGIES.

1 L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings
flow,

Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2 L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

3 L. M. D.

ETERNAL Father! throned above,
Thou fountain of redeeming love:
Eternal Word! who left thy throne,
For man's rebellion to atone!
Eternal Spirit! who dost give
That grace by which our spirits live!
Thou God of our salvation! be
Eternal praises paid to thee!

4 C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore;
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

5

C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit, be adored,
 Where there are works to make him
 known,
 Or saints to love the Lord.

6

C. M. D.

THE God of mercy be adored,
 Who calls our souls from death,
 Who saves by his redeeming word
 And new-creating breath;
 To praise the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit, all-divine;
 The one in three, and three in one,
 Let saints and angels join.

7

S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
 And saints that dwell below,
 Worship the Father, praise the Son,
 And bless the Spirit too.

8

S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
 Give glory to the Son,
 And to the Spirit of his grace
 Be equal honour done.

9

S. M. D.

WE bless the Father's name.
 Who chose us in his love;

To God the Son, we give the same,
Our advocate above.

The Spirit too we bless,
And raise his honours high;
Who conquers by his sovereign grace
And brings us strangers nigh.

10 H. M.

TO our eternal God,
The Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
Three mysteries in One,
Salvation, power,
And praise be given,
By all on earth,
And all in heaven.

11 H. M.

TO God the Father's throne
Our highest honours raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise;
With all our powers, Eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

12 L. P. M.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is
known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

13

C. P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be praise amid the heavenly host,
 And in the Church below;
 From whom all creatures draw their
 breath,
 By whom redemption blessed the earth,
 From whom all comforts flow.

14

6s & 4s.

TO God—the Father, Son,
 And Spirit—Three in One,
 All praise be given:
 Crown him, in every song;
 To him your hearts belong:
 Let all his praise prolong,
 On earth—in heaven.

15

6s & 4s.

TO the great One in Three,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore;
 His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

16

7s.

SING we to our God above
 Praise eternal as his love;
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost

17

7s.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
 Praise him, all below the sky,
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
 As through countless ages past,
 Evermore his praise shall last.

18

7s & 6s.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be loftiest praises given,
 Now and for evermore.

19

7s & 6s.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God, whom we adore;
 Join we with the heavenly host,
 To praise thee evermore:
 Three in One, and One in Three,
 Live, by heaven and earth adored;
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 All glory be to thee.

20

7s & 6s.

TO thee be praise for ever,
 Thou glorious King of kings:
 Thy wondrous love and favour
 Each ransomed spirit sings:
 We'll celebrate thy glory,
 With all thy saints above,
 And shout the joyful story.
 Of thy redeeming love.

21

8s.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
 And Spirit, thrice holy and blest,
 The eternal, supreme Three in One,
 Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

22

8s & 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth, and heaven,
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
 As it was, and is, be given
 Glory through eternal days.

23

8s & 7s.

PRAISE the God of all creation,
 Praise the Father's boundless love;
 Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
 Praise the Spirit from above:
 Praise the fountain of salvation,
 Him by whom our spirits live;
 Undivided adoration
 To the one Jehovah give.

24

8s, 7s & 4s.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore thee,
 God the Father, God the Son,
 God the Spirit, joined in glory
 On the same eternal throne:
 Endless praises
 To Jehovah, three in one.

25 8s, 7s & 4s.

GLORY be to God the Father,
 Glory to the eternal Son;
 Sound aloud the Spirit's praises;
 Join the elders round the throne;
 Hallelujah,
 Hail the glorious Three in One.

26 10s & 11s.

ALL glory to God, the Father and Son,
 And Spirit of grace, the great Three
 in One;
 Let highest ascriptions for ever be given
 By all the creation on earth and in heaven.

27 11s.

O FATHER Almighty, to thee be ad-
 dressed,
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God,
 ever blest,
 All glory and worship from earth, and
 from heaven,
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be
 given.

28 CHORUS.

GLORY, honour, praise, and power,
 Be unto the Lamb for ever;
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer:
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Holy Spirit from on high	238 <i>Bathurst.</i>
Holy Spirit, Lord of light	249 <i>Lyra. Cath.</i>
Holy Spirit, thee we pray	640
Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear	227 <i>Bonar's Col.</i>
Hopeless and outcast once we lay	298 <i>Bonar's Col.</i>
Hosanna, to the living Lord	76 <i>Heber.</i>
How beauteous are their feet	305 <i>Watts.</i>
How beauteous were the marks divine	162 <i>Cox.</i>
How great thy mercies, Lord	316 <i>Salisbury.</i>
How honoured, how dear	84
How lovely are thy dwellings, Lord	77 <i>Milton.</i>
How shall the sons of men appear	346 <i>Stennett.</i>
How shall we our Saviour set forth	163 <i>Select Hymns.</i>
How sweet and awful is the place	336 <i>Watts.</i>
How sweet to bless thee, Lord	631 <i>Urwick's Col.</i>
How tender is thy hand	478 <i>Hastings.</i>
If human kindness meets return	325 <i>Noel's Col.</i>
I love thy kingdom, Lord	289 <i>Dwight.</i>
Immanuel, on thy glorious name	170
In all our ways, O God	264 <i>Beddome.</i>
In Christ! O how the blissful thought	293 <i>T. Reed's Col.</i>
Indulgent Sovereign of the skies	514
In heaven now, the angels see	226 <i>Lyra. Cath.</i>
In songs of sublime adoration and praise	354 <i>Reece's Col.</i>
In the floods of tribulation	476
In the sun, and moon, and stars	591 <i>Heber.</i>
In this world of sin and sorrow	588 <i>Madan's Col.</i>
In thy cross, O Christ, we glory	485 <i>Bowring.</i>
In thy house of solemn meeting	16 <i>C. H. Book.</i>
In thy name, O Lord, assembling	3 <i>Kelly.</i>
It is finished, glorious word	190 <i>Bulfinch.</i>
It is the Lord, our Saviour's hand	573 <i>Watts.</i>
Jehovah God, thy gracious power	101 <i>Thompson.</i>
Jerusalem, thou happy home	619 <i>Burkitt's Col.</i>
Jesus, and didst thou leave the sky	498 <i>Steele.</i>
Jesus, from whom all blessings flow	294 <i>C. Wesley.</i>
Jesus, blessed Mediator	598 <i>Conder.</i>
Jesus Christ, we bow before thee	25 <i>Lyra. Cath.</i>

HYMNS.

Jesus, full of all compassion	451 <i>Turner.</i>
Jesus, God of love attend	462 <i>Toplady.</i>
Jesus, great redeeming Lord	327 <i>C. Wesley.</i>
Jesus, immortal King, arise	518 <i>Burder's Col.</i>
Jesus, in sickness and in pain	575 <i>Gallaudet.</i>
Jesus, in thee our souls delight	167 <i>T. Read's Col.</i>
Jesus, lead us by thy power	394 <i>Bonar's Col.</i>
Jesus lives, and so shall we	486 <i>Gellert.</i>
Jesus lives, thy terrors now	574 <i>German Hymn.</i>
Jesus, Lord of life and glory	405 <i>C. H. Book.</i>
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee	430 <i>C. Wesley.</i>
Jesus, lover of my soul	366 <i>C. Wesley.</i>
Jesus, our best beloved friend	421 <i>Montgomery.</i>
Jesus our Head, once crowned with thorns	225 <i>Bonar's Col.</i>
Jesus, our holy Lord	65 <i>C. H. Book.</i>
Jesus, our triumphant Head	202
Jesus spreads his banner over us	329 <i>Hart.</i>
Jesus, the Lord of glory, died	397
Jesus, the very thought of thee	413 <i>St. Bernard.</i>
Jesus, thou Prince and Saviour	349
Jesus, thou source of calm repose	178 <i>Urwick's Col.</i>
Jesus, thy love can we forget	403 <i>Ch'n Lyre.</i>
Jesus, to thy dear wounds we flee	605 <i>C. Wesley.</i>
Jesus, we look to thee	10 <i>C. Wesley.</i>
Jesus, we love to meet	63 <i>C. H. Book.</i>
Jesus, we sing thy matchless grace	177 <i>Doddridge.</i>
Jesus, where'er thy people meet	82 <i>Cowper</i>
Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding	481 <i>M. H. Book.</i>
Jesus, who but thou had borne	390 <i>Mant.</i>
Joy to the world, the Lord is come	157 <i>Watts.</i>
Just as I am, without one plea	357 <i>Miss Elliott.</i>
Laden with guilt, and full of fears	93 <i>Watts.</i>
Lamb of God, whose dying love	328 <i>C. Wesley.</i>
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us]	641 <i>Edmeston.</i>
Let all on earth their voices raise	100 <i>Watts.</i>
Let them neglect thy glory, Lord	146 <i>Watts.</i>
Let songs of praises fill the sky	231 <i>Cotterill.</i>
Let us awake our joys	228 <i>Kingsbury.</i>
Let us chant melodious hymns	411 <i>Toplady.</i>
Let us not, thou King eternal	604 <i>Psalmody.</i>
Lift up to God the voice of praise	37 <i>Wardlaw.</i>
Lift up your heads, ye gates, and wide	204 <i>Montgomery.</i>
Light of them that sit in darkness	527 <i>Cotterill.</i>
Light of those whose dreary dwelling	9 <i>Toplady.</i>
Lo! He comes! the King of glory	599
Lo! He comes, with clouds descending	600 <i>Brydges.</i>
Look up to yonder wonder	613 <i>Campbell's Col.</i>

HYMNS.

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious	224 <i>Kelly.</i>
Lord assist us by thy grace	322
Lord, at thy table we behold	331 <i>Stennett.</i>
Lord, before thy throne we bend	20 <i>Bowdler.</i>
Lord, behold thy people here	23 <i>Kelly.</i>
Lord, be our Shepherd, in thy love	172 <i>C. H. Book.</i>
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing	644 <i>Burder.</i>
Lord God, the Holy Ghost	232 <i>Montgomery.</i>
Lord, in this sacred hour	51
Lord Jesus, are we one with thee	431 <i>Bonar's Col.</i>
Lord Jesus, we believing	356 <i>Bonar.</i>
Lord of every land and nation	150 <i>Robinson.</i>
Lord of heaven, and earth, and ocean	546 <i>Crosse.</i>
Lord of mercy and of might	456 <i>Heler.</i>
Lord of the harvest, hear	310 <i>C. Wesley.</i>
Lord of the Sabbath, thee we praise	67 <i>M. H. Book.</i>
Lord of the vast creation	60 <i>Bulwer.</i>
Lord of the worlds above	70 <i>Watts.</i>
Lord send thy servants forth	529 <i>C. Wesley.</i>
Lord, thou art good, all nature shows	121 <i>Browne.</i>
Lord, thou hast been thy people's rest	572 <i>Montgomery.</i>
Lord, thou wilt hear the prayer	493
Lord, thy glory fills the heavens	50 <i>Ancient Hymns.</i>
Lord, to our prayer attend	455 <i>Lyte.</i>
Lord, to thy sacred house	78 <i>Dwight.</i>
Lord, we adore thy vast designs	465 <i>Watts.</i>
Lord, we are born a sinful race	342 <i>Watts.</i>
Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin	343 <i>Watts.</i>
Lord, we bow with deep contrition	491 <i>M. H. Book.</i>
Lord, we come before thee now	6 <i>Hammond.</i>
Lord, we despair ourselves to heal	350 <i>C. Wesley.</i>
Lord, we have made thy word our choice	95 <i>Watts.</i>
Lord, we lie before thy feet	446 <i>Hart.</i>
Lord, we would come to thee	458
Lord, when we bend before thy throne	24 <i>Pratt's Col.</i>
Lord, while for all mankind we pray	548 <i>Urford.</i>
Lo! round the throne a glorious band	614 <i>Pearson's Col.</i>
Lo! the seal of death is breaking	596 <i>Miss. Mag.</i>
Loud Hallelujahs to the Lord	29 <i>Watts.</i>
Love's abyss there's no exploring	337 <i>T. Read's Col.</i>
Love divine, all love excelling	426 <i>C. Wesley.</i>
Low at thy feet, O Christ, we fall	165 <i>Toplady.</i>
Lowly and solemn be	584 <i>Hemans.</i>
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned	404 <i>Stennett.</i>
Maker of all things, God most high	275 <i>Williams.</i>
Maker of the Sabbath day	64 <i>C. H. Book.</i>
Maker, upholder, ruler, thee	126 <i>Montgomery.</i>

HYMNS.

Master, see, to thee we bow	401	<i>Moravian.</i>
Mediator, Son of God	171	<i>Toplady.</i>
Meet and light it is to sing	133	<i>C. Wesley.</i>
Messiah, at thy glad approach	539	<i>Logan.</i>
Met, O God, to ask thy presence	504	<i>Scott.</i>
Mid scenes of confusion and creature	607	
Mighty God, the first, the last	106	
Mighty God, the Holy One	128	
Mighty God, we humbly pray	423	<i>Moravian.</i>
Mighty One, before whose face	311	<i>Bryant.</i>
Most ancient of all mysteries	131	<i>Lyra. Cath.</i>
Mourn, mourn o'er follies past	554	
My faith looks up to thee	362	<i>Palmer.</i>
Nor eye has seen, nor ear has heard	610	<i>Watts.</i>
No shadows yonder	629	<i>Bonar.</i>
No voice can sing, no heart can frame	180	<i>St. Bernard.</i>
Now let our cheerful eyes survey	208	<i>Doddridge.</i>
Now may the God of peace and love	637	<i>Gibbons.</i>
O Christ, thou glorious King, we own	149	
O Christ, what gracious words	516	<i>Richards.</i>
O come and dwell in us	246	<i>C. Wesley.</i>
O come, let us sing to the Lord	49	<i>Montgomery.</i>
O come, loud anthems let us sing	26	<i>Tate & Brady.</i>
O come, proclaim abroad	388	<i>Ryland.</i>
O could we find from day to day	424	<i>Hartford Sel.</i>
O could we speak the matchless worth	164	<i>Medley.</i>
O'er all the peopled earth	300	<i>C. H. Book.</i>
O'erwhelmed in depths of woe	186	<i>Lyra. Cath.</i>
O for a closer walk with God	428	<i>Cowper.</i>
O for a faith that will not shrink	360	<i>Bathurst.</i>
O for a shout of joy	120	<i>J. Young.</i>
O for a sweet inspiring ray	612	<i>Steele.</i>
O for the wings of faith to rise	617	<i>Watts.</i>
Oft in the temples of thy grace	79	<i>Steele.</i>
O God, accept our hearts this day	338	<i>Lyra. Cath.</i>
O God, how wonderful thou art	123	<i>Lyra. Cath.</i>
O God of Bethel, by whose hand	557	<i>Doddridge.</i>
O God of mercy, thee we praise	158	<i>Watts.</i>
O God, our Father, while we stay	480	<i>Miss S. Watts.</i>
O God, the covenant of thy love	369	<i>Doddridge.</i>
O God, the gospel of thy Son	91	<i>Beddome.</i>
O God, to thee our hearts would pay	558	<i>Gaskell.</i>
O God, to whom the happy dear	587	
O God unseen, yet even near	330	
O God we praise thee, and confess	27	<i>Patrick.</i>

HYMNS.

O God, who knowest how frail we are 461 *Gaskell.*
 O Gracious Shepherd, bind us 173 *Bonar's Col.*
 O keep us Lord, each hour of need 457 *Milman.*
 O Holy, holy, holy Lord 135 *Conder.*
 O Holy, holy, holy Lord 127 *Easburne.*
 O Holy Saviour, friend unseen 479 *Bonar's Col.*
 O injured Majesty of heaven 444 *A. Reed's Col.*
 O Jesus, for thy matchless love 193 *Moravian.*
 O Jesus, full of truth and grace 448 *C. Wesley.*
 O Jesus, Jesus, dearest Lord 412 *Lyra. Cath.*
 O Jesus, life-spring of the soul 201 *Lyra. Cath.*
 O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace 278 *Chandler.*
 O Jesus, once for sinners slain 271 *Ch. Hymns.*
 O King Eternal, Lord of grace 280 *Ch. Hymns.*
 O let our Sabbath evening song 68 *C. H. Book.*
 O let triumphant faith dispel 370 *Epis. Col.*
 O let us, gracious Lord, extend 569 *Merrick.*
 O Lord, how fearful is thy name 113 *Watts.*
 O Lord, if in the Book of Life 378 *Beddome.*
 O Lord, our fathers oft have told 544 *Tate & Brady.*
 O Lord, our God, arise 522 *Wardlaw.*
 O Lord, thine ancient churches spare 532 *Cong. H. Book.*
 O Lord, thy covenant is sure 315 *Conder.*
 O Lord, thy love's unbounded 407
 O Lord, thy work revive 500 *Hastings.*
 O Lord, when we the path retrace 161 *Bonar's Col.*
 O Love divine, how sweet thou art 399 *C. Wesley.*
 One sole baptismal sign 292 *Robinson.*
 One there is above all others 395 *Bonar.*
 One there is above all others 396 *Newton.*
 On that great, that awful day 593 *Von Celano.*
 On the night of that last supper 324 *Breriar.*
 O, render thanks to God above 48 *Tate & Brady.*
 O Saviour be thou near us 578 *Bonar's Col.*
 O Shepherd of Israel, divine 487
 O Spirit of the living God 261 *Montgomery.*
 O suffering friend of human kind 181 *Bulfinch.*
 O Sun of Righteousness, divine 508 *Doddridge.*
 O that the Lord's salvation 531 *Lyte.*
 O, the delights, the heavenly joys 221 *Watts.*
 O Thou, above all praise 45 *Montgomery.*
 O Thou, before whose gracious throne 312
 O Thou, eternal victim slain 209 *C. Wesley.*
 O Thou, our Saviour, Brother, Friend 205 *C. Wesley.*
 O Thou that hearest prayer 233
 O Thou, the Father's image, blest 276 *Lyra. Cath.*
 O Thou, who art the light 5
 O Thou, who gavest thy servants grace 284 *Ch. Hymns.*

HYMNS.

O Thou, who hast thy servants taught	15 <i>Alford.</i>
O Thou, who hearest prayer	447 <i>Moravian.</i>
O Thou, whose compassionate care	477 <i>Bath Col.</i>
Our blest Redeemer, ere we breathed	230 <i>Lyte.</i>
Our Father bids us come	427
Our Father, through the coming year	561 <i>Gaskell.</i>
Our Father, who dost lead	136
Our Head is one, our Head is love	303 <i>Francis.</i>
Our heavenly Father calls	432 <i>Doddridge.</i>
Our keeper, God, we bless thy name	563 <i>Doddridge.</i>
Our hope is built on nothing less	358 <i>Rees.</i>
Our Saviour alone	406
Our times are in thy hand	468 <i>Bonar's Col.</i>
O very God, of very God	285 <i>Ch. Hymns.</i>
O what a bright and blessed world	535 <i>Bonar's Col.</i>
O what a lonely path were ours	606 <i>Bonar's Col.</i>
O what is earthly pleasure	568
O when shall we sweetly remove	621 <i>C. Wesley.</i>
O where are kings and empires now	296 <i>Cox.</i>
O where is now that glowing love	489 <i>Bonar's Col.</i>
O worship the King all glorious above	47 <i>Grant.</i>
Peace to this our habitation	267
Planted in Christ, the living vine	291 <i>S. F. Smith.</i>
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair	385 <i>Watts.</i>
Praise be to God on high	196 <i>Alford.</i>
Praise, everlasting praise, be paid	88 <i>Watts.</i>
Praise on Thee, in Zion's gates	564 <i>Ev. Mag.</i>
Praise to God, immortal praise	542 <i>Barbauld.</i>
Praise to God, the great Creator	28
Praise we Jehovah's name	33 <i>Goode.</i>
Prince of Peace, control our will	420
Rejoice in Jesus' birth	155 <i>C. Wesley.</i>
Remember thee, redeeming Lord	333 <i>Wardlaw.</i>
Retire, vain world, awhile retire	499
Return, O God of love, return	498 <i>Watts.</i>
Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise	203 <i>Brydges.</i>
Rise, Sun of glory, rise	519 <i>Bender.</i>
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	365 <i>Toplady.</i>
Ruler of the dread immense	268 <i>Lyra. Cath.</i>
Ruler of the hosts of light	213
Safely through another week	52 <i>Newton.</i>
Salvation, O the joyful sound	375 <i>Watts.</i>
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	279
Saviour divine, we know thy name	176 <i>Doddridge.</i>
Saviour of men and Lord of love	179 <i>Doddridge.</i>

	HYMNS.
Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us	435
Saviour visit thy plantation	509 <i>Newton.</i>
Saviour who thy flock art feeding	317
See, from Zion's sacred mountain	295 <i>Kelly.</i>
See, gracious God, before thy throne	551 <i>Steele.</i>
See the clouds upon the mountain	57 <i>Collyer.</i>
See the vineyard that was planted	507
Servants of God, in joyful lays	44 <i>Montgomery.</i>
Shepherd of souls, the great, the good	503 <i>C. Wesley.</i>
Sing, our souls, his wondrous love	377 <i>Epis. Col.</i>
Sing, O sing the Saviour's glory	189 <i>Lyra. Cath.</i>
Sing we praises to the Lord. Alleluia	36
Sing we the song of those who stand	387 <i>Montgomery.</i>
Sole Sovereign of the earth and skies	266
Some seraph lend your heavenly tongue	103 <i>Watts.</i>
Son of Man, to whom is given	438
Sons of Adam, join to raise	152
Source of being, Source of light	102 <i>C. Wesley.</i>
Sovereign Father, heavenly King	138
Sovereign Lord of light and glory	32
Sovereign Ruler, Lord of all	541 <i>Raffles.</i>
Sovereign Ruler of the skies	114 <i>Ryland.</i>
Spirit divine, attend our prayer	248
Spirit of everlasting grace	502
Spirit of holiness, descend	501 <i>S. F. Smith.</i>
Spirit of power and might, behold	262 <i>Montgomery.</i>
Spirit of truth, on this thy day	251 <i>Heber.</i>
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay	259 <i>C. Wesley.</i>
Strangers and pilgrims here below	265 <i>Ch. Hymns.</i>
Stricken, smitten, and afflicted	183 <i>Bickersteth's Col.</i>
Sun of our soul, thou Saviour dear	282 <i>Keble.</i>
Sweet is the work, O Lord	59 <i>Spirit of Ps.</i>
Sweet was the time, when first we felt	488 <i>Newton.</i>
Swell the anthem, raise the song	545 <i>Sac. Songs.</i>
 Teach us yet more of thy blest ways	409 <i>Bonar's Col.</i>
Thanks to God for those who came	306
That awful day will surely come	590 <i>Watts.</i>
The atoning work is done	206 <i>Kelly.</i>
The angel comes! he comes to reap	595 <i>Milman.</i>
The day is past and gone	277 <i>Ch. Hymns.</i>
The day of wrath, that dreadful day	602 <i>Scott.</i>
Thee we adore, Eternal Name	565 <i>Watts.</i>
The Lord is risen indeed	200 <i>Kelly.</i>
The Lord will come, the earth shall quake	589 <i>Heber.</i>
The promises we sing	96 <i>Doddridge.</i>
There is a fountain filled with blood	363 <i>Cowper.</i>
There is a happy land, far, far away	628

HYMNS.

There is a holy city 618 *C. Beecher.*
 There is a land of pure delight 611 *Watts.*
 There is a little, lonely fold 297 *Lichfield Col.*
 The Saviour bids us watch and pray 445 *Campbell's Col.*
 The Saviour dwelt on earth 197
 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose 304 *Doddridge.*
 These are the crowns that we shall wear 620 *Bonar.*
 The starry firmament on high 94 *Grant.*
 The voice of free grace cries escape to the 379 *Thornby.*
 The wonders of that love 410
 Thine earthly Sabbath, Lord, we love 66 *Doddridge.*
 Thine, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone 117 *J. Wesley.*
 Thirsting for a living spring 13
 This child we dedicate to thee 319 *W. Boston Col.*
 This is not our place of resting 608 *Bonar's Col.*
 This sacred day, great God, we close 69
 Thou art the way, to thee alone 347 *Doane.*
 Thou blessed heir of all the earth 541 *Bonar's Col.*
 Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb 174 *Cennick.*
 Thou Fount of blessing, God of love, 422
 Thou God of power, thou God of love 1 *Pearson's Col.*
 Thou gracious God, and kind 450 *Goode.*
 Thou Judge of quick and dead 592 *C. Wesley.*
 Thou Lord art God alone 46 *C. Wesley.*
 Thou Lord, of all the parent art 101 *Martineau's Col.*
 Thou lovely source of true delight 89 *Steele.*
 Thou Sun of Righteousness, arise 521
 Thou, the unbeginning Word 148 *C. Wesley.*
 Thou, who art enthroned above 55 *Sundys.*
 Thou who on earth as man wast known 216 *Watts.*
 Thou whose almighty word 517 *Mariott.*
 Thrice Holy God, of wondrous might 274 *Ch. Hymns.*
 Through all the various shifting scene 115 *Collett.*
 Through endless years, thou art the same 108 *Tate & Brady.*
 Through sorrow's night, and danger's 577 *H. K. White.*
 Through the love of God our Saviour 484 *Bonar's Col.*
 Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess 119 *Berridge.*
 Thy presence, gracious God, afford 4 *Fawcett.*
 Thy saints on earth, and those above 290
 Thy Spirit pour, O gracious Lord 235 *Campbell's Col.*
 Thy way is in the deep, O Lord 474
 Thy way is in the sea 466 *Fawcett.*
 Thy word, O Lord, is light and food 92
 Thy works, not ours, O Christ 364 *Bonar.*
 'Tis past, the dark and dreary night 212 *Bonar's Col.*
 To Calvary Lord, in spirit now 400 *Bonar's Col.*
 To Him, who children blest 318 *Clark.*
 To thee, O God, when creatures fail 314 *Doddridge.*

HYMNS.

To thy temple we repair	80	<i>Montgomery.</i>
Transient as the hues of morning	571	<i>Greenville.</i>
'Twas by thy Spirit, gracious Lord	85	<i>Watts.</i>
We come to sing thy praise	21	
We give immortal praise	134	<i>Watts.</i>
We have no outward righteousness	359	
We'll speak thy honours, gracious King	166	<i>Watts.</i>
We long to behold thee, arrayed	622	
We look to thee, O Lord, alone	345	<i>Hastings.</i>
We love thee, Lord, because when we	414	
We love thy holy temple, Lord	75	<i>Prott's Col.</i>
We now, O Lord, approach thy throne	490	<i>Campbell's Col.</i>
We praise and bless thee, gracious Lord	355	<i>Spitta.</i>
We pray thee, wounded Lamb of God	460	<i>Moravian.</i>
We sing of the realms of the blest	625	
We trust thee, Lord	98	<i>Gellert.</i>
We would leave, O God, to thee	472	<i>Gaskell.</i>
What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone	160	<i>Bonar's Chl.</i>
What is our being but for thee	425	<i>Doddridge.</i>
What of truth we have been hearing	632	
What though the arm of conquering	313	<i>Doddridge.</i>
When bending o'er the brink of life	581	<i>Collyer.</i>
When human hopes all wither	470	
When, O dear Jesus, when shall we	61	<i>Cennick.</i>
When, O dear Saviour, shall it be	495	<i>C. Wesley.</i>
When, O Saviour, shall we be	497	<i>C. Wesley.</i>
When our heads are bowed with woe	463	<i>Milman.</i>
When rising from the bed of death	603	<i>Addison.</i>
When the vale of death appears	583	<i>Gems.</i>
When this passing world is done	416	<i>Bonar's Col.</i>
When waves of trouble round us swell	475	
Where high the heavenly Temple stands	207	<i>Logan.</i>
While all the angel throng	143	<i>Montgomery.</i>
While here we sit	372	<i>Spir. Songs.</i>
While in sweet communion feeding	335	<i>Bonar's Col.</i>
While o'er our guilty land, O Lord	552	<i>Davies.</i>
While pilgrims, Lord, we yet remain	639	
While we lowly bow before thee	437	<i>Colesworthy.</i>
While we to grief our souls gave way	512	<i>Newton.</i>
While with ceaseless course the sun	559	<i>Newton.</i>
Who are these arrayed in white	615	<i>De Courcey.</i>
Who are these, in bright array	616	<i>Montgomery.</i>
Who is this, that comes from Edom	390	
Whom should we praise, O Christ, but	393	<i>Bowden.</i>
Who, O Lord, when life is o'er	609	<i>Spirit of Ps.</i>
Why do we mourn departing friends	579	<i>Watts.</i>
Why, O God, thy people spurn	555	<i>Hatsfield.</i>

HYMNS.

With deepest reverence at thy throne 105 *Butcher.*
With joy we meditate thy grace 210 *Watts.*
With stately towers and bulwarks strong 287

Ye saints, your music bring

374

THE END.





